



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 07079870 1



2x10A

Amesbury

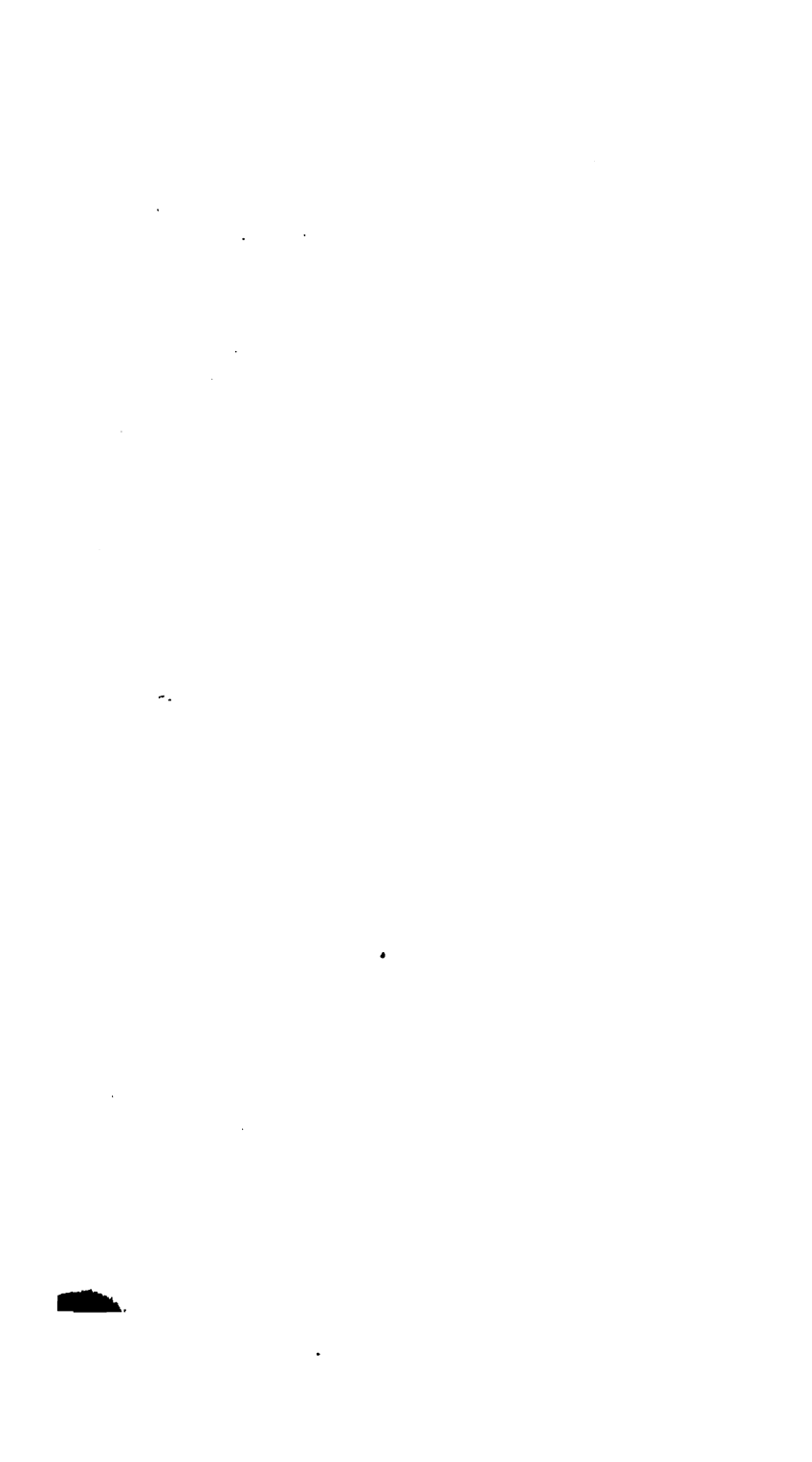


.

.







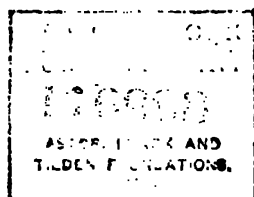
THE  
QUARTERLY JOURNAL  
OF THE  
AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

VOLUME VI.

---

BOSTON:  
WALKER, WISE, AND COMPANY,  
PUBLISHERS FOR THE  
AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION,  
21 BROMFIELD STREET.

1859.



University Press, Cambridge :  
Printed by Welch, Bigelow, and Company.

WV33  
1899  
1899

# CONTENTS.

---

## No. I.

	PAGE
The Supposed Unitarian Return to the Trinity. By C. A. Bartol . . . . .	1
Letters from Abroad. By Rev. William Mountford . . . . .	29
Mr. Coolidge's Farewell Discourse . . . . .	47
Recent Discussions of Future Punishment . . . . .	59
"The Blood Theology" . . . . .	68
Extracts from Letters . . . . .	73
Meetings of the Executive Committee . . . . .	88
Notices of Books . . . . .	94
Record of Events and General Intelligence . . . . .	103
Acknowledgments . . . . .	107

---

## No. II.

Seventeenth Autumnal Convention . . . . .	109
The Nature, Relations, and Culture of Christian Piety. By Rev. F. Hinckley . . . . .	118
Zaccheus in the Sycamore-Tree . . . . .	127
Letters from Abroad. By Rev. William Mountford . . . . .	133
Historical Perspective and Analysis . . . . .	147
An Unforeseen Inconvenience . . . . .	151
Hours with the Old Church Legends. No. I. . . . .	156
The Financial Position of the Association . . . . .	163
Ministers and Societies in 1859 . . . . .	170
Meetings of the Executive Committee . . . . .	183
Notices of Books . . . . .	187
Record of Events and General Intelligence . . . . .	197
Acknowledgments . . . . .	202

## No. III.

	PAGE
Unitarian Views of Christ . . . . .	205
Hours with the Old Church Legends. No. II. . . . .	219
Borromeo . . . . .	225
Results of Associated Action . . . . .	228
French Unitarian Preaching . . . . .	235
Rev. Barzillai Frost . . . . .	248
Rev. Ichabod Nichols, D. D. . . . .	256
Rev. Abiel Abbot, D. D. . . . .	262
Orthodox Interpreters. — Barnes . . . . .	267
Extracts from Letters . . . . .	274
Meetings of the Executive Committee . . . . .	289
Record of Events and General Intelligence . . . . .	295
Acknowledgments . . . . .	298

## No. IV.

Thirty-Fourth Anniversary of the American Unitarian Association . . . . .	301
Dr. Holmes at the Festival . . . . .	355
Creeds . . . . .	362
A Definite Theology. By Henry W. Bellows, D. D. . . . .	369
Lessons for Mankind from the Life and Death of Humboldt . . . . .	378
Acknowledgments . . . . .	402

THE  
176018  
QUARTERLY JOURNAL  
OF THE  
AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

VI

OCTOBER, 1858.

No. 1.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Supposed Unitarian Re-		"The Christ Theology"	55
sponses to the Treaty. By C.		Extracts from Letters	73
Bartol . . . . . 1		Meetings of the Executive	
Letters from Abroad. By Rev.		Committee . . . . . 55	
William Mountford . . . . . 29		Notice of Books . . . . . 54	
Coolidge's Farewell Dis-		Record of Events and General	
courses . . . . . 47		Intelligence . . . . . 103	
at Discussions of Future		Acknowledgments . . . . . 107	
alignment . . . . . 59			

BOSTON:  
AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION,  
21 BROMFIELD STREET.  
1858.



# OFFICERS

12

## AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION

### EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

REV. EDWARD B. HALL, D.D., *President.*

“ RUFUS P. STEBBINS, D.D., }  
HON. HENRY B. ROGERS, } *Vice-President*  
REV. HENRY A. MILES, D.D., *Secretary.*

CALVIN W. CLARK, Esq., *Treasurer.*

REV. FREDERIC H. HEDGE, D.D.

“ WILLIAM R. ALGER.

EDWIN P. WHIPPLE, Esq.

REV. CHARLES H. BRIGHAM.

“ CALVIN LINCOLN.

“ HENRY W. BELLOWS, D.D.

“ GEORGE W. HOSMER, D.D.

“ CAZNEAU PALFREY, D.D.

“ WILLIAM G. ELIOT, D.D.

\* \* The Office of the Association is at 21 Broad Street, Boston. The Secretary will usually be there every day from 12 to 2 o'clock.

The Office of the Treasurer is likewise in the Rooms of the Association, and remittances of money may be made to him there. Subscriptions received for the Quarterly Journal,—price only one dollar per annum. All standard Unitarian books for sale. For prices see third page of cover.

THE

# QUARTERLY JOURNAL.

---

VOL. VI.      BOSTON, OCTOBER 1, 1858.      No. 1.

---

## THE SUPPOSED UNITARIAN RETURN TO THE TRINITY.

AN ADDRESS BEFORE THE ALUMNI OF THE THEOLOGICAL  
SCHOOL AT CAMBRIDGE, JULY 20, 1858.

BY C. A. BARTOL.

WE have all been looking, without any panic, at a small cloud in our theological sky, seeming to hold thunder, which, as I put up my little rod, hoping safely to guide its electricity, I may venture to call a supposed Unitarian return to the Trinity. If it be a Unitarian movement, it is not the only one or the chief. Witness the unsurpassed criticism, and conquests of new spiritual territory by the Unitarian school! There is a movement, too, on the other side, signalized by increasing shyness at the Trinity, by the dropping of old concluding phrases out of the soundest prayers, and the decease of doctrinal sermons in the style of thirty years ago, now like those extinct species for which geologists tell us there is no possibility of a resurrection in the world. End-

less modifyings of the Athanasian dogma show a larger Trinitarian return towards the primeval Unity. But the correlative change of our thought, indicated in the debates of ecclesiastical associations, in many pulpit expressions, in the language of some transcendental books, and in the unction with which among us formulæ and doxologies threefold in some shape are pronounced and sung, presents a subject more important, for us to ascertain and rectify our own position, than to prove our opponents' faith a Proteus, or the name of Orthodoxy legion.

The Unitarian return, let it, however, be observed, does not seem to be to the fully formal Trinity, so much as to something the Trinity is believed safely to contain ; namely, to the second rather than any third person, to Jesus Christ as the absolutely divine and all-sufficient Saviour of men. For this some Unitarians seem to prize the Trinity, with faint relish comparatively for, or rather unqualified denial of, the personality of the Holy Ghost. So Trinitarians and Unitarians appear in some manner to approach each other, thus far, however, rather as in the mathematical problem that puzzled our College days, of parallel lines drawing together at a rate so nicely subdividing the space between, it never allowed them to meet.

But by any such retreating of Unitarians most of us are amazed. Have we not providentially arrived where we are ? Is there any doubt it is the line of progress we have trod ? Especially is not the Unity of God the most inexpugnable of truths ? The first feeling of man as it was, lost only, at his corruption, in a notion of various deities ; reaffirmed in a Scripture doctrine with its record covering thousands of years ; obscured again by a metaphysical speculation of trinity, but in its purity restored, and intrusted now to a modern party which, in the amount of ground it

occupies, was never certainly, since apostolic days, equalled by any company numerically so weak, — is it not the very axiom of the spiritual world? This is our cry, then, — Unity first, last, for ever, and of course! What, indeed, is the definition of religion itself, but a sense in the human soul of its one Source, a conscious tie with the living Unity that made the heavens and the earth? What is theology, but the word of God, that is, the voice of One only? With many, indeed, it is a title of contempt, as a synonyme of sects and designation of division; and a worthy business-man, hearing I was to give this theological address, told me the very word *theology* always made him laugh, as denoting those in every way of principle and opinion split up. But theology is unity. Call it how you will, natural or revealed, heathen or Hebrew, for the intellect or the feelings, yours, mine, or his, — and be the speech of it whence it may, out of a book, from inspired lips, or above all written phrase, beneath all vocal articulation, that breath and whisper in the soul the hearing and doing of which makes one akin to Jesus closer than any flesh and blood relationship, though of the Virgin-mother whose very conception is pronounced immaculate, — everywhere it is one.

A very serious question then arises for us to consider: How has the Trinity come in and continued, wherefore does it stand, and why especially can any, once Unitarian, recede so as to be well affected toward it? We cannot properly dispose of this question short-hand, by denouncing the persons or branding with absurdity their belief. It will not do summarily to call that *monster* which is so strongly and healthily propagated from age to age, and so hastily dismiss the matter. We must put our strength into our reasons before we put it into our words. Our scholars have greatly edified us in tracing the Trinity to a Platonizing scheme. But some-

thing fundamental in human nature alone can answer such a query.

May I venture to say, in general, that the Trinity is here because the grandeur of this Divine Unity is by all history and experience proved to be the hardest and rarest conception of the human mind? Plunged into this endless fluctuation, which we call existence, how seldom and painfully it arises to the one ineffable essence or idea! How briefly it sustains itself at that height! It falters and staggers from that amazing sublimity, and would fain turn it into an arithmetic made easy. It would lift the weight so vast by parcels and parts. But the very thought of this is a loss of hold on the eternal and immeasurable. God ceases from us with the attempt at limitation or division. Yet he cannot quite depart. The soul cannot even by its own reductions of his glory rid itself of him. How the wondrous Unity still gleams upon it through all the polytheisms, dualisms, trinities, idolatries, by which it would as cords draw down, or as ladders reach, the supernal Majesty! O brethren, if Unitarianism means God's unity, let no private defections from it, or public proclamations of its insufficiency, trouble us at all! Let us not fear the great Unity will be finally confounded or eclipsed. That Unity stands for itself. It is pleader of its own cause at the bar where it is arraigned. It claims the privilege of advocacy. Alive, immutable, and ever moving, it is itself iconoclast of all images by which it is misrepresented and belied. Though from three to three hundred millions, and from here to Hindostan, be the historic and mythic shapings of deity, yet, under some all-pervading or at least presiding name, — Jupiter, Brahma, Jehovah, Father, — the Greek, Roman, Hindoo, Jew, Pagan, and Christian shall together have word and notion of the inevitable One. Why, but that his own word, in perpetual innumerable tones, de-

clares of his indivisible nature what no earthly jargon can drown? The Catacombs, to recent explorers glorified with countless symbols on believers' tombs, report from their dusty chambers no sculpture or painting of the Trinity from the first age. Only after faith was compromised with philosophy, Art gave her chisel and canvas to what piety had never known. From those hallowed retreats of life and death, a voice of unparalleled majesty and awe, a commentary not of pen and ink, but of the bones of saints and the ashes of the persecuted, accords with the testimony of the Scripture record to the oneness of God. But the difficulty of grasping and handing down the marvellous verity, without some contrivance as of handles on a vessel of mighty bulk, explains the introduction and prevalence of the Trinitarian faith.

Let me add, however, that this criticism is not of others only, but also of ourselves. The difficulty of this tenure of God's oneness is nowhere more evident, than with some by whom it seems to be most resolutely kept. The unity of the Unitarians themselves must be scanned. They are guardians of the truth. "*Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*" There is a certain not uncommon conception of unity that is wholly unsatisfactory and poor. If unity be made abstract and finite, it is not the unity of God. If we pray to anything separate from each and all, it is not to him. If the Unitarian fancies him one in a purely numerical way, — if a point, a line, a local space, a unit of calculation, be what in his imagination in any manner he intends, — he is not thinking of God. A god, one in the sense of being away from the world, out of man, on a throne, within any doors of highest heaven, under the guise of an individual form which we shall ever, here or hereafter, see with eyes of flesh, or beneath the scope of a personal pronoun as we commonly under-

stand it, was the very conceit whose small and deadly clearness the disturbing, incomprehensible doctrine of the Trinity was devised with its unfathomable mystery to scatter or obscure. Let us not believe the theory of the two natures of Christ was invented for Jesus' sake alone, but to secure to human thought the descent of God out of inaccessible height, or his approach from impassable distance; to show him as no centrepiece of his own works, with a surrounding of angels hemming in the glory they praise, but in a glory transcending even celestial bounds, revealed in humanity as well as in heaven, in his Son taking into himself the nature of all his children, not to obliterate, but fold in his bosom what he had made. Accordingly, though this Trinitarian theory has been preached in connection with the dogma of entire human corruption, yet, as signifying our adoption of God, it is itself the greatest compliment ever paid to mankind. The Trinity is an antidote to Unity misconceived. For the Divine Unity is misconceived when regarded as particularity of being, when construed into divorce and distinctness from all lower creatures, when imagined as presence in one place and remoteness from another, when turned, in short, into any confinement, of which nowise is deity susceptible. Under such *strict* unity, as it is called, God is not accepted, but denied.

Brethren, if we would save God's unity, we must feel and preach it as of a being not apart, but all-related. His unity must be universality. The Trinity at least has the rude merit of giving him to us threefold. Let us see and present him manifold, and the Trinity will at once decline into evident partiality, sitting at the feet of Unity meek and low. This, and no merely negative textual assault, is our way to displace it. It is but a waiter and substitute, an expectant of something better, like a provisional bishop or a vice-president in the chair, doing good service till the permanent

officer appear. For one, I will not insult the Deity sitting in any chair ! But what is his chair and robe ?

“ Thus at the roaring loom of time I ply,  
And weave the garment thou seest him by.”

The Trinity is one mode of viewing that wonderful Being, who passes by us as by Moses, and yet as he passes stays ! The Trinity of the Christian sects has, in fact, often been a truer exposition of divinity than the false or defective Unity that has practically obtained. How, for example, it has lifted the soul above the unity of the Hebrew or of any Oriental sect, of the Mohammedan or of the Indian of our own woods, — however much in unity they believed, — because their unity was not universality in any radical sense, and therefore was comparatively little, not immense. The wilful Jehovah of the Jew, the Eastern mystic's void of alternate production and annihilation, the God who had but one Arabian prophet to overshadow and throw out of the lists or make minor prophets of all the other mighty seers of history, the Great Spirit of the savage, cold and without impartial love, — are not these all less adequate portraitures to the human mind of the Being of beings, than the triune Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ? Unitarians, count not you have compassed more than a figment of unity, if you have not learned what sort of unity it is, or who it is that is one, and where and how he acts and abides ! .

But tri-unity, in its countless, never-contented readjustments and shifting explanations, is such a cheap and transient figure of speech before the real sublimity of the Universal, that I cannot blame the rough humor of the man of genius who, being narrowly catechized as to the articles he held, though rather shy in his confession, affirmed at last, so much as this at least he would say, that he believed in none of the trigonometries. Yet let us be reverent in our con-



clusion, and wary in our wit ; for some one or other of them we shall have to believe in, unless we worship God, not only invisibly exalted, but God also everywhere manifested, in man or woman, sphere or flower, heart or heaven, and contemplate him, not in Spinoza's infinite abyss, but in Leibnitz's everlasting flood. We must behold him in no singularity, which seems to be his unity with many persons, but with self-multiplication in all his works through every range of space and time, while ever before the mind stands that inexpressible apparition of spirit from which space and time drop out and flee away, as did the heaven and earth before the great white throne, and are no more seen. We must catch the brightness of his countenance reflected from the face of his Beloved ; we must see nature shining peaceful as the moon over against the radiant soul ; we must note life's fulness of his power, and the world's overflowing with his lustre ; and then before the all-related Unity realized in our experience every solecism of constituent elements in the Godhead that constitutes all and can have no constituency of its own, for it represents nothing but itself, will dissolve in oblivion, never to be resumed. For one conviction still comes back and will outlive every dogma. It is that God cannot be divided or composed ; that is, God is one.

I appeal to my brethren, then, whether it is not because only of our distance from any extensive worship or appreciation of such a Unity as this simplicity through all variety, priority before all generation, and supremacy above all height, that Deity is still painted in divers portraits for which he himself never successively sat. How easy the departure from unity at first ! As the smallest point of iron turns the car to the widest divergence of track to a thousand places, so, at the first distinction in the divine substance, the road was open to diverse objects of worship ; and the travel

went on till lords many were separately found in sky and sea and fount and grove, in places and things without end. The history of the Unbeginning was undertaken. The chronology of the Everlasting was made. The doings of the Most High were put, as they are still put, in an almanac. The error of making the Divine Unity stationary was shunned at the expense of missing the Unity itself. The real problem now — who of us solves it? — is to follow this Unity in its instantaneous journey through all its wondrous exhibitions in their rank and order, from the lowest creature to Him “altogether lovely,” who was at once a blossom of Divinity and the flower of our race; yet all the while not withdraw our adoration from the unmanifested greatness, the felt root of our being, source of our life, light of all our days, too dazzling for our eyes to seize.

I know this has been declared impossible to the soul. It has been said, if there be any God higher than Christ, we can know nothing of him. From this statement human information differs more and more. We may drop the Divine Unity, but wisdom itself increasing in the world will take it up. Furtherance to this primal truth of truths comes not only from the purer meditations of the devout mind and the raptures of essential piety, but also from the general progress of knowledge, fast combining, as it is, these ideas of universality and unity. For natural science does not, as some fancy, hinder, but concurs with ecstatic sentiment. The worship of the One, which Jesus himself enjoined, is all of religion indeed that can abide the advance of that intelligence to which Jesus himself appealed. When, to the groping ignorance of man, creation was the flat stage thrown out of chaos for the Maker to perform a particular part, that Maker must needs be imagined, not of unconfined, but limited faculty and sphere; while other actors were easily

regarded as coming into play on some terms of equality with himself. Nay, the mythology, which perhaps took stronger hold than did any other superstition of the human intellect, denied that the primordial Deity could stain his fingers with any touch of this material dust, and so delegated the business of creation to an inferior agent. Nor can we wonder that of so small and comparatively ill-contrived a world as men first conceived they should, Alphonso-like, have attributed the plan and build to some 'prentice hand, or thought they could have advised the Maker with a better plan.

But modern Science, displaying nature as it is, has scared ancient superstition as an unclean ghost. She has stretched this sublunary theatre over all walls, and, beyond old temples of Greece, has unroofed it into truly hypæthral grandeur. With a new construction in her amazing figures in man's observation, she expands the geometry and algebra of nature, till the unit becomes infinite, the name not of particle, but immensity. She discloses everywhere one hand of power, one style of wisdom, one end, through vistas of glory interminable, like the roads proceeding from the city and traversing the empire of God, — no sign anywhere of different workers being employed, as several painters have sometimes been on one picture and two poets upon one drama or ode; but amid all darkness of seeming exceptions the ever-shining and same goodness and love. Science thus seconds the motion and attests the seal of unsophisticated religious feeling. How overwhelming her revelations are! How she abolishes all supposed hostility or duality of Divine primeval action! How she adds to her marvels from day to day, detecting a correspondence of the leaves of a plant with the revolutions of a planet, of the line of the shore with the path of the sun, of the whirl of a storm with the

circularity of an orbit or a sphere, of the humblest thrill of sense in an insect with the loftiest organs of human emotion and thought, and has nothing to say nor can the honesty of her tongue be tortured into any declaration but of one God, — Unity the circle, some little arc of which she has traced, and whose coming into fulness she more and more discerns ! for there is no mark the artisan can put on his manufactured tool or textile fabric so sure as that of the one design, beyond possibility of forgery or counterfeit, of the Almighty in his works. It would only be necessary to go into the room of a little mathematical study yonder, or enter the hidden chambers of the human brain that works in it, which has for its lights all the transparent windows of this outward heaven, and to which those splendid balls of matter above are so familiar as to make a sort of orrery of the skies, — or, we should but need to attend the walk or flight of another investigator through the whole animated kingdom of earth and water and air, knit in every fibre as with the bands of Orion, — to have the survey of this unalterable Unity brought home to us as unmistakable in its perfect proportion as the blue dome or the steady pole. Not till the curve of the one shall be broken, or the rectilinearity of the other bent, may the unity of their Author come into doubt.

Science and the Bible thus agree, and are themselves at one as much as the Being of whom they treat. Only a mis-translation of some epistolary phrases of an unascertained author, whose religiously beautiful composition may have been wisely reckoned into the canon of the new covenant, has revived in a new form the old extravaganza of human ignorance, that not the one original Author, in whom alone infinity is compatible with personality, but an actor, receiving all and who says he can of himself do nothing, made the world. But Science, the one Mother-Science, speaking

through the mouth of any one or all of the brave sisterhood of sciences she has brought forth, is utterly unaware of, has no authentication for, shows every presumption against, the sectarian conceit that some second person in a supposed trinity was nature's fashioner. Through the sharpest eyes and the farthest sight of the foremost scientific men of the age, she sees indeed a person in creation ; the noblest literary monument of her building in the last years, I mean the Essay on Classification, bears for inscription on every page his uniform thoughts ; but that person which she sees is not Jesus the Christ. It is God, the conscious intentional personality, before and above all, of an unbounded presence of beauty and good. There can in truth be no greater violence done to our mind, than to go from our knowledge of Jesus in the Gospel to the theory of his supremacy in the world, and, looking on the mountains, seas, stars, and living creatures, frame to ourselves the hypothesis that he, of whom, in his sojourn in the province of Palestine, we have been reading, made all these. It is a shock to the mind without apology of any jot or tittle of proof. What can God derive from Christ? Nothing. What does Christ derive from God? Everything. When we speak of the Divine and the Commencing, we should remember there is difference immense, as well as unspeakable likeness, between Father and Son. To be the Son of God may seem indeed of a higher dignity than to have been merely commissioned to make all material things. But in absolute authorship and originality is an incommunicable quality, which, on grounds either of Scripture or reason, and in any matter great or small, can be predicated of One alone. When Jesus himself, on three several occasions, declares that God the Father is greater and better and knows more than he, he echoes the truth which the universe proclaims.

But, it may be said, the case is not finished yet. How shall we solve the paradox of that other language, so variously affirming or implying that the Son is also one with the Father? I answer, the consistency of such language with the supreme Unity appears in this, that oneness with God is not necessarily coequality. Coincidence in anything is not always and of course coextensiveness. No offspring, however by our halting mind conventionally called eternal, can be really and psychologically coeval with its parent. Christ, far as his nature in some directions goes, may be identical with God, without God, far as his nature in all directions goes, being identical with Christ; for that goes inconceivably beyond and before everything beside itself of which we can think. The language of Jesus, great as it is, respecting himself, is filled out in the idea that there is no discord or demarcation between him and God. There is no boundary between the Son and the Father. But there is no boundary between an isthmus or promontory and the continent, between a stream and a fountain, — where will you find it? — between a human parent and his child, between man and man, between disciple and master, between any human soul and the great Eternal Author. There is no boundary, save the political ones of kingdoms and the artificial ones of maps, in all the universe, — no sheer and precipitous boundary of organized from inorganic, of vegetable from animal, of animal from human, or human from divine. In some sense all make one. Yet in all these instances is room for distinction of greater and less, higher and lower, first and last. That sublime genius of character, Jesus Christ, standing at the head of all other genius, of imagination or thought, never pretended to, but expressly repudiated all equality with God, and only by accepting his answer to the Jews when they put the very question, can

we save his own sincerity. Nay, he never, as I think, pretended to any equality with the human soul, — with the whole sum and substance, I mean, of our race ; but took the position and name of Son of Man, as well as Son of God. He was an incarnation and expression of both. He voiced at once humanity and divinity. As a verse in music is flung back and forth, his nature was the sweet antiphony of heaven and earth.

The assumption of Christ's aboriginal Godhead doubtless proceeds on the ground of feeling that a redeemer must have no limitation within the embrace of our intellect and under the rules of our criticism. Quite supererogatory is the postulate. The indeterminableness of his extent suffices for this without the infinitude of his personality. It is true, when we have taken his measure, a Saviour he can no longer be. Said Daniel Webster, *I should be ashamed of a Saviour I could comprehend.* But incomprehensibleness is not restricted to omnipotence. Not only is the Lord of all a mystery to us ; we are a mystery to one another, and a mystery to ourselves. Said an old man, "I wish to know more of this very Jonathan," pointing to himself. "I have lived seventy years with him, and he is a great mystery to me." Mystery is in all love. When I get my wife into my understanding, she is no longer my wife. My friend may stand in the scales and I note the beam move at a particular notch, but I have not after all taken my friend's weight. Along some misty astronomic edge, at the ever-opening chambers of some little cell or fine molecule, on the undulations of some beam of light, I stand and find matter itself an insolvable mystery. Especially in leaders of men, through the hostile elements of nature or against armed foes, must exist a strange, inspiring power. The diminutive appellations which their subordinates and soldiers, as of Cromwell

and Napoleon, sometimes apply to them, only suggest and augment it. Well, the race wants a leader, and in the chief wearer of our mortal garment a leader it finds. The earth is kept in plumb by a magnet; in how willing a leash that marvellous person has been followed by the human soul. Enough that he is with us and beyond us too, Captain of our salvation! Enough that he is our mental horizon, and that we can touch and overpass him no more than we can stand on the round meeting-line of earth and air, or put our foot on the dawn! Enough that his fragmentary sentences seem segments of infinite truth, and measure the walls of the New Jerusalem! We need not carry him back so far as to confound instead of harmonizing him with God.

Neither, however, must we bring him so forward from the great background of being, as to shut him up in the enclosure of any sharp individuality, the very process of which, if it be the design of any recently called by the poor name of Jesusites, is the signal of inevitable barrenness and speedy doom. Jesusites will cease when Christians do. They had better not begin. We are Christians loyal to an anointed Head. We belong to his age. We move in the cycle of his influence. It takes in alike, as it runs, our cradle and our grave. It is the law of our life and the orbit of our motion. The most erratic body of the heavens could as soon leap to its aphelion across the circuit of its track, as we leave the sphere which the antecedents of our mother's milk and our father's knee and our ancestral annals have for us predetermined. I have heard of one refusing to be Christ's pupil on the mistaken ground that the Master was in error respecting future punishment and his own second coming. But for what eloquent period on that man's page, or for what profound conviction in his bosom, is he not indebted to the person whose claim he discards? Contrari-



wise, I must confess I have yet to come to the first fork in the road where my heart or conscience, worship or intuition, takes leave of him. The soul perceives no divarication. He is reason to us corresponding to reason in us. Men talk of the past as dead. But it is the year of the Lord still, the acceptable year. My most transcendental friend, I observe, dates his letter to me in that year. How transient the revolutionary folly or the positive philosophy that would set up as yet a new era ! Why make idols of space and time, and see Christ five thousand miles or eighteen centuries away ? What dwarfs him to our eye is, not that he is so much behind, but so much ahead. " You know more about religion than he did ; the general advance since his time has taught you more," — said to me a respected friend. But has it led me beyond Homer or Shakespeare in poetry, taken cunning out of the fingers of Phidias or Raphael, shown an overmatch for the mechanical genius of Archimedes, or dropped by the way the philosophy that was coiled up in the brain of Aristotle or Plato ? It has distanced them in some definable respects, but in no spiritual matter has it outstripped him.

So accordant, indeed, with perfection is his influence, that I could accept, if not the dogmatic statement of Trinitarians, yet the Godlike Christ they give us, if they would also consistently give us a Christlike God ! But in their scheme the first person stands aloof from his own offspring, alienated and implacable, offended at their sin, until one better, more loving and merciful than he, interpose. We must not make any one better than God ! How much nearer the core of the human heart is the teaching of that essential, inalienable love, of which the universe was born, by which it is for ever rescued from harm, and to be the chief vehicle of which is the glory of him we call our Lord ! Of that glory, I agree, he

cannot be robbed. The size at which we hold him has indeed been called only an apparent magnitude and an optical illusion. But the optical illusion is not with us. Rather was it with those that knew him at the first. It has taken all this time, not to be deceived about, but to understand him truly. The report by all history and human experience of his character and proportions, and the sifting of his quality and stream of influence through the strata of the world's ages and tribes, give us, I maintain, a truer and less deceptive survey of his magnitude than was possible to those who walked by his side. A mountain looks low to those under its foot. It towers only to those who fix its focal distance, and make the circuit of its flanks. So is it with a man. How long it has taken to get the height of Washington! The mean circumstance hid the great and sublime patience, and men could think disparagingly and ill of him while the questions lasted he was to solve. But they can no longer! We can see the glory of Valley Forge now. Opinion cannot question it or time dim. Many a winter of that old frost and snow shall come and not wither it or quench. How mankind chooses to have ideal heads of its benefactors, that posterity may spell their secret and find the ratio of their strength! Is this ideality another name for the empty and unreal? Nay, the ideal faculty alone can justly reach the truth of genius and surpassing character. To idealize in such things is to realize. So has it been with the Man of men and image of God. Truly it has been no momentary affair, but a long ceremony, to introduce him to the human race. A literary essayist, a metaphysical philosopher, a theological reformer, may undertake to reduce that supreme figure on earth to some even rank and file with other persons. But verily he is commander and leader of all. When the complainant against

his title rises to say to the martyrs and saints, the apostles and heroes, the mighty thinkers and inspired geniuses whose awful ghostly grandeur makes for fifty generations part of his troop, you are all of you misled by this over-estimated man! — he presents a melancholy appearance indeed.

I certainly offer no such challenge as that he is the only representative God has. In the unbounded territory beyond our sight may be millions of Christs, his peers innumerable. But I am acquainted with only one. I shall keep to him, till somebody else vies with his capacity by making a new beatitude, excelling the parable of the prodigal son, preaching another Sermon on the Mount, talking in better style than his always thrilling word, performing miracles on the human body or soul, and by some grander devotion throwing his cross on Calvary into the shade. After it has pleased God to come out of his infinity and down from his eternity and wrap something of his heart in the clothing of our humanity, so that, as I heard one say, we might not be afraid of it, I shall not render the poor thanks of those who insist on coming to that Almighty One heedless of such a mediator. “Christo et Ecclesiæ,” is graven yonder. The motto will outlast the walls. May its meaning be ever within them, and none ever teach in or preside over this University that does not feel it, like that teacher and president, our brother, whose religious soul flames brightest over his reduced bodily strength. But God, our Father, is the great object. Our consecration is to be to him, not, as some tell us, to Christ. To stop with Christ is a superstition and disobedience to his own word. He himself declined the honor that as a finality rested in him. Let us have faith *in* Christ as the sanctified and sent, but also the faith *of* Christ in the Sanctifier and Sender. Let us be interested in Christ, but interested more, as said my friend, in what he was inter-

ested in. Those are benefactors of the coming age that lead us to this sublime height, that see and show as Jesus did all minds one family, no interval but of degree between his follower and him. The Unitarian — I use the word not for a party, but for the single doctrine the term indicates — cannot, then, return to the Trinity. Like Dante, exiled to learn more wisdom of divine and human things than Florence or Rome could teach him, and refusing to return, he too must say, I can never go back to the dogmas from which reason and conscience drove me out. In the proverb of an ancient piety, *to One only the soul gives itself alone.*

But if the Unity is preserved in the Universality of God; if the object of the Trinity was to bring the Unity into relation and life; and if the object of religious Transcendentalism is to bring it out of solitude and self-imprisonment into universal relation and life, — the true Transcendentalists only go further in the same direction with the Trinitarians themselves, and should therefore be, as by mutual assimilation somehow they finally will be, friends. True Transcendentalism is Trinitarianism from its narrowness carried out. So what are considered the two wings of the Unitarian body, those on one side who stoutly assert the Unity, and those on the other who honestly affect the Trinity, do, however unconsciously, yet really make one with the centre of the whole band; nay, they are all, while true, but different members in a body of which difference makes the life.

If you ask, Where is the point of harmony? I answer, it will be found in a consent that cannot much longer be withheld, that Scriptural or merely literal shall be modified with rational views of this universal divine inspiration. Truly here is a pressing need. How often what the spirit alone can enliven, the letter kills! If we admit the divine inspiration at all, we must admit it without bound. If uni-

versal, it is all-moving. Like the wind, it bloweth where it listeth. More than in any or all other books we discover it in the Bible. But to confine it to the Bible, in which it is discovered, is to make the Bible its sepulchre, as if the Holy Spirit were dead. Is it not earlier and wider in the Church that produced the book, than in the book it produced and will survive in heaven, where the Bible will not be? Is it not in the human soul by a warrant more indefeasible than any document can contain? In the sacred line of Cowper, sung by all sects, does not

“ The Spirit breathe upon the word,  
And bring the truth to sight ” ?

Is it not the only sure recognition and everlasting honor of the Bible itself, that the ethereal water it holds is observed by its rising, according to its law, to the same height in the living breast, and otherwise altogether lost?

The meaning of a book stands for ever in the writer's mind. Therefore the credit apparently conferred on the Bible is really wrested from it by the ignorant and bibliolatrious assumption, that, according to its literal story, God created the world six thousand years ago, and then stopped creating,—that he inspired a few bygone prophets, but none others of the countless offspring of his love,—that there is therefore now no inspiration at all, but only a register or ecclesiastical canon thereof, in whose defence we are to do over again Samson's blind battle, not with the Philistines, but in the face and eyes of all scholarship,—that a prophecy of Peter, an argument of Paul, a precept of James, an image of the Apocalypse, has authority, but none abides in any human heart,—that the Comforter, to lead into all truth, long since failed in its office,—that we are now to be, not seers, but parrots, of the truth,—that the supernatural age is gone, and the gifts of the Spirit have not come down,

and *Finis* is put to the volume of God, by which its infinity is denied and cut off.

This assumption is contrary alike to the spiritual and the original Trinitarian creed. God is not for man shut up in the Bible. The tables of the heart, whose measure and number were never taken, are written all over their fleshly pages with his word. The One is Universal too. Mere Scripturalism is the most insidious and fatal foe of Jesus himself. Immediate, inward, and ever-continued inspiration is the breath of his life. He lives in it, not in a printed verse. Without it, he would long since have deceased and passed away. The disavowal of it alone is unbelief. Inexperience of it is being without God in the world. Abnegation of its work is the Pharisees' unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost, exceeding the offence it accompanies against the Son of Man. On wings, if of orthodox strength, also of transcendental sweep, in the spiritual firmament he flies.

Yea, our doctrine is Unity. The word of God is one word, and a universal one. As itself says, it is not bound, no, nor bound up; for no clasps of steel or gold can hold it. That indescribable instrumentality of heaven, which uses not the alphabet alone, which rustled to Adam's ear in the garden, which lightened the steps of Abraham at the point of sacrifice on Moriah, which dictated the law and flamed in the bush to Moses, which kindled with omens of terror and joy the visions of Isaiah, and flowed without measure in the soul and through the lips of Jesus, is not and cannot be straitened. It had a tone, too, in the discourse of Socrates, a stroke from the pen of Plato, and still thrills in the speech and act of the humblest creature, that with shudders of joy owns the touch of the Most High, or burns with transports of love to its fellow. If we deny its legitimate character over our head and in our heart, it will come up grossly

abused and perverted from under our feet at the floor, side-wise at the wainscot, or rapping to our fingers out of the mahogany table: and truly the mahogany table itself, vulgar as it is, were a better resort than the cemetery of words in which the truth is sometimes buried. Let there be a resurrection of it from that tomb, and wizard spirits will not stay.

This criticism or disparagement of superstitious ideas of the Bible that so widely prevail, is no dishonor for the Bible itself. Not its honor, but its wrong, is in the notion that its language is the very and only material out of which faith can be made, and that no religious word can be spoken in a pulpit or a closet, save on the precisely expounded meaning of a text. Its glory is in its character of chief written medium between our spirits and God's, through the instrumentality of his chosen guides for his human family. By this particular, though not only communication, what need to say how much instruction, comfort, admonition, and immortal hope have been bestowed! Blessed ministry, for uncounted millions, of *the* Book! Its office shall end only when every pen shall stop, and every press from now unprecedented swiftness halt in its motion. It shall die when, as the Apostle says, tongues shall cease, earthly knowledge vanish away, and all living literature moulder in its grave; and even then the significance of purpose and love it expresses shall abide and be reinstated in immortality.

Brethren, let us wait upon God, the One, Universal, and watch for his truth everywhere. We speak of the minister's study. Is it a little room, a wall of books, or a platform of theology? Wordsworth's study was the chain of Cumberland lakes and hills, Shakespeare's the universal human heart, Humboldt's is the whole cosmos, Agassiz's stretches from the Alps and the Mediterranean to the coral reefs of Florida, the Fauna and Flora of the Western valley, and

fishes on the Atlantic or Pacific coast. Our greater study is the chamber which divinity builds on the ground of humanity. Our object is the simple light of heaven, scattered by no three-cornered prism into delusive appearances of different hue, but of one essence alone. In the search for that light we know no pause or rest, but say to all parties as so grandly Edmund Burke did to the electors of Bristol, — Let us pass on ! In the name of God, let us pass on !

The Unitarian position is, then, for this age and always, the point of progress. If you move not, others behind you cannot move. If the van of the procession to-morrow march not forward, can the rear follow after ? “ Move one, move all,” the motto of an army, is the order too for the great advance of humanity. Among the Greek forms of battle, the wedge was preferred for bringing the greatest number of men into action. Ours is the front and extremity of the wedge, the post of dignity and danger. But ours be no sectarian conceit and self-will. Ours be no self-ignorant, censorious retorting of censure, — a fault so many, with such apparent unconsciousness, commit. Broad and catholic as the whole Church, as Christianity, as man, and as the purpose of God, be our aim and action and ever-fresh thought. But let not our breadth be in any concession of principles or compromise of truth. Let us embrace all denominations in love, and court none with ambition. If we get into trouble, let us carry it ourselves, and not shoulder it off on the system in which we were born. Let us state and apply ideas, abjuring diplomacy or management, whosoever may artfully take it up. Let us not tremble at fresh expressions of the truth. It is the formation of a new skin which makes the old slough and drop off. Let us beware of that shallow eclecticism, whose smoothly mechanical and fair-seeming shape, resembling a well-dressed show-figure in a shop-



window, has in it no throb of life, no spark of fire, no real power of influence, no tenure of fame, no pledge of immortality. The eclectic, following after the contending hosts of thought, to secure to himself the results from all sides of the conflict, is like a man upon the field, after the battle, trying from unbruised, lifeless members strewn around to make whole living human frames. Let us strive as much to avoid being simultaneously or by turns of all parties, as we would being narrowly of any. Let us, with the help of Christ and by the grace of God, endeavor to soar above the spirit which every party foment. It was said of Lamartine, that he put himself at the intersection of parties, that his own image might be returned to him from every side. The loud and busy, but ephemeral reputation, from such a course, will have no charm for those who have already sacrificed to their convictions the vote of the majority and the approval of the day. Let us, however, not find fault with those who note the deficiencies of our particular brotherhood, and who would, by wider sympathy and a more comprehensive system of thought, bring us into relation with the Universal Church. Let us not be ready to suspect them of a desire for position or favor, which our very education ought to have exorcised from all our minds, but cordially thank them for whatever results of a real catholicity they may secure: for by that which truly includes others, — and our heart must be big enough to include all, — internal divisions will be healed among ourselves; and happy should I be if in my entire utterance on this occasion there should for every part and name of our fraternity be found a harmonizing word. Verily we shall be harmonized if, there being, as old proverbs say, a price for truth, we are willing to pay for this pearl, rather than purchase or seek a share in that popularity which is the idol-god everywhere set up

in this land. Let us never surrender or despair, beyond all temporary appreciation, of a union with the complete heart of our race. In and for that whole heart let us live and die.

For this unity of God we cling to, which is first essential, and next universal, is lastly, as I can only hint in closing, an atoning power. It brings his children to be at one. Travelling forth from his centre to the circumference of his creation, it returns gathering all into an accordant activity which is peace. The unity of God is not only *substance* and *breadth*, but *operation* too. We want what the Lord tells us we have, a working Deity, whose blessed labor ceases not on the Sabbath day. We want, what we have, a working Redeemer, exemplifying his lessons and actually rescuing us from our errors and sins into a perfect mutual love. The main doctrine of the Gospel as a remedial agency is the Atonement,—that is, the working unity of God. We want ourselves to have in him whose ministers we are, part and lot of this atoning power, and when our life, and when our bond with others shows it, the unity we preach will be a reality. The doctrine of Atonement is thus only part of that very unity of God from which those holding it have been thought farthest away. It is the essential unity returning to itself from the infinite journey it makes, bearing riches of heart and spirit such as all other voyages in the universe cannot win. This sublime atonement has been falsified in the narrowness of dogma, and had its meaning covered, as in a coat of many colors, with inadequate figures of speech. It has been misinterpreted into vicarious punishment of an innocent person for the guilty by a stern Judge, instead of that labor and suffering of love for others, toward which the bosom of the inconceivably Blessed yearns in not sparing his own Son, and the measure of which apos-

ties and disciples in all their toil and sacrifice for mankind may fill up. It is erroneously made an *opus operatum*, something at a point in time accomplished for ever, arbitrary and technical, quite different from any visiting by us of the sick and imprisoned, feeding of the hungry, clothing the naked, or ransom of the enslaved. But all that relieves a human creature, recovers and reconciles him to his Father, is part of that unfinished atonement, which is at bottom and to the last step of its power only the efficacious and healing action of the unity of God. To those in this unity loving God and their fellows, what bigotry shall speak? A Unitarian cannot go to heaven, a young girl was told. Then I do not want to go to heaven, but where my Unitarian Sunday-school teacher has gone, was the reply. And truly, though I have never cared to take the Unitarian name, I do not want, for my heaven, to sit down far away from some by whom it has been and is borne. Though Michael and Gabriel were there, it would without my friends be no heaven to me. Heaven does not make saints happy; saints make the happy heaven, — and heaven is spirit, not space. It is not selfishness, but love; and that Gothic prince who, when told by the missionary that he could not as a Christian see his heathen ancestors in the other world, withdrew his feet from the baptismal water, saying he would rather be with them than in heaven without them, verily was nearer heaven than if he had kept his feet in.

If such a unity as I have referred to become indeed and perfectly the glory of the Liberal faith, the coldness which has also been charged upon it will pass away, melted by the warmth of a sweet and healthy zeal. As the telegraph-wire is always stretched, we shall thus be ready to communicate knowledge and good. We shall have, too, a theology which, drawing the common heart, shall not drop the for-

ward mind of the world. The men of science must have religion too. They cannot be satisfied with bread or stone, fish or serpent, this earth or any planet; but their soul panteth, and their heart and flesh, like David's, cry out for the living God.

One word more you will hear, for brethren deceased during the year, whose images rise not alone in their technically Unitarian, but vitally unitary and humane character. At the name of Samuel Gilman, though he was a student not of, but before, the School, who sees not a sort of sun-picture of Christian courtesy from the North, set like a jewel in the chivalry of the South, of a gentlemanly feeling which no rancor North or South could ever embitter, of such a loyalty to an honored faith as asked no support of numbers, of extraordinary intellectual ability faithfully exerted through life, and a heart-purity, which, seeing God, pierced with mild lustre the shades of death? The career of Augustus R. Pope was an exposition of the sense of Christ's parable of the multiplication of the talents, in the spirit of usefulness with which he entered the sphere of education as well as religion, was interested both in man's regeneration and his reform, gave hours of leisure to architectural or mechanical skill, had grace to win as well as knowledge to instruct, understood the union of a pleasant temper with independent strength, and has providentially fallen in his prime, because a really slender, though stout-looking frame, bent under over-weight of duty imposed by so earnest a soul. Personal knowledge alone is wanting that I might, in regard to Joseph C. Smith, an alumnus in reality rather than regular course, share the affection and estimation in which his memory is warmly cherished and his eulogy has been so happily and conscientiously pronounced. Other exercises of especial interest, the former year, having

taken the place of the usual address, I ought also to mention Ephraim Peabody and William P. Lunt. After so many tributes, however, paid them, I can add nothing but to say, in a certain Puritan gravity of character, simplicity of taste, serious sweetness of disposition, soaring imagination combined with practical aim, and even in some external traits,—a steady look, luminous smile, calm manner, deliberate gait, and melodious voice,—how remarkably these devout men and apostolic ministers were by nature and culture alike.

The departed members of our fraternity have larger light now on these questions, which they too pondered so deeply, and have left us still to meditate and discuss. You must have another chance with the problems that earthly life gives no time to solve, it was said to a great mathematician. Just so I consider, he replied. But what claim on the great court for a continuance of trial have his cases compared with ours? I affirm a matchless and endless dignity for the inquiries of that profession to which we belong.

Brethren, I have directed your attention to some points of debate. But there is, beyond all debate, a spiritual peace, which, by our method of dealing with the tough matter of divided opinions, we may, with God's grace helping us, work out for our souls; as on the Atlantic coast, out of the stubborn granite, which they hew, men thrust forth the solid lines of harbors, within which their ships ride unvexed by the neighboring angry surge. Such refuge of serenity may we now have, till there is no more sea, or we leave for ever the ocean, to tread the eternal shore.

## LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

BY REV. WILLIAM MOUNTFORD.

Naples. — Vesuvius. — Pompeii.

NAPLES on the Bay of Naples! It is a rather dirty place, but very delightful. Its inhabitants are not in all respects as earnest, progressive, and enlightened as it might well be wished that all human creatures were; but yet they are very interesting to a transient visitor.

Naples is an ancient city. But antiquity is not a thing to remember here, where the present is so noisy, bustling, and lively. Else for the antiquarian there is matter of great interest here in the manners of the people,—who are as ancient as the Romans themselves and far more persistent in their customs,—and in spots now occupied by Christian churches, but which formerly were the sites of the temples of Castor and Pollux, of Apollo, of Ceres, and of Mercury. And for the antiquarian, too, even Punch is of interest, for his face is to be seen painted on a wall at Pompeii, and his origin is probably Oscan, and therefore older than the foundations of Rome. There is much resemblance to ancient things at Naples, in the ornaments with which often the horses are decorated, in the shape of the swine-carts, and in the manner of yoking the oxen. And there is also a vivid reminder of the common people of ancient Greece in the mimicry of the Neapolitans, by which they talk with their hands as fast as with their tongues, and perhaps even more expressively. But no one listening to Punchinello cares about his genealogy; and it is not by entering into the spirit of Naples that any visitor will find himself seated among ruins or asking after former days. One has but

to step out of doors here ; and it is like being at the theatre, and all day long it is the same ; for everybody is so vivacious, and everything has such a novel look.

In Naples what strikes one most at first is, I think, the number of vehicles. Everybody rides. And though for some reason they do not look worse than in other places, yet surely nowhere else are horses and donkeys so worked as they are here. I have seen a horse trotting with a vehicle, on and about which were seventeen men and women. And one day I saw a small carriage, on which were seven men, and underneath which, fastened in some odd way, was a great squealing pig. And no man ever drives a donkey, however heavily the creature may be loaded, but he lays hold of the animal's tail, in order himself to be pulled along. The streets of the city have a very picturesque appearance, though often in the smaller ones it is attributable to very humble causes, — plants and flowers growing outside of every window, and clothes hanging out to dry on lines drawn across the streets from five or six different stories.

But the greatest peculiarity of Naples is in the custom of the poor people of living out of doors. They do literally turn their houses inside out. They work and eat and play, and often they sleep, out of doors. At dinner-time a little fire is made outside of the door for cooking the meal. At a milk-shop, the ass, the goat, the cow are tied to the door-posts for milking. And often in the streets, a pig without any bristles is to be seen tied to the walls, not by the leg, but by a girdle round his body. In the open street men wash themselves sometimes down even to their waists. And continually in public women and children perform for one another on the head that disgusting office at which monkeys look so grave in menageries.

A great characteristic of Naples, too, is the number of

pictures of the Virgin Mary against the walls and at the corners of the streets. Underneath one is an inscription, which describes it as having been vowed and erected by a Professor in the University, who had been relieved in some great peril, two or three years ago. Below another is the exhortation, "Stay your steps, O passenger, and direct your thoughts to God, and salute Mary with devotion as your benefactress." At another is to be read, "The Virgin who was conceived without original sin. Say an Ave Maria." There are hundreds of shops and dark little holes, in every one of which is to be seen a print of the Virgin, and before which all day long, and perhaps all night too, burns a little lamp. This picture with the burning lamp in front of it is to be seen very often in taverns and wine-shops. But it never fails where most of all it would seem to be most incongruous, — in lottery-offices. In almost every street there is an office of the lottery, and always above the counter and the long lists of figures is to be seen the picture of the Virgin Mary with a burning lamp in front. The Neapolitans are great gamblers, and also even of all the people of Italy they are the greatest devotees of the Virgin.

In Naples the churches dedicated to the Virgin are very numerous. They are distinguished from one another thus: Santa Maria of the Angels, Santa Maria of the Annunciation, Santa Maria Lady Queen, Santa Maria the New, Santa Maria Queen of Heaven. There are also churches of Santa Maria of the Desert, — the Chain, — the Childbed, Thanksgivings, — of the Entrance to the Grotto, — of the Piety of the Sangri, — of the Piety of the Turchi, — and of the Pignatelli. On the site of the temple of Diana stands the church of Santa Maria of the Holy Stone. And the church of Santa Maria Rotonda occupies the place of the temple of Vesta.



It is said to have been only within the last century, in the neighborhood of Naples, that some of the vilest usages of heathen worship have been suppressed. And at Naples perhaps as vividly as anywhere is illustrated the manner in which the heathen carried into the Christian Church their heathen customs, and almost their gods, changing only their names. At the great festival of the Virgin are to be seen among the Neapolitans many customs which have been continued from the time when their ancestors celebrated the service of Bacchus and Cybele,—a procession in which everybody is crowned with flowers and fruits,—the carrying in the hand of a thyrsus, a pole with flowers on the top of it,—frantic and miscellaneous dancing,—and the decorating of carriages with branches of trees, and the leading of them along by wreaths of flowers held by men who dance the while.

*Vedi Napoli, e poi muori*, I have seen Naples, and now I can die. This is a proverb at Naples. I do not think that this city is that height of excellence, with the attainment of which as a sight, I could wish to have my soul leave my body: nor indeed do I feel it to be a place congenial to anything in me which is serious or heavenward. Though for a sojourn of a few weeks it has been to me a very agreeable place.

But O what a scene the streets present in an afternoon, and especially on a Sunday, when every carriage is full, and every horse is being ridden, and when everybody is out of doors,—soldiers, portly priests in the best of black cloth, friars in coarse garments, Lazzaroni with their long wool-len caps, and women with a costume and ornaments allied to ancient Greece. This, too, is a time when brandy-sellers shout their loudest from their gay stands, and when in every street is to be met some procession of children or of men and women following a crucifix and singing.

Late in the afternoon of the first Sunday of my being here, I found myself accidentally in front of the cathedral. The door being open, I entered. Vespers were just being concluded. The service ended, I was surveying the curious old edifice, when I noticed some commotion near a door. And soon I saw borne along what I thought was a man on men's shoulders. But it proved to be a great silver bust on a framework. It was carried across the cathedral, and was set up on a stand in the middle of a chapel. It was followed by three or four hundred soldiers. A large band of musicians ranged themselves round the statue. And in front of it stood the drum-major, who was a giant. I asked a person near me, what the bust, the statue, was. And I was answered, "It is San Andrea Avellino." O the earnestness with which he was gazed at, — the eagerness with which some of the spectators seemed to be hurrying through their prayers, while the privilege of the saint's presence was with them! Suddenly, at a signal from the gigantic drummer, crash went drums and cymbals. The musicians, as they played, all looked upon the bust, and every face all round the chapel was turned upon the silver bust. From the eagerness in every face, from the excitement of the military music, and from the devoutness and enthusiasm with which the bust was gazed at, it was really as though he himself was there, — the saint of the day, — San Andrea, — San Andrea Avellino.

It was the strangest sight, I thought, which I had ever witnessed. And there passed through my mind certain texts like that about the workman and the graven image: but whether this was with just application to any one of the persons in the scene then before me, I cannot say. When the music was ended, the silver bust was lifted up, and was borne through the crowd amidst prayers and earnest looks.

"San Andrea Avellino," whispered parents to their children. "San Andrea, — see San Andrea," was whispered to the new-comers. High above men's shoulders, and escorted by the military, San Andrea was carried down the nave of the cathedral. And as he passed out at the door, I noticed that hanging down behind was a pink rosette suspended from his neck.

Half an hour afterwards I saw the Saint being carried through the Porta Capuana, probably on the way to his own church. And as he was borne through the gate, I saw that the rosette, which I had noticed in the cathedral, had been changed for a brass hat. This great broad-brimmed hat was suspended from his neck, and hung between his shoulders.

At this moment I seem to see that procession passing in under the ancient gateway, — and that shining bust, the object of such gazing, and the occasion of such eager, rapid prayers. "San Andrea, — San Andrea Avellino," the people cry. Of all the things I have seen in Naples, I think that my most vivid recollection will be of San Andrea, as I thus saw him in the cathedral, surrounded by the musicians, and afterwards as I saw him disappear beneath the Capuan gate, a crowd before and a crowd behind.

Vesuvius! Name of mystery and awe! And name, too, which I seem always to have known of. Well do I remember what a look and a sound the word had for me in those days when I pondered in the catechism the answer to the question of what are the principal volcanoes of Europe, — Vesuvius in Italy, *Ætna* in Sicily, and *Hecla* in the cold island of Iceland. Vesuvius is three quarters of a mile in perpendicular height. Turning aside from the sea-shore up the mountain, the first part of the ascent is very pleasant, and may be made in a carriage; but the last part is very

hard climbing, and is up what may almost be called a wall of loose black stones. At the foot of the mountain, and up the sides for several miles, the soil is fertile, and especially is famous for a wine called *Lachrymæ Christi*. But in the upper portion of it the mountain is clothed with desolation, or rather is denuded by it. At this part, from a little distance, the mountain looks like roughly ploughed land; for the lava in cooling has cracked, leaving this appearance.

Lava is of many colors, — black, yellow, white, and red. After it has cooled, sometimes it looks like ploughed land, and sometimes like a field of stones, and sometimes like frozen mud.

While stopping to rest during the steep ascent, one sees below what is perhaps the most beautiful scene in the world, — the plain of Campania, — the Bay of Naples bordered by the city of Naples, — and the shores of Portici, Resina, Castellamare, and Sorrento, — the mountainous island of Capri, — and the sea, which from the side of Vesuvius seems unruffled by either wave or breeze, as though upon it light were like a substance, streaming, curving, playing, painting, incessantly. But every place on the shore beneath is associated in history with Vesuvius. By an earthquake preliminary to what is called the first eruption of the mountain, Naples was much shaken, and the theatre there was thrown down, in which the Emperor Nero had been acting only a few minutes before. Underneath Portici and Resina, thirty or forty feet down, is Herculaneum, with treasures of art and curiosity much greater, probably, than Pompeii has given up. And Castellamare, which is away up the bay to the left, is on the site of what anciently was Stabiae. It was there that the elder Pliny died. He had crossed from the opposite side of the bay, to be a witness of what was then the novel scene of an eruption of Vesuvius. Houses at Stabiae were

so unsafe from the incessant rocking of the earthquakes, that Pliny with his friend went into the fields, notwithstanding there was a storm of stones falling. "There," says the younger Pliny, "my uncle, having drunk a draught or two of cold water, threw himself down upon a cloth, which was spread for him, when immediately the flames and a strong smell of sulphur, which was the forerunner of them, dispersed the rest of the company, and obliged him to rise. He raised himself up, with the assistance of two of his servants, and instantly fell down dead; suffocated, as I conjecture, by some gross and noxious vapor, having always had weak lungs, and being frequently subject to a difficulty of breathing. As soon as it was light again, which was not till the third day after this melancholy accident, his body was found entire, and without any marks of violence upon it, exactly in the same posture that he fell, and looking more like a man asleep than dead."

But hark! The same sound, which has been thundering at intervals for some time! It is the mountain. It is the noise of the eruption, — a something between the clattering of boards and the report of a park of artillery. And noticing it by the watch, it seems to be repeated at intervals of four or five minutes. But neither by the eye nor ear, nor by meditation, are we advanced up this toilsome ascent. And so again begins the struggle up the loose stones. At last the top is reached. And O what a scene! What blackness of desolation! And then, too, about a quarter of a mile away yonder is the cone with vapor steaming from it. What a strange, awful scene! Black banks and broken masses of lava, and at a little distance a high hill yellow with sulphur! And now along this lava, as one walks, how hot it is to the feet! and what heat comes up through the cracks! "Lava of five days ago," says the guide. This lava then, — this

very lava, — this very substance was burning matter inside the mountain five days ago, and was glowing with the primeval fire of the world. Secretly I think that perhaps the guide is deceiving me. But oh! — O hark! — look! And my hands clench themselves as I speak. The mountain! The mountain! What a stunning, terrifying sound it is! And how red the discharge is! Up, up it goes into the sky, as though shot straight upwards from a thousand cannons. And now, after a space of dead silence, comes whirling and raining down what is like a storm of red-hot liquid rags. And all round the cone the crater smokes with the lava as it cools.

At a little distance is a bank of yellowish white, which I wish to examine. And I get across to it, over masses of lava, like broken rocks. But the bank smokes; indeed it is hot; and the vapor from it chokes me, stifles me. Yes; and it is really sulphur, — the sulphur of the mountain, — brimstone fresh from the lake of fire.

Again, again! Sharp, angry, fierce, deafening, again up goes the eruption, real, intensely real! A few moments of silence, and, whirling, rattling, smoking, now again down comes the shower of lava.

The lava falling at this time is black, and on examination seems as though it had been stringy, like liquid glass. The discharge from the mountain varies much from time to time, — stones, minerals, ashes, vapor, sand, pumice-stone, besides the many varieties of lava. Pompeii and Stabiae were covered by a fall of pumice-stone and ashes; but Herculaneum, which was destroyed by the same eruption, was buried under a deluge of mud.

Stone, fluid and fresh from the great furnace of the earth, and exemplifying one of the great agencies by which the masonry of the mountains was laid, — fire the very same as

that with which once this whole earth was a molten mass, — a power which toucheth the hills, and they smoke, — these things, as matters of my own witnessing, are, as I feel, a great and peculiar enlargement of my intellectual experience.

But these discharges, how grand and terrible they are ! And even in the broad sunlight, how red are the liquid masses, as they are shot up on high !

It is a very fine day. And by contrast I am reminded of what was so very different from to-day and this scene, — the time when I was at Mont Blanc, three months ago. Then I was a witness of what cold can do as an agent among the forces of the world, — how it turns warm air into cloud, — and how it heaps together on high the snow, with the melting of which great rivers have their beginnings. The Mer de Glace I could only just see, even when I stood upon it, on account of the fog. As I descended the mountain to Chamouni, it was through cloud after cloud. Every now and then I was in clear open air, while the valley below, almost up to my feet, was filled as though with a sea of mist. At the foot of Mont Blanc, having come down from snow and vapor, and from wind where wind could blow, and through the forests of pine, there came into my mind the words of the Psalmist, as he calls on everything in nature to worship God, — “snow and vapors, stormy wind fulfilling his word ; mountains and all hills ; fruitful trees and all cedars.”

But now it is time for returning to Naples. And it is a season of exquisite enjoyment, as I ride slowly between Vesuvius and Mount Somma, and across streams of lava of different eruptions, once red-hot, and now slowly turning to fruitful earth. I look up at the mountain, whence so often have descended rivers of fire. And now again I repeat,

after the Psalmist, and I say aloud in the silence and solitude, "The hills melted like wax at the presence of the Lord, at the presence of the Lord of the whole earth."

A fortnight after our leaving Naples happened what almost I could wish to have witnessed, — a great earthquake. At the time of my ascending Vesuvius, it was predicted confidently, that there would soon be a great increase in the eruption of the mountain. Instead, however, of an increase of the eruption, there was a cessation of it, and very soon a terrible earthquake. This earthquake reached through a wide extent of country. One village was entirely destroyed by it. And it is said that Naples itself would have been overthrown by it, if the shock of it had lasted only a little longer. From the best information which I have been able to obtain, I suppose that the number of persons who perished in this earthquake must probably exceed seven thousand.

Between Naples and Pompeii what a contrast there is! For the one is the town of the lively Present, and the other is the city of the dead and silent Past.

It was a beautiful morning in November when we rode from Naples to Pompeii, along the shore where the Lazzaroni are to be seen, and round the bay on roads dusty with the powdered lava of which they are made, and through Portici, underneath which, almost altogether unexplored, are the streets and treasures of Herculaneum, and along the base of Vesuvius, and up a narrow lane between hedges into the Street of Tombs, leading up to what used to be called the Herculaneum Gate.

Pompeii, — O Pompeii! But before setting my foot on the pavement, I looked up at Vesuvius, over the top of which hung the smoke which witnesses of the fire within.

A city by the sea-side, — a fashionable watering-place, — an ancient port for the exportation of corn, oil, and dried



fruits, — a town which could boast of having been a favorite resort of Cicero, and also of having nourished the youth of Seneca, — a place which had been much shattered by an earthquake sixteen years before, but which was then being fast rebuilt with many improvements, — such was Pompeii on the morning of the twenty-fourth of August, in the year seventy-nine of our era. On that morning there was much talk and interest among the citizens, on account of an unusual appearance on the top of the neighboring mountain, — a cloud, which was likened by Pliny, who saw it, to a pine-tree, “for it shot up a great height in the form of a trunk, which extended itself at the top into the form of branches.” Two days after this, only two days, though days of terror and darkness and agony, and Pompeii has been, as it were, buried alive, — covered up, — the temple with its idols, the mother with her child upon her breast, the prisoner in the stocks, the soldier at the post from which he disdained to move, and the courts, houses, shops, and streets, just as they had been before the ashes began to fall, and the people, most of them, to flee.

But let us now walk on. And yet how can we? For these stones, these tombs, this street, — almost they are more Roman than anything in Rome itself.

See that tomb there! And see that inscription upon it, which says that it was built to the memory of himself and his family, by Marcus Arrius Diomedes, freedman of Julia, and magistrate of the suburb of Augusta Felix. But here exactly opposite to the tomb, on this right-hand side of the road, this house is supposed to have been the villa of the same freedman Diomedes. It is said to be one of the most interesting houses in Pompeii; and so we will survey it. Going in through the entrance, we find ourselves in a yard, with a covered walk all round it, and with a reservoir for

water in the middle. On one side is a flight of stairs leading up to the apartments of the ladies ; and on this opposite side are the dining-room and baths. The walls of all the rooms appear to have been richly painted. Down from this corner, this staircase leads into the kitchen. And through this doorway in front was the passage into the garden. And see, yonder, in the middle of the garden, are the remains of a fountain. But let us cross over. The shore of the sea is now half a mile distant ; but formerly the waves almost washed the bottom of these steps. On this very spot, close by the gateway, with the key in his hand, was found the skeleton of the master of the house. He had fallen down before being able to open the gate, stifled probably by the ashes and by the sulphureous vapor. Near him was found the body of a servant, who was carrying silver vases and a purse with one hundred coins of gold and silver. And now let us go into the cellar. Here are some scores of amphoræ, or earthen-ware casks, set up against the wall ; but now they are full of ashes instead of wine. And see here, on the hard earth against the wall, — see this impression of a face. On this spot seventeen skeletons were found ; and from the necklaces and bracelets on them, they would appear, mostly, to have been women.

Nearly all the articles found at Pompeii have been removed, and been deposited in the Museum at Naples. Almost everything which was of wood in Pompeii perished, so that there are no roofs nor doors to any of the houses.

But now let us go down into the street again. And next to the house of Diomedes, in this small enclosure, what is this little room ? We look in at the low door ; and we see marble seats, on which the mourners used to recline, when they ate the funeral feast. But let us advance. “ The tomb of Securus. — The tomb of Tyche Venerea.” What

a singularly appropriate approach to Pompeii is now this Street of Tombs! But before leaving this street, it ought to be remembered that in this tall narrow tomb was found the skeleton of a soldier, with his helmet on his head, and his lance in his hand. Probably he was on duty at the city gate when the eruption began, and rather than leave his post, it would seem that he opened the door of this little room for shelter against this strange, awful storm of fire and ashes.

But let us now pass in through this gateway. The *Herculaneum Gate*! It is very like a city gate of the Middle Ages. And in the wall are the grooves for the portcullis. But see here, — this was one of the chief places for public notices. And what a vivid illustration it is of Roman life, that on the walls of this very town, a few years ago, was to be read the advertisement, that on a certain day Casellius would present the public with thirty pairs of gladiators, — thirty murders at the least, and not improbably sixty. However, there would be no enjoyment of things Roman possible, if we called the killing of men by the name of murder.

What paving for the streets, — these great square stones! And see, too, what is scarcely to be found in Rome itself, — see these sidewalks, good, high sidewalks. And down in the road, see how the pavement has been worn into ruts by the wheels of Roman chariots. And because the city walls have on them the marks of Oscan and Pelasgic builders, we may well suppose that these deep ruts in the road may have been begun long before the Romans came to luxuriate.

But these brick buildings, — what a fresh, new look they all have! They seem as though they had been just washed. This appearance is, I suppose, the effect of the ashes with which they were covered so long. And, indeed, as being so clean and still, it is as though the streets were all of a piece with the surrounding country, the fields and the trees.

The houses are all low ; and scarcely any are of more than two stories in height. The shops are very small, and in front are nearly all window and door.

Names are still to be read, though many others have disappeared which were legible some years ago, — names and notices painted in red upon the walls, — on houses the names of their occupants, — on shops, the prayer of the proprietor invoking the protection of his patron or of some magistrate, — at the corners of the streets, lists of persons entitled to vote for certain elections, — and in the basilica and barracks, idle scribblings of verses from Ovid, and the names of favorite gladiators. At the theatre were commemorated the names of officers who had been presidents of the public games. At the temple of Venus was inscribed the price at which had been bought the right of building a high wall for keeping secret the proceedings in the college of the devotees of Venus. And on the base of a marble statue was the name of the tribune by whom had been restored to their proper use the places which had been usurped from the public by private individuals.

On the soil of Pompeii, and in the presence of such records, how one seems to stand, face to face, with the Past !

Antiquity here is almost as fresh as yesterday. Found here and still to be seen are olives, figs, and prunes of the reign of Vespasian, — meat in the saucepan and rice in the pot, abandoned on the cooking-stove, at the moment when the city began to be overwhelmed from Vesuvius, — and loaves of bread, which were baked in the first year of the Emperor Titus, and on which are still to be read the letters of the baker's marking. Discovered in shops and houses are articles by which Roman life is rendered as familiar as that of our neighbors or of our own homes, — articles of the kitchen, pots, saucepans, cups, moulds, and gridirons, — arti-

cles of the dressing-table, vases for perfumes, buttons, jewelry, combs, and curling-irons, — articles of the library, ink-stands, pens, seals, ivory tablets, and the works of many authors, — articles of the bath-room, of many kinds, — and instruments of music and of surgery. And in the temples have been found, not only statues, but all the utensils of pagan worship, — tripods and altars, basins and sprinklers for lustral water, censers and ivory spoons for incense, knives for killing the victims, and bowls for receiving their blood. Indeed, here in Pompeii has been discovered everything belonging to the life of the Romans, from the gods they worshipped to the food which they ate; from the tribunal of the magistrates to the place of punishment for the slaves; and from the standard of the soldier to the playthings of the child and the false dice of the gambler.

And then, too, graven on stones for seals, and painted on the walls of houses, or shaped in bronze, or embodied in sculpture, what varied and vivid illustrations have these buildings yielded of the taste, the fancies, the opinions, the religion, and the life of their occupants! In what abundance they have been found, — scenes from mythology, from history, and from common life, — likenesses of persons, and fanciful creations, but which, indeed, are often of a depraved and very vile character!

Perhaps nowhere in Italy was heathenism more thoroughly heathenish than in Campania, of which Pompeii was one of the most luxurious cities. So many of the houses here were found to be defiled with vile bronzes, and vile paintings, and with vile images of the more filthy gods! Venus, Bacchus, and Priapus were the popular idols of Pompeii, at the time when the city was overwhelmed. We could scarcely perhaps pity the place for being buried alive, did we judge of all the inhabitants by the gods which were the most

popular among them, and by the proofs which exist of what was the popular taste. But no doubt there were those among the Pompeians, who, being without the law, were a law unto themselves, and who worshipped turning their faces towards the brighter, and not the darker, side of heathenism, adoring Jupiter Optimus Maximus rather than Venus or Bacchus. I am not aware that there is any proof of there ever having been any Christians in Pompeii; yet it is very probable that at the time of the eruption there may have been some few, because there were many Greeks at Pompeii, and many merchants; and almost everywhere, probably, Greek merchants were among the earliest recipients of the Gospel. Though, if ever any Christians were here, there exists nothing now by which to recognize their houses.

In and out of house after house, and one shop after another, and up and down street after street, we go,—the houses of Pansa the *Ædile* and Julius Polybius, the house of a surgeon, a bakehouse, the tavern of Phœbus, shops of money-changers, iron-mongers, cloth-dyers, and jewellers,—into the forum, the basilica, the theatres, the public baths, the barracks, and into the temples of Jupiter, Venus, Fortuna, and Neptune.

In the temple of Isis are to be seen the secret stairs and low doors by which the priests approached the statue of the goddess from behind, so as that their answers to questions might seem to the worshippers as though coming from the goddess herself. When this temple was first uncovered, there were found on the altar the bones of a victim. And round about the temple were found several skeletons of persons. And in a room behind the temple was a skeleton of a priest, with what would seem to show that he had been dining,—the bones of fish and chickens, egg-shells, bread,

a wine-flask, and a garland of flowers for his head. On one side of the temple are rooms for the priests, and a kitchen. In this edifice there were found a figure of Harpocrates, with the finger on the lip, to remind beholders of secrecy as to what they might witness, — a statue of Isis in drapery of purple and gold, — and several smaller images of Venus, Bacchus, Osiris, and Priapus.

As I walk inside the walls of this temple, there come into my mind the words of St. Paul, "The wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all unrighteousness and ungodliness of men," and I turn towards the smoking mountain from which were poured upon Pompeii brimstone and ashes, and darkness and the night of the grave.

I enter the amphitheatre, and I sit down on one of the seats which once the Pompeians used to crowd. I climb to the highest; and from that I look down on the places where formerly ten thousand persons used to be seated, — and on the arena, which the Romans delighted to see soaked with the blood of men and beasts, — and on the entrances by which the gladiators appeared, and through which the wild beasts were let loose.

Wild beasts tearing one another in pieces, gladiators fighting with one another, and also with lions and tigers, — and all of them fighting to the death, — these were scenes, with the love of which the spectators grew bloodthirsty, and more and more cruel.

It is said that the inhabitants of Pompeii were assembled for some exhibition in this amphitheatre at the very moment when the eruption first burst from Vesuvius. Forth from the great building poured the thousands of citizens assembled there. And out into the country probably they ran, hastening in a direction away from Vesuvius. And fast and thick in the streets, and on house and on temple, fell the strange storm, covering, hiding, and burying.

In the course of time afterwards, where Pompeii was below, cattle grazed, and fields were ploughed. And when again the sun shone upon the city, the inscriptions on the walls were become a language no longer spoken, — the images in the temples were become idols without a single worshipper, — and imperial Rome, of which almost it had been a suburb, was shrunk to a few ruinous buildings and a few narrow and mostly dirty streets.

---

## MR. COOLIDGE'S FAREWELL DISCOURSE.

ON Sunday, July 4, 1858, Rev. James Ivers Trecothick Coolidge preached a sermon in the Thirteenth Congregational Church, Boston, on the occasion of his withdrawing from a society of which, for sixteen years, he had been the pastor.

Had his leave-taking been merely a parting from one Unitarian society with the intention of seeking a like relation to some other, his discourse would have attracted no more attention than other similar productions, which, in the present frail tenure of clerical ties, are no great novelties. But Mr. Coolidge's case is somewhat peculiar. He chose, properly enough on the Fourth of July, to make a "declaration of independence." He waved a farewell, not merely to the parish of which he had been pastor, but to the denomination to which he has hitherto belonged. This last fact alone we are now to notice.

The sermon has a rare combination of interest, — biographical, ecclesiastical, exegetical, hermeneutical, psychological. Like all the discourses of this preacher which we



have heard or read, it is pervaded by an affectionate and earnest tone, and its periods, indicating something higher than mere scholarly culture, fall on the ear as the utterances of an eminently conscientious and devout mind. But in the very grave step which Mr. Coolidge has taken, we have a right to look for something more than a manifestation of good feeling. A "declaration of independence" is properly accompanied by a plain statement of *reasons*. A convert to a new faith generally tells us very explicitly *to what* he is converted. We have read this sermon carefully four times; — once, to get an idea of it as a whole; a second time, to single out the substantial reasons offered to justify the change professed; a third time to place ourselves in the preacher's case, and to ask whether these reasons offer a sound defence of his course; a fourth time, to see how he has met the just claims of the occasion, on the supposition • that he believes he has received a new and better faith.

We should be occupying too much space if we followed the process of our own thoughts, and shall therefore only offer a few words of comment on Mr. Coolidge's professed reasons for leaving the Unitarian denomination. We have taken some pains to single out all these reasons, and shall state them as nearly as we can in his own words.

1. The first reason is, that, as long ago as when he was in the Divinity School in Cambridge, he made the discovery that theology is a deeper subject than he had before imagined. He had thought he could write answers to theological questions with "easy rapidity"; but he came gradually to feel that there was something profounder in them than his childhood had admitted. We have no doubt of the fact here stated. But the experience referred to is not peculiar to himself. Where is the young theologian who does not soon come to see that his former conceptions were very shallow?

A valued friend told us that, after he had written his first sermon, it seemed as if he could never write another, for this appeared to contain all then known in the whole compass of doctrinal and practical divinity. We believe, however, he did not afterwards infer that further truth must necessarily lie in a direction *opposite* to that he had been pursuing. Childish conceptions of the Copernican system of astronomy are always extremely superficial, but do not make the Ptolemaic theory any more probable. It pains us to think that our brother has been too much frightened for sixteen years by the ghost of the discovery made in Cambridge; but if, in shying to get rid of the ghost, he has jumped in the wrong direction, it will not be the first time that fright has been attended by this consequence. We say *too much* frightened, for undoubtedly the discovery alluded to ought to keep every man in a wholesome awe and humility, and to suggest to him the possibility that twenty years of mature study may work a change as great as that reached at the end of twenty years of childish study. What may he be next? There is always something more profound in great questions of theology than we can at present understand. We cannot help thinking that Mr. Coolidge is a little too hard upon himself in implying that he ever supposed he could sound these depths "by any plummet of his own making." Nor does anybody suppose this possible of any one. But what then? Shall we distrust the best judgment we can exercise for ourselves? Or shall we fly to those who will try to calm our affrighted minds by the loudest assurances of numbers and authority?

Haunted by the feeling which the above-named discovery awakened, Mr. Coolidge entered the ministry, was settled over the Thirteenth Congregational Society, preached chiefly upon "repentance, regeneration, newness of life, renewal of

spirit," as have most Unitarian preachers during the last twenty years, all this while holding Unitarianism "lightly," and ready to part with it, "if so Christ should require," as all Unitarians are. At length we come to the second reason offered for a denominational change, and to a statement of the first positive light which dawned upon his mind.

2. "The first really revealing light broke upon me when I was enabled to discern the meaning," that the text, "No man can come to me except the Father who hath sent me draw him," indicated "the office of the Holy Ghost, in its awakening power, arousing the soul to a consciousness of its deepest wants, and guiding it to the Son, the only Satisfaction." It would have been some comfort to those of us who have not had any such "really revealing light," to have been told when and how it "broke upon" Mr. Coolidge's mind, and by what process of exegesis he found "the office of the Holy Ghost" in the expression "the Father draw him." Until this light breaks upon us, we cannot help thinking that the expression "the Father draw him" is consistent only with our old-fashioned Unitarian view. Unitarians have always held that the Holy Spirit is an influence from the Father. Hence Jesus says "the *Father* draw him." But Mr. Coolidge finds in this expression "the office of the Holy Ghost." No reader doubts that the author meant to hint at the personality of the Holy Spirit, the alleged third person of the Trinity; else what does he mean different from our Unitarian view? And if he does mean something different from this, by what process of revelation or exegesis did this "really revealing light" break from this text? Here we are in the dark, as we are also as to what he means by the expression "the Son, the only Satisfaction." It is well known that the word "Satisfaction" is not a Bible word. It is a term peculiar to the Calvinistic and sacrificial theology.

As used in this theology, it is a common term for various conflicting theories, — satisfaction made by a substitute, or by an exhibition of justice, or by a display of some governmental design. Why did not our brother tell us what he meant? Why darkly hint at opinions differing from those of Unitarians, which yet on explanation might not after all be in conflict with them; or if they are widely opposed to views which we hold, why not tell us plainly wherein they differ, and in what way he came by them, that we may, if possible, receive them too? We cannot answer these questions, and, as present advised, “the really revealing light” can be so called only on the principle of *lucus a non lucendo*.

We might make similar remarks as to his use of the other text which he couples with that above noticed, the agreement between the two being now perceived, as he says, for the first time. It is the text in which Jesus says, “No man cometh unto the Father but by me.” Mr. Coolidge is undertaking to give an historical sketch of the changes, or unfoldings, of his belief. What view of this passage has he differing from what all Unitarians hold? He does not tell us. He says he thenceforward had for a frequent theme “Christ the Image of God,” “Christ the Manifestation of the Father.” These, too, have been favorite themes in all Unitarian pulpits. One of Mr. Coolidge’s sermons on the first-named topic was printed as a tract by the American Unitarian Association in 1848. The views of that tract were and are acceptable to the great body of Unitarians. What has he got differing from them which make a “really revealing light”? If he has got anything different, he was bound to discriminate it clearly, and to state it plainly, as a reason for his denominational change, as a step in the unfoldings of his religious belief. But he has not done it.

3. But we pass on to a third stage. "Not yet was my faith complete. Steadily it advanced, until" he saw the Bible to be "*one* book from Genesis to Revelation," "God's own word to the human family, clear, authoritative, final." Unitarians believe the Bible to be one book, for it is bound up within one cover. It is also one book because one aim and spirit run through it,—the instruction and improvement of mankind. It is not one book in the sense of having been written on one subject, or at one time, or by one hand. Unitarians do not believe that all parts of the Bible are equally "clear, authoritative, final." Nor does Mr. Coolidge. No man can believe this. What new idea of the Bible had Mr. Coolidge received as a reason for a change of denomination, or as an "opening way" in his belief, marking "the history of changes in his Christian faith"? Not the slightest hint as an answer to that question can we obtain. There is no attempt at any discrimination of thought. A score of passages are quoted, such as are usually reiterated in Orthodox sermons, the whole giving a very Orthodox complexion to his page; but there is not a word of criticism or argument to show what these texts really mean in the original use of them, or what is their true and just force now.

Thus far Mr. Coolidge's reasons why he changed his belief are merely repeated affirmations that he has changed. In the closing pages of this sermon shall we come to something more positive?

He believes the Unitarian body is "fast passing away." Two opposite movements, one towards Rationalism, and one towards "Evangelical" Christianity, will compel the absolute abandonment of this form of faith. Still, at present something is left, "which is understood as Unitarianism in this community; and from that I differ with strong dissent.

I dissent from it because — ” This is just what we have been looking for, — we want the “because” for the strong dissent. We pass by the first he names, “because Unitarianism does not recognize the unity of the Bible”; for this is but a repetition of what was said before, and all depends upon the meaning attached to those words, as we have already shown. We come to the next reason stated, constituting, in fact, the fourth cause of his denominational change.

4. Unitarianism “does not recognize the universal alienation of the human race from God, through the disorder and disarrangement which our nature, regarded as a whole, has derived from sin.” Mr. Coolidge would have been less safe in writing that sentence, if he had given the slightest hint what he meant by it. We believe him to be familiar with the fact, that all grades of opinion, ranging from extreme Unitarianism to extreme Orthodoxy, may take shelter under the statement of the dogma as he has written it. That men are made “enemies to God by wicked works,” is as firmly believed by Unitarians as it is clearly written in the Bible. Even touching the matter of the “disarrangement of our nature,” he knows very well that this view is defended in Mr. Sears’s “Regeneration,” — a book published five years ago by the American Unitarian Association, — a view not indorsed by that body, and yet no heresy in the body itself. Why deal in this ambiguous language? Why not tell us what he has been converted to?

5. Unitarianism “does not recognize the central fact of Christianity, — the Incarnation of the Eternal Son.” Everybody sees that whether Unitarianism does or does not recognize this doctrine, depends upon the interpretation of the word “Eternal.” That the Son of God took flesh and dwelt among us, is as strongly affirmed by Unitarians as by any

class of Christians. If by the word "Eternal" Mr. Coolidge means *without beginning*, he does not believe his own proposition himself. Or if he does, we will not argue the point with him. We will turn him over to Professor Stuart's Letters on the Ante-Nicene Writers, in which he will find the nonsense knocked out of the idea that a Son can be Eternal. If he uses the word "Eternal" in the Scriptural sense, meaning *spiritual, enduring*, then Unitarians believe in the proposition which he says they do not recognize. The whole point here, at any rate, is a quibble.

6. Mr. Coolidge dissents from Unitarianism because "it leads to irreverence and unbelief." In a note he apologizes for what he thinks may seem "a hard saying," but reaffirms it by citing the points in which the system, as he alleges, tends to irreverence and unbelief; such as lax ideas of the Bible, of sin, and of the salvation that is in Christ. No sentence in this sermon has been more frequently quoted with surprise, and numerous comments have been offered in the papers of the day. Our view of the case is somewhat different from that which has usually been expressed. We believe Mr. Coolidge is entirely right in the facts to which he refers, but is entirely wrong in the inference he draws from them. He makes the common mistake of inferring that those persons have no reverence who do not reverence what he reverences. The Pagans of the Roman Empire rushed into Christian temples, and, seeing no images of the gods, called the primitive believers "irreverent atheists." Did not Paul, Peter, and John believe in something, and reverence something, infinitely higher than idols of wood and stone? The Roman Catholics called Luther an irreverent unbeliever, because he would not bow to a bit of wood, and adore a bit of bread; but he refused to do this in consequence of the depth and might of his reverence for

higher objects in which he believed. The Cavaliers called the Puritans unbelievers and irreverent, because they would not tolerate a written prayer and a clergyman's gown. Macaulay has well shown what higher things the Puritans revered, and the groundlessness of the charge brought against them. Mr. Coolidge thinks that Unitarianism tends to irreverence and unbelief. In other words, Unitarianism does not reverence what Mr. Coolidge reverences. To see what Mr. Coolidge reverences, we glance at some indications of his character which this sermon reveals. Mr. Coolidge reverences a natural query of the understanding awakened when he made that great discovery in the Divinity School at Cambridge, as something "independent of all human suggestion," "wholly the action of the Holy Spirit." On a subsequent page it appears that Mr. Coolidge revered the selection of a text for the sermon following his ordination, as something miraculously indicated to his mind. Mr. Coolidge reverences a score of Orthodox texts, strung together after the pattern of any "Evangelical" sermon, and believes that these express a clear and satisfactory statement of the science of theology. "All was clear; my faith was established. The Lord had led me about, but at last had placed my feet upon the rock." Mr. Coolidge reverences certain old ecclesiastical words; they are not Bible words, nor at all necessary to express any living convictions or feelings of to-day; but to him they are venerable and fragrant. Such are the words *Satisfaction, Incarnation, Sovereignty of God, Evangelical Church*. Now if none of these things awaken the profoundest faith, and move the deepest reverence of Unitarians, we do not know that this is a crime; possibly there may be other things which Unitarianism does reverence and believe, and things quite as much worthy of faith and veneration as those above named. We



had hoped that a man of liberal culture would have made the obvious distinction we have here pointed out.

Having now gathered up all the reasons offered in this discourse for a change of denominational position, we need not use any epithets to characterize the weakness or force of these reasons. What they are, our readers will see for themselves. Probably they amount to what the author's friends expected at his hands. We share the respect which they feel for his purity of purpose, conscientiousness, diligence in his sacred calling, and consecration to his Master's service. The years of his ministry have been more devoted to exemplary parish duty, than to the acquisition of habits of clear logical thought. His professional life, falling into a time and neighborhood which demanded for success the abilities which are only rarely bestowed, was not attended, outwardly and in its latter years especially, with the fruits which he desired. Disappointment preyed morbidly upon a sensitive nature, which was disposed to find the cause of failure in the substance of the doctrines he taught, conscious that the cause could not be found in any want of earnestness and diligence in his administration. This tendency was strengthened by a love for the faith, and words, and forms of olden time. To him modern changes seem more a removal from the mighty forces that have beneficently shaped the past, than onward steps, attended by some infelicities and derangements, to win a far better future. In these tendencies and fears he lacks not company. And they are men, for the most part, of richly endowed tastes and sensibilities. They would be happy in the cloisters of Oxford; that is, for a time, till there came a longing for the arches and shadows of St. Peter's. We have ourselves had sympathy enough with this reverence for the past to make us charitable towards those who ride this hobby much faster than we, who

in the main try to keep our dobbin headed resolutely the other way.

Our general conclusion, that this sermon is the product of a dissatisfied and vague feeling, and not of a new and distinctly perceived conviction, is much fortified by the manner in which it is concluded. Had its author clearly seen dangerous errors in the Unitarian belief, would he not have solemnly warned his hearers against them? Had he reached new views of truth and duty, intimately connected with the hope of salvation, and inspiring new trusts and sublimer hopes, would he not urgently and persuasively enforce them? Consider the case for one moment. He is addressing for the last time those to whom he has spoken for sixteen years. He even particularizes certain classes of his hearers, — the members of his church, the children of his congregation. He tells them to love him still, and pray for him, as he shall love them and pray that they may continue in their good works. Did he believe that they held a fatal error? Did he believe that they let slip a necessary or an important truth? If so, it is inconceivable that he should not have told them so, plainly and urgently, in the closing words of his exhortation. But we look in vain for anything of this kind.

On one other point we must find room to offer a closing word. It may be asked, Is this step of the late pastor of the Thirteenth Congregational Church significant of any Orthodox tendencies in the Unitarian body at large? In the noble Address which forms the first article in this number of the Journal, the reader will find an answer better than any we can give. Undoubtedly there are those among us, who, through various causes, some of which we have already adverted to, have feelings akin to those expressed in this discourse. They are among our most faithful and

devoted pastors ; their preaching, Sunday after Sunday, is as Evangelical as was ever the writer's of this Farewell Sermon. If our Orthodox brethren see anything in that sermon which they like, — any sign of a profound reverence for Jesus, of a willing deference to the authority of the Scriptures, of a spirit most humble and prayerful before God, of an affectionate and earnest zeal for the salvation of men, — while they have this evidence that these things really exist in our body, and that these virtues and graces are actually nurtured among us, we may at the same time assure them that there are others who in all these things fall not one whit behind him of whom we have here had occasion to speak. In that largeness of liberty which as a denomination we reverence, those who hold conservative and Evangelical views have their well-understood and honored place. They are not read out of the party, nor are they under the cloud of any suspicion, or lack of fraternal cordiality. We need the influence of such men, and we believe that the most of them feel at home in our body, — more at home than they would be anywhere else. But while we say this, we must with equal plainness affirm one thing more, — that the tide of opinion in regard to *doctrines* was never running with a broader and stronger current against Orthodoxy than it is now, and that the case under review is nothing but the most evanescent bubble on its surface.

## RECENT DISCUSSIONS OF FUTURE PUNISHMENT.

IN the course of some doctrinal lectures which Rev. T. S. King was giving to his society, several months ago, he saw it announced that Rev. Dr. Adams proposed to preach on the "Reasonableness of Future Endless Punishment." In listening to this sermon, it occurred to Mr. King that its delivery by Dr. Adams in Mr. King's pulpit would prepare the way for his own coming discussion of the subject. It would awaken interest, present the best arguments on the side which Mr. King would oppose, show that he was not afraid of their strongest statement, and, better than all, furnish a living and present indorser on a note which he believed he could prove to be a forgery.

Dr. Adams accordingly preached in the Hollis Street pulpit the sermon which has since been published. Mr. King followed in two discourses, which also have been printed; and this re-discussion of an old topic enables us to take some new bearings, to note significant changes of opinion, to hail signs of progress, and to mark tokens of an approach from opposite sides towards the Unitarian faith.

We take up first Dr. Adams's sermon. It is unspeakably in advance of all prior discussions of the subject on his side. He who reads it candidly, looking less to the force of its logic than to its general temper and drift, and then compares it with former Calvinistic sermons and tracts, will have strong faith that theology is making some progress, and the world is growing better, even in some of its least hopeful quarters. It is a broad and comprehensive view of the whole subject. There is here no textual quibbling, no revolting portrayal of future damnation, no manifestation of

a hard and stern nature alienated by the picture of "hell-torments" from all gentle and loving humanities. What surprises us most is the evidence of a mitigated Orthodoxy. Though we knew Calvinism had been gradually laying aside its most revolting aspects, it did not enter our imagination that one of such reputed soundness of faith could offer to us so many welcome modifications.

We have taken pains to put together a connected statement of Dr. Adams's view of future punishment, as presented in this discourse. If we make any error in our presentment of the case, we shall deeply regret a misrepresentation of the opinions of this eminent divine.

He believes "that no infant, nor any other being, can be lost merely for having a fallen nature" (p. 8); that "every one of us can be saved" (p. 35); that it is only free, voluntary sins that will be punished, to which "discriminating justice will be weighed out with a care and exactness unapproached by the exquisite balances in the mint, or with the apothecary," so that there shall not be "one soul from Christian, pagan, or heathen lands, with whom its Maker had dealt harshly, or laid upon him one stripe more than was his due" (p. 31); that though God "will confine his efforts for men's salvation within the limits of their natural life" (p. 12), yet the punishment of the unregenerate will consist in their being gathered to a world from which God says, "I and my friends will for ever withdraw," — "I will gather sinners together in one place, bring together all the obscene, liars, murderers, pirates, idolaters, into one community with you whose tastes have been cultivated, for why should I discriminate between those who have together rebelled against me, and rejected my Son?" (pp. 22, 23.) But this punishment "must be mental," it must not be thought of as occasioned by an outward elemental fire, — "we should do vast injustice to the subject

Divine retributions to intrude the idea," and subject it to imputations of grossness and physical barbarity." (p. 26.) or will it be the purpose of God to "put us into a prison, and wear out our spirits with suffering, and thus reduce us, the refractory culprits, to a state of mind in which we cannot refuse to love him. Such is not the Being whom many of us delight to call our Heavenly Father." (p. 23.) Future agonies will not be more severe than those felt in this life. "Can God heap upon them sorrows more bitter than they have felt the graves of their loved ones, and at their return from those graves to their desolated dwellings? Are there other strokes of his lightnings better fitted to rive and consume their spirits than those with which they have already been struck? This is not reasonable." (p. 21.) And, finally, these sufferings will not be felt by many. "We think it reasonable to say, far better that the *comparatively few* from earth should bear the consequences of their sin for ever, than that, by an insufficient punishment of sin, disaster should come upon realms we know not how many and great." (p. 30.)

Everybody knows how easy it is, by detaching a single short sentence from its connections, to give a wholly unfair view of the writer's thought. Remembering this, we have carefully examined every one of the above citations, and we believe they state correctly Dr. Adams's leading positions. Looking at them as a whole, we are struck with their essential agreement with our own views of future retribution. Our chief objection to them is, that, in deference perhaps to the Hollis Street pulpit, he has toned down his statements too much. We are not so lax in our views of future retribution as the pastor of the Essex Street Church. On this point at least we are more Orthodox than he. We cannot admit that there are no sorrows in a future life more piercing, none more calculated to rive the spirit, than the trials and pangs

of this life. On the contrary, we believe that an unregenerate soul, when it comes to see itself as it is seen, will find in the writhings of a guilty conscience an agony in comparison with which the sufferings of this world are but light. That the remorse from a wasted and misspent life, a remorse here unfelt and inconceivable, but working in a future world with quickened and mysterious energy, may there lead to a sense of sin, a loathing of sin, and a turning to God and goodness, is what we dare not pronounce impossible. Dr. Adams thinks this cannot be, because Ecclesiastes says, "There is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave"; and Revelation says, "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; he that is filthy, let him be filthy still." If the former text bears at all upon the subject, it is against the supposition of any life whatever, happy or miserable, beyond the grave; if we understand the latter text as affirming that men shall come to consciousness in a future life with the same characters that they have here, are we obliged to say that God has decreed that they shall possess no other characters through eternity? Is not this putting into the text far more than is necessarily there?

On another point we are at issue with the writer of this sermon. We do not believe there is any part of God's universe from which he says, "I and my friends will withdraw." He would not then be the Omnipresent Father. "If I make my bed in hell, Thou art there"; — there to sustain the life of his sinful and suffering child, there in the dreadful workings of conscience, there holding out the possibility of a return to repentance and peace, there to welcome the first accents, though they may come not till after ages of persistent guilt and suffering, "Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight."

Dr. Adams says that "the vast majority of all who receive

the Bible as the word of God" testify that there is no probation after death. (p. 13.) We are as much astonished at this remark as we should be if he had said a vast majority believed in no retribution at all. This would not have been more wide from the truth. A vast majority of Christians have made the possibility of future restoration an express article of their faith. Witness the doctrine of Purgatory in the Roman Catholic Church. From the horrible dogma that God has decreed that no one shall through eternity change the character formed in time, we do not need to go to the Papal Church to find relief. We find it in the capacities of the human soul, and in the yearnings of the heart of an Infinite Father. Still, on this point we do not dogmatize. Rather, as we look to that far-off and solemn shore, we feel awed and hushed. We do not know much about it. Sin and suffering, godliness and peace, are linked together, now and for ever, in this world and in all worlds. This is the burden of the word of the Son of God. He chose to pause at that point, and we are content to pause there too. But when a man undertakes to tell us, that through all eternity a soul never can pass from sin and suffering to godliness and peace, he must know a great deal to attain to the measure of that assurance. How many ages of spiritual experience has he himself observed, before he ventured to assert this stupendous conclusion? If his affirmation rests not on what he has seen himself, but upon what has been revealed to him, we ask, *What* has been revealed to him? If the revelation be in the Bible, and not from tradition and creeds, let him name the chapter and verse. If he repeats the texts quoted in this sermon, we say, he puts into them what is not there; *he* does this, who perhaps accuses us of not bowing to the authority of Scripture, and of yielding to our carnal reasoning.



Dr. Adams's whole difficulty arises, it seems to us, from his views of salvation. His belief that salvation is through some temporarily offered substitute, scheme, or outward arrangement, dislocates his whole adjustment of spiritual truth. If he could see that salvation is freedom from sin, through the opening of the soul to a love of God and Christ and goodness, we can hardly imagine him as maintaining any decreed impossibility of the sinner's ever coming to possess that love. He thinks he magnifies the office of Christ by this doctrine of a substitute ; but how much more would he magnify it if he believed that the Saviour's work was to surround every soul with motives and influences tending to draw it to heaven and to God,—yea, that this is the very reason why he is called Saviour, because he came to save his people from their sins, and not from their punishments? We do not despair that Dr. Adams may yet come to see this truth, and we are willing that some may even smile at our hopefulness. Why, the very title of his sermon is hopeful,—the *reasonableness*, &c. Who knows but that he may look into the reasonableness of other points in his creed? And really, his search into the "reasonableness of future endless punishment" has led to so many modifications of opinion, mitigations of Orthodoxy, improvements upon all the ways in which it has hitherto been presented, as to authorize some reasonableness, we think, in the expectation of still further progress.

In turning now to Mr. King's sermons, we must remember that they are independent discussions of the subject, not reviews of Dr. Adams's discourse. Had they been designed for this latter purpose, we feel sure that he would have noticed the remarkable concessions of the Doctor, and have rejoiced in the milder type of Orthodoxy he exhibits. With a strong grasp Mr. King seizes hold of the chief point at issue between him and the defender of endless punishment,

maintaining that it is *not* the doctrine of the Gospel that the future life will allow no escape from misery, no return to goodness. Believing that the main force of the argument on the other side centres in the meaning properly belonging to the word "Everlasting," he tries first to put himself in sympathy with the mind and office of Jesus as a religious teacher, and to see that it was his object, not to give a full and accurate chart for human thought, rigid conclusions to which the intellect in all ages was to be tethered, but to furnish hints of truth, seed-thoughts, something to hallow and stimulate the imagination and to leaven the life. The fragmentary and poetical character of the Gospels is forcibly described, the inference being that we can receive the true meaning of Jesus, not by verbal literalism, but by the general impression of the Saviour's language, "by the aroma that floats from it, and penetrates the soul like fragrance from flushed rose-leaves." This is followed by a critical examination of the word "everlasting," and a citation of numerous and eminent authorities as to the sense of the word. We believe Mr. King is most abundantly sustained in his conclusion, that this is a word of indefinite signification, into which the idea of unending time does not enter.

What idea does enter into it? is a question we have often heard asked; and we may take the present opportunity to state briefly our own view of the fact. We do not wonder that most readers are perplexed by this word. In our familiar use of it, we attach no other idea to it than that of unending. When, then, a theologian seeks to empty the word of that meaning, and to substitute another in its place, it looks like explaining away Scripture, and those interpreters have an advantage who say that they hold to the language of the Bible *just as it is*.

Nothing is better known, however, than that words in

time undergo changes in their meaning. Thus the word *prevent* used to mean *go before*; *carriage* used to mean *baggage*. Both of them are used in this ancient sense in the Bible. Now he who insists upon holding to the Scripture *just as it is*, does not, so far as these two words are concerned, hold the Bible as inspired men wrote it, but holds it as it has been gradually corrupted, two or three hundred years ago, by irresponsible men, nobody knows who. The charge of explaining away, therefore, rests properly against him who does not go back to get the sense which the writers attached to their words.

What is the ancient Bible sense of the word *everlasting*? In Bible times men did not conceive of time as one connected duration. They divided it into successive cycles, or ages, called *æons*. Each *æon* might last a hundred years, or a thousand years, and then it would be succeeded by another. The time of one *æon* was *æonian* time. This is the word rendered *everlasting*. In this sense the ancient writers referred to the *hills* as *everlasting*, though they believed that these would in time be destroyed; to *slavery* as everlasting, though it lasted only for fifty years; and to the *future punishment* of the wicked as everlasting, even in cases where they stoutly contended that that punishment would one day have an end. For ourselves we may say that we believe in *æonian* punishment. We do not believe in *endless* punishment for the sins of this life. If we interpreted the word *everlasting* in the latter sense, we should feel that we emptied the Bible word of its true meaning, and substituted a modern notion for the thought revealed by Divine inspiration.

We cannot dwell upon Mr. King's brief but masterly criticism upon the use of the word *Gehenna*, and upon the language of our Saviour in the twenty-fourth chapter of

**Matthew.** We must not omit, however, to commend the high moral tone that pervades this admirable discourse. Rarely from any sermon will the reader get a deeper impression of the dreadful evil of sin, of the perils of a heart estranged from God, and an unconsecrated life. It was no part of his object to treat these things lightly, and to dogmatize about future restoration. He does not hesitate to say, with an independence for which we honor him, that he does "not find the doctrine of the ultimate salvation of all souls clearly stated in any text, or in any discourse that has been reported from the lips of Christ." "Jesus did not attempt to write for us a calendar, or cipher the arithmetic of retribution." He even goes so far as to seem to admit the possibility that souls may "harden themselves against the justice and grace of the Infinite for ever, and prefer for ever, through the natural gravitation of evil loves, to live away from God, and from the bliss that attends the continual reception of his life." In all this we recognize a cautious interpretation of the words of Christ, and a humble reverence before his disclosures of the mysterious possibilities of the soul. At one point his strong dissent culminates,—the alleged *doom* of endless misery ; and his view he has condensed in one pregnant paragraph, which we cannot refrain from quoting :—

"Such a limitation of mercy, such a doctrine of doom, such a theory of mechanical separation, and of judicial, never-relaxing retribution in the world to come, forbids any pure conception or powerful preaching of the essential evil of sin and vice, and turns attention to external and arbitrary penalties and perils. It corrupts our philosophy of the Divine government. It breeds distrust, and gloom, and slavish fear, and scepticism. It sets Christianity at war with our constitutional instincts of justice and charity." — p. 5.

We have space to say only a word or two of Mr. King's

second discourse. To us it seems very much below the standard of the first. It lacks condensation, its language is less carefully chosen, and its statements are more unguardedly made. And yet, as a commentary on some of the arguments of Dr. Adams, it triumphantly shows that Orthodoxy signally fails to invalidate the position taken by Liberal Christians. It shows more than this; it makes it evident that on this subject of a future retribution Liberal Christians "can address our spiritual nature more seriously, and with far more thrilling power and emphasis, than the popular Orthodoxy can honestly command." We never felt more sure of this than now, as we close the pages called forth by this recent discussion; and to our rejoicing in the good temper with which it has been conducted, and in the signs of progress which it reveals, we may add a fresh conviction of the final triumph of the faith of the Liberal Church.

---

### "THE BLOOD THEOLOGY."

THE theology which ascribes man's salvation neither to his obedience of the laws of his spiritual nature, nor to the unbought mercy of God, but finds the cause in the interposition of a victim, has sometimes been called the "Sacrificial Theology," or, still shorter, the "Blood Theology." We cannot say that we altogether like this last mode of designating it. The phrase sounds as if it was designed to awaken a prejudice in the outset against a certain set of opinions, and to stamp them with odium; though we know that those who use it would repudiate any such intent. But if we dislike the *name*, still more do we dislike the *thing*.

While we view with profound awe the sufferings of Christ, and are humbly grateful, as we trust, for the connection between them and human redemption, we have no relish for the everlasting pulpit repetition of the few Scripture phrases relating to the *blood* of Christ, which suggested themselves, rhetorically, by way of comparison, to the Jewish taste of some of the sacred writers. Thankful that they found in the Gospel more than the religion of Moses gave them, and wishing to commend that Gospel to those familiar with the temple service, it was most natural that they should speak of Jesus as their *sacrifice*, their *passover*, the *lamb slain* for them, by whose *blood* they were redeemed. Doubtless they meant by these expressions just what Jesus himself meant when he said: "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend. I lay down my life for my friends. I am the Good Shepherd, who giveth his life for the sheep." It was a barbarian taste and a pagan training which constructed out of these expressions the monstrous doctrine that God's nature or law required a victim, and was satisfied by blood. More enlightened and spiritual conceptions are gradually supplanting this traditional heathenism; but the dark shadow is projected even into our times.

We have recently had an intimation of the lingering attachment for the "Blood Theology," which perhaps is hardly worth noticing, and yet is somewhat interesting, as it certainly is instructive. At the literary exercises at Dartmouth College this last summer, the distinguished physician and poet, Oliver Wendell Holmes, kindly appeared as a substitute for Hon. Rufus Choate, whose ill-health prevented him from giving the oration before the Alumni of that institution. In the course of his able and interesting discourse, Dr. Holmes made some allusion to the poet Cowper,

whom he could not compliment for always possessing a healthy mind or a true poetical taste. We do not suppose that the Doctor's opinions on this point are singular; but with this we have nothing to do. In "The Congregationalist,"—an Evangelical newspaper published in Boston,—there appeared a week or two afterwards a reproof of the learned and witty orator, from which we take the following extract:—

"Has Dr. Holmes no sympathy with those sweet, pathetic, tender, child-like lines, written by Cowper on the receipt of his mother's picture? Has he ever sung one of Cowper's hymns,—one which has thrilled thousands of hearts at the thought of the infinite, eternal, unutterable love expressed in the lines:

'There is a fountain filled with blood  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood  
Lose all their guilty stains,'—

has Dr. Holmes ever sung it, or has he ever heard it sung, without feeling some emotion? If he has felt emotion, then why the declaration? But if he has not seen anything beautiful, or experienced anything pleasurable, at this description of the ever-flowing fountain of God's love for sinful man, there are thousands who have, and they will indignantly spurn the declaration that 'Cowper never was better employed than when tending hares.' It is possible that Dr. Holmes did not reflect that on every Sabbath day in Christian temples, the world over, and by family altars morning and evening, the assertion is disputed. It may not be poetry according to Dr. Holmes's ideal, but it is such poetry as redeemed humanity loves to read."

Our readers will form their own opinion about the merit of Cowper's poetry, and its value as an aid in devotion. We now call attention to the stanza here quoted, and which is declared to be "such poetry as redeemed humanity loves to read." Perhaps it is. We must acknowledge that we

know of many excellent and devout persons who sometimes sing the above lines with apparent satisfaction. We believe, however, that they never pause to reflect upon the literal meaning of the words, which they receive as expressing only the general truth that Jesus has done something for them for which they ought to be unspeakably thankful. It is not for us to carp at any words in which a devout mind may utter forth its holiest feelings, and we should be alarmed at our own spiritual condition if we did not ourselves sympathize with the general truth we have here stated.

But this general truth comes short of the thought of Dr. Holmes's critic. He sees a far different meaning in Cowper's stanza. We have not reached it, — *longo intervallo*. He finds here something specific, concrete, and literal. The idea of a victim satisfying all, of blood in sufficient quantities to atone for all, and of a change wrought *ab extra* as quick as one can plunge into a stream, — this is the idea that towers up in this couplet, and makes it a favorite with many.

And this is the Blood Theology. We cannot say that we "experience anything pleasurable" in the above expression of it. Nothing but respect for the feelings of our fellow-Christians prevents us from writing the epithet which springs instinctively to our lips. Conceive that by the word "Immanuel" a Trinitarian means a third part of God himself, and then try to give anything like a literal interpretation to the lines! We may look for the ideas here expressed among the followers of Odin and Juggernaut; can you find them in the Sermon on the Mount, in the Lord's Prayer, in the parable of the Prodigal Son? Do you not see in these a plane of thought, a style of conception, an insight into spiritual realities, from which the lines of Cowper are as far removed as the heavens are above the earth,



or as the east is from the west? If it be in the sense here last described that "redeemed humanity loves to read" this poetry, it is certain, as it seems to us, that this humanity needs to be redeemed again.

After all, the most instructive view of the incident we have noticed is found in the proof it furnishes of the tenacity with which, even in this age of the world, some cling to the Blood Theology. We say many boastful things about universal education, and general enlightenment. With how many thousands a picture of blood has far more moving power than a simple statement of spiritual truth! If we look again to Cowper's stanza, what do we find it to be but a hieroglyph, owing its chief influence to the fact that it presents a bloody picture to the *mind*, as distinctly as, a thousand years ago, some rude drawing presented a like picture to the *eye* of some savage worshipper? We live in an age of the world which is not yet educated to a point above being most influenced by such outward, rude, and inadequate symbols. The simplicity and spirituality that are in Christ cannot yet be popularly appreciated. A pure faith would lose one of the chief proofs of its purity, were it at once universally received. A true theology must have certain conditions for its success. A deeper education and a more refined civilization will by and by prepare the way for its triumph, when all shall see, what at least one saw two thousand years ago, that the Lord loveth not sacrifices and is not pleased with blood offerings,—that the only sacrifices acceptable to him are those of a broken and contrite heart.

## EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

OUR missionary at Calcutta, under date of January 9, 1858, gives some interesting statistics in regard to the amount of mental activity among the natives of India. These facts have quite surprised us. We had no conception that so many books were there printed and circulated. The importance of procuring competent translators of our literature is placed in a strong and convincing light. We see the reason why our missionary is so eager to obtain a knowledge of the native tongue, and to secure translators in young men educated in America.

“ Hopefully the New Year opens upon us. The rebellion subsides, and not only is there no check put by it upon mission labor, but it is sure to enlighten the missionary and strengthen him to work more efficiently than before. I hope it is as well with you as it appears to be with us. I am particularly busy in getting off two young men for America. If it be only as translators of our best American morality and religion into their vernacular Bengalee, we shall need them as soon and as fast as we can show them the Western world, give them two or three years to drink of its spirit, and then bring them back to head-quarters in Calcutta. Without actual contact with the spirit of Christian society, these and like young men can never get those *ideas* and practical convictions, out of which true *language* must ever flow. Suppose they never preach an hour in bazaar, or by roadside, or in matted chapel; still, as translators alone, we positively need them, and many more like them; i. e. if we are in for it, and really mean to arise and come to the glorious part which Providence assigns us in the great work of evangelizing India. One thing alone, apart from all other qualifications, would be reason enough for sending these men to you. Speaking and writing English well, they also speak and write, with natural ease, though how purely I cannot judge, the vernacular tongue of thirty-five millions of men,— of

men who are ignorant as little children, and vicious because ignorant and tempted and weak as babes. God calls us to come to these children of Bengal and teach them. Knowledge is power, knowledge is strength, both to will and conscience; and by such moral and spiritual and other knowledge as God our common Father has given us in trust for them, they can be made strong and wise and religiously good. England was once styled 'perfidious Albion,' just as men now talk, and too truly, of the 'perfidious' Bengalee. It has come to pass that the plain *English* of any case is the plain *truth* of it; and why may not the same be true, one day, of the plain Bengalee of a matter?

"Should my life be spared for some years in India, I may wisely devote a portion of time to the supervision of such a work of translation as I have already referred to. I am not able, as yet, to deal *fluently* either with Hindostanee, the universal language of Hindostan, which I can manage to speak and do speak daily; or with Bengalee, the native dialect of Bengal, which I begin to read with some smoothness in the vernacular New Testament; or with the Sanscrit (or Sungskreet), the 'well of language undefined,' out of which all the higher and more abstract terms of religious thought will have to be drawn. I give a couple of hours almost daily to the study of Sanscrit; but it is a so deep-rooted and towering speech, that to get fairly possessed of it is like attempting to dig up a banian-tree, with its thousand trunks, capable of shading an army; and to take it stem by stem from the soil, roots, fibres, and all. I long for the early, boyish facility and disengagedness of old Latin school days, wherewith to take it up and take it in; but with a correspondence that refuses all the limits I would assign to it, and a steady influx of visitors and talkers, and the pastoral charge of a small but well-united congregation, I know not the name of leisure. I almost feel it a duty to run away from Calcutta for a month or two now and then, — if for no other purpose, in order to gain time for a little undisturbed digging among Sanscrit roots. That language once mastered, I shall have but little more trouble with the (seventy or eighty) dialects of Upper India. I shall have a key to them all. Then, with this key in my hand or brain, I may super-

intend our band of translators, and give the finishing stroke to their work.

“ Allow me in this connection to give you a few lines from a pamphlet, not long since put forth by ‘ The General Conference of Bengal Missionaries,’ in which Conference, I need not add, I was forbidden to take part. The pamphlet before me was kindly given by the Rev. James Long of the ‘ Church Mission,’ Calcutta, and is, as I understand, a production of his own earnest good sense. He says: ‘ The formation of a Christian vernacular literature is an object of unspeakably great importance at the present time, when plans are being organized by the Bengal government for imparting a *secular* vernacular education to the thirty-five millions of mental serfs, throughout the length and breadth of Bengal, who speak the Bengalee language; and for communicating a higher style of secular instruction to the eighty thousand vernacular schools which already exist, and have existed for ages, in Bengal and Behar. Government has lately issued a notification, declaring that the ability to read and write his own vernacular language shall be a *sine qua non* for every person appointed to a situation, the monthly salary of which is over six rupees; and ordering the preference to be given to those who can read and write, over those who cannot, for all offices, however small the salary. . . . . There are twenty-five millions of people knowing *only* Bengalee, whose views of Christianity can be gained *only* through the medium of their mother tongue. The mind of the masses is awakening from its torpor, and the activity of the vernacular press is one of its signs.’ In 1821 it was reckoned a wonder by the editor of ‘ The Friend of India,’ that 20,000 volumes were printed and sold among the natives within the previous ten years. ‘ In 1835, we have the fact that 418,275 books and pamphlets in Bengalee issued from the native press *during that year*, the greater part of which were *sold* within the year; while since the commencement of this century more than sixteen hundred works have been printed in Bengalee, being either original compositions, or else translations from the Sanscrit, English, or Persian! These have had a circulation of probably not less than twenty millions of copies; but over all these how little influence have

Christians had! . . . . We have a fine example of what can be done in this respect, in Neff's labors among the barbarous peasants of the High Alps. . . . The Americans are beginning a movement which is much sympathized with in England, namely, that the teaching of native village churches should devolve on natives, and that only the exercise of the office of superintendent should be European. Let any one witness, as I have done, a congregation of two hundred men and a hundred and fifty women listening with the deepest attention to a recitation of the life of Ram, and he will feel how much a *Christian* literature is needed,' &c. In order to show the kind of Bengalee books published by Bengalees, uninfluenced, so far as we can judge, by anything Christian, or anything beside their own good sense and their hunger for genuine instruction, Mr. Long gives the following extremely interesting, though brief, table of statistics. The following at least, he says, will escape the soubriquet of 'filthy trash.' Bengalees, of themselves, it should appear, have, within a limited time, printed and scattered over Bengal the following works:—

“ ‘*Educational*. Arithmetics, 5; Dictionaries and Vocabularies, 56; Ethics and Moral Tales, 67; Geographies and Maps, 26; Geometry, &c., 3; Grammars, 29; Historical and Biographical, 47; Medical Works, 24; Mental Philosophy, 3; Natural History, 24; Natural Philosophy, 18; Political Economy, 1; School System, 1; Spelling-books, 35; Readers, 32. Total, 371.

“ ‘*Literary and Miscellaneous*. Law Books, 88; Almanacs, 20; Magazines, 44; Newspapers, 78; Poetry, 21; Popular Songs, 38; Tales, 50; Miscellaneous, 114. Total, 453.

“ ‘*Theological* (including in this instance Christian tracts) as follows: Serampore (Bengalee) Tracts, 85; Tract Society's Tracts (in Bengalee), 77; Christian Books, 53; Mussulman Bengalee, 40; Pauranic, 98; Shivite, 35; Vaishnavite, 80; Vedantic, 39. Total, 507. Making with other works a grand total of more than 1,400 books.’

“ Mr. Long thinks that vernacular education has declined since 1835; and that English schools, however useful to the comparatively insignificant number which attend them, ‘have had little influence on the masses.’ He strongly urges, also, that at least ‘the

first year of every missionary who comes to this country should be devoted entirely to the acquisition of the Bengalee language; whereas, — as things now go, — ‘the chief educational strength of missions is given to teaching in English, and vernacular education is left to random efforts. And, finally, he adds, ‘We require missionaries who may devote their *whole* time to the preparation of vernacular school-books, and to examining Bengalee schools.’

“These statements seem to me to be richly suggestive of an answer to a natural question as to our *methods of doing good*. An answer may be wanted just now, — or at least will be wanted as soon as it is known that our two young men, and Bengalee Hindoos both of them, are upon the sea and actually coming to your care, — to the question, What do you propose to do with them after some two or three years of contact with Western life and American teaching? It is clear that we shall have enough to do with them, and with twenty more like them. These two men are now fully supporting themselves by their labors in the educational department in government employ. Is it probable that they will be a drag and a burden and useless creatures, when you have given them an increase of the best sort of knowledge, and after their journey half round the world and back has given them self-reliance and a *prestige* that is needed above all things by a Bengalee who would exert a powerful influence for good over Bengalees? Let any man who doubts the mental capacity of this race, — a race that has never yet visited America, — let him once hear, as I often hear, them conversing with perfect fluency in three languages, and one of those the English tongue; and then ask how many American merchants could converse fluently, say, in Persian, French, and English, all within the same ten minutes! How many professors in a college could do it! A few, I grant you, but how few! No, thank God, there is no fear that we shall cast our seed, our intellectual seed at least, on the wayside or on a rock, where it can grow to no earthly or heavenly result, when we take the fair or medium intelligence of the Bengalee and treat it as we contemplate treating Philip Gangooly.”

Under date of February 22, 1858, Mr. Dall gives the

following interesting information in regard to the Hindoo Trinity.

“ Little things impress us deeply at certain times, without our being able to say why. So it is that the cross of the Hindoo Trinity has struck me of late, and given me thoughts and feelings more than I can express. The one thought I will mention now, and the only one, is this. As Hindoo temples are everywhere crumbling, and scarcely a new one is built, so down with them comes the trinity which was always theirs, always a heathen, never a properly Christian doctrine. Very many of the idol temples in this part of the world are surmounted by an iron cross, which in Christian lands would proclaim the building to be a Roman Catholic or old-fashioned Trinitarian church. Let me draw you this cross.

[Here is given a pen-sketch.]

Here you have the cross of the genuine and aboriginal Trinity. Behold the strictly heathen cross of Brahma, Vishnu, and Shiva, *three in one*. The genuine Trinity, I say again, all that ever existed, is *falling* before the simplicity which is in Christ. Down, down it is going, with the time-blackened, never-to-be-rebuilt temples of the East, the baby-houses of old superstition. You remember how this matter was treated by Sir William Jones, the great Oriental scholar, whom Lord Teignmouth tried so hard to prove a sound Trinitarian in his letters to Bishop Burgess, in 1814, but who was an uncompromising hater of the Hindoo Trinity. The iron trinities that overtopped a Sheev temple, which we passed just as we left Dacca, made me shudder that Christianity should be so wounded in the house of her friends ; and forcibly recalled Sir William's words of honest indignation, when he said : ‘ Very respectable natives have assured me that one or two missionaries have been absurd enough, in their zeal for the conversion of the gentiles, to urge that the Hindoos were even now almost Christians, because their Brahma, Vishnu, and Shiva were no other than the Christian Trinity : a sentence in which we can only doubt whether the folly, ignorance, or impiety predominates. Nothing,’ continues Sir William, “ can be more evident, than that

the Indian Triad and that of Plato — which he calls the supreme *Good*, the *Reason*, and the *Soul* — are infinitely removed from the holiness and sublimity of the Christian doctrine of the Trinity, and that the tenet of our Church cannot without profaneness be compared with that of the Hindoos.' I wish Sir William Jones had been privileged to read Brother Cordner's 'Historic Origin and Progress of the Doctrine of the Trinity.' I believe that he would have arisen from it to say, 'No, I err; the Hindoo Triad is all the Trinity that exists: let it fall and be overgrown with weeds, — the sooner the better.' A temple on the Old Ganges looms up for all the world like a Trinity steeple, and is seen for miles around. I wish I were a better draughtsman. The trinity tips stand out on the blue sky, and fully realized to me what Brother Green of Brookfield means, I suppose, by saying that the temples of the heathen bristle with trinities, or are written all over with trinities. It is a sad and depressing sight, as sad as it is universal, where reign the thirty-three millions of the gods of the heathen. How long, O Lord, how long shall these things be? Thy will be done; yet come, come quickly, and reign as the only God! What think you of having it written over the entrance of that Rammohun Roy school which seems like to be ours some day, 'God is one and without a second,' in Sanscrit, from the Vedas, — 'There is no God but God,' in Arabic, from the Koran, — and 'ONE is your Father, even God,' in Greek and Bengalee and English, from the Bible?

"We read our *fifth* Half-Yearly Report yesterday: press of work and the embarkation of a man to America having deferred thus far into our sixth half-year the preparation and presentation of that report. Could you aid us to print it? for our balance-sheet shows us in debt 173 rupees! — so many of our former helpers have left Calcutta, and for the *most* part our recruits are native young men who have little or no money. Beg our friends to give up the delusion of a *self-supporting* mission to the *heathen*. Was such a thing ever heard of? Never. The progressive 'Vedantists' (as we call them) are translating portions of Dewey's works, and giving them to the Bengalee public in their vernacular monthly 'Putrika.' One of the handsomest and best located churches in



Calcutta, 'The Free Church of Scotland,' stands upon the very spot for which the Calcutta Unitarians paid 12,000 rupees, in 1828. It was sold to them, through a power of attorney, for about one third of its cost in 1843 (if my memory serves). In your next package of books please send a supply of the Sunday-school manual called *The Life of Jesus* for our three or four schools in the interior towns. Accept our thanks also for twenty sets of Channing's Works, and some other good and needful books by the Blandina Dudley, all safe and in fine order."

Alluding to his tour through Eastern Bengal, which gave him an opportunity of carefully observing the condition of the great mass of the common people, the cultivators of the soil, the ryots, Mr. Dall in another letter presents some interesting facts on this point.

"With respect to the ryots, I have only room now to say, that for some cause or other they do love and welcome everywhere the presence of a European. The Bengal missionaries have I think at this moment a petition before Parliament in England for the exertion of its strong hand to stay the oppressions of the European planter, which they affirm are grinding the ryot to the dust. Doubtless they know whereof they affirm. It fell to me, however, to discover no such oppressions, but, on the other hand, to notice far more alleviations than oppressions. I was deeply interested, for one thing, in the almost daily *court* held by the planter, (the 'Cutcherry,' as the word is in India,) for the sole behoof of the ryot, to deliver him from the oppression of his neighbor. While at the Muddenderree Plantation I heard the European Zemindar there pronounce judgment, and assign a certain piece of landed property to two widows (Bengalees), the most helpless of all helpless women, as they are. *Six months'* investigation of papers and hearing of witnesses had preceded this decision. Here was surely a labor of love. I shall not soon forget the murmur of satisfaction that hummed through the room when the judgment was at last declared. Though the law of the land does not recognize these family courts or private Cutcherries, they are held

almost daily, as I am told, on every plantation which passes into European hands. The ryots everywhere prefer them to the legal courts, and uniformly, with almost never an exception, abide by their decisions. I do not say that the condition of the ryot is not wretched as wretched can well be, — in deep ignorance of God and dread of devils, day and night, year in and year out. There is scarcely a more pitiable pauper on the earth, if you speak of what is of the mind, heart, or soul. Still I must say, that, for the short time that I was with them, no signs appeared of grinding oppression or of practical enslavement where the management of affairs was in English hands. A large majority, however, of the landlords (Zemindars) are natives of Bengal. Of their treatment of the ryot I have seen too little to be able to speak. The only native planter in whose house I was a guest was the generous patron of the Goberdanga school, whose works show that he loves to do good. To the eye, plantations in Bengal appear very much like plantations in Mississippi, ‘except those bonds.’ The ryot huts are, if anything, a little more wretched and dirty than the slave quarters. That is all. At least this is true in that season when the floods come, and all is either deep water or mud and mire. It is hard to realize or believe in the extreme *cheapness of labor* in India, or to conceive of a man’s labor being valued at from one to three rupees a month, — i. e. at from fifty cents a month to a dollar and a half! Think of half a dollar for the month the wages of a laboring man! This, you see, is like our giving no wages at all in America; at least so far as it bears on the rapid accumulation of wealth. I need not, even in parenthesis, warn you not to imagine me recreant to my old creed of the *sin of slaveholding*. All I meant to say is, that the Bengal planter has to make his wealth out of a human being almost as wretchedly ignorant and brutish as the American slave. The *immediate* encouragement for Europeans to be planters here is that ryotwary labor gives them the same rapidly acquired wealth as the most successful slave labor. Of course very few of the planters are philanthropists. The good of the ryot is not their chief purpose. Now and then a planter here will tell you, that, if he could make it for his own interest, he would drive the ryot even as the African slave is

driven. Happily he cannot do this. Were he to attempt it, his ryots would soon leave him and his plantation to go to grass, and seek a locality in which they might find themselves better treated. If the ryot be lazy or insolent, he receives a blow on the spot. But either he somehow feels that he deserved it, and says, 'Thank ye, sir,' or resentment is too deep a passion to be cherished by the childish Hindoo. He is not yet *man* enough to lay it to heart. I am happy to inform you that there is no such thing as a whipping-post, nor a regular ryot-whip, — though to enforce payment of rent and of other dues there are plenty of minor tortures, such as most Hindoo parents inflict on their half-grown children or Asiatic schoolmasters on their pupils, — bad enough in all conscience, but not really more severe than the ferule of a British pedagogue in Yorkshire."

From a letter of May 7, 1858, we extract a few paragraphs, relating to the general condition of the mission, and the proneness of the uninstructed to gross idolatry.

"The extreme heat of the year is upon us. The tanks or artificial water-ponds, which refresh the eye at almost every turn in Calcutta, are fast getting dried up. In many of them the water is so low as to begin to kill the fish which are relied on to keep the water pure. But we to-day are thanking Him who gives us rain from heaven and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness. While I write, the thunder is crashing over the sky, and it is so dark at this hour — one o'clock at noon — I have to hold my paper at the window to see to write. The coolness — O how sweet it is! — that comes with these first heavy showers after *six months* of clear sunshine, with scarcely a fleck of the flossiest cloud to be seen during the whole time. It is a strange experience, and worth a voyage to India to understand. With our mission, all is onward, — slowly but surely onward. Two days ago I received a letter, signed by two young men, — both of whom have been much with me, expressing a wish to be baptized and go to America. The mercantile depression is so heavy on our friends just now, that I fear we shall not for some time be able to send another man. Indeed, my own impression is against sending

another until we have further advices from the Home Committee on this point. Whether or not another be speedily sent, please let our friends bear in mind that men of good characters and intellectual capacity are waiting to come over the sea, as fast as provision can be made for them at Meadville or elsewhere in the United States. Our part of the work, i. e. *finding the men*, is not likely to fail, but rather to abound and superabound.

“The boys of the school of the Rajah of Burdwan have been (as they write me) subscribing among them and collecting five rupees, to procure, for the space of one year, ten copies of our Sunday-School Gazette. If I had fifty copies of every issue, I presume they would all be called for. With their large and well-executed engravings, they teach what no mere words can teach, and have a missionary power beyond that of the best translations. Bear in mind that *idols* are the *toys* of religion, or would be if they could be kept pure from *foul* rites and songs (as they seldom or never are). The most hopeful view of the fact that the large majority of Asiatics are idolaters is, that they have somehow kept themselves back in the baby-time of the world’s life, and are a set of boys, who are just learning to give up fondling their dolls and sucking their thumbs and clinging to mamma (tradition). More and more every year are getting ashamed of it. Education is pulling their thumbs out of their mouths, and what we have to do is to put manly speech therein. We can do it, in due time, if we faint not. Meantime, *pictures* that speak of home duty and school fidelity and garden or field labor, and of true republican energy and self-reliance, — these are teachers that instantly *speak Bengalee* here, in the school and home and zenana, as well as in New England: they *speak English* everywhere. But enough; for you see how much may be made, *must* be made, of *well-illustrated religious newspapers* in bringing our brethren of Asia to the feet of Jesus, and back to the house and bosom of their Father and our Father. Be sure to keep supplying us as regularly as you have lately done with copies of *all* the issues of the Sunday-School Gazette.

“Speaking of Asiatics as idolaters, some friend may ask if Arabia, Persia, Turkestan, and a portion of British India and of the Chinese empire, are not professedly Mahometan. Yes, *pro-*

*fessedly* they are. But ignorance and superstition are inseparable, so that a good part of these Mahometans are believers in charms, talismans, the black art, alchemy, astrology, &c. Not a few of them actually frequent the idol temples, and, when any calamity impends, offer sacrifice there as much as the Hindoos and other professed idolaters. Let me tell you of a conversation I had in my room here the other day with a Mahometan, illustrating this matter. Every dire disease has, of course, its god or goddess to be propitiated, whenever that disease prevails. Now, whether the fact be so or not, the people of Bengal say that the *cholera* was imported here; or that (to use their expression) the goddess of cholera lives in the West and is a Mussulman. They have accordingly no *Bengalee* name for cholera. They give *her* the Hindostanee (Moslem) name of Ola-ootta, the goddess of down and up (purging and vomiting); more commonly she is called *Ola Beebee*, *Down Lady*, or *Lady Down*. She has a temple, near that of Kali at Kalighat, two miles south of Calcutta; and the air around the idol of Ola Beebee is rent at this cholera season of the year by mourning fathers and sons, widows, sisters, and mothers, shouting, 'Ola Beebee! rokyā korro! Ola Beebee! rokyā korro!' — 'Save us! Save us, O Lady of purging!' The *Bengalee* word for the Moslem *Beebee*, lady, is *Isshuree*, goddess. Well, my chaprassee, or errand-man, about thirty-five years of age, is a devout Mahometan, who always prays with his face towards Mecca fifteen minutes at a time, five times a day. Hearing from my Sanscrit pundit that Mahometans prayed and sacrificed to Ola Beebee when those they loved were struck with cholera, I was inclined to doubt it. So I called to my chaprassee, and asked him if he worshipped or sacrificed to Ola. Very quietly he said, 'Yes, he did.' 'How lately have you done so?' 'My brother was ill of cholera, three months ago,' he said, 'and I then offered a goat in sacrifice to the idol.' 'Did it serve any good purpose?' I asked. 'Yes,' he replied; though, for his own part he thought the doctor's stuff which his brother swallowed did him more good than the goat which Ola got from him in sacrifice. He said this without the sign of a smile upon his face, and, on the contrary, with an honest solemnity which made it extremely difficult for me to keep

my countenance. The sad fact, and the only one that I desire to leave with you, is, that in idolatrous countries Mahometans rapidly degenerate into idolatry; since the Koran has never taught its devotees the grand duty of a man's educating his own children, nor the grander one of educating the entire people; or, if there be anything of the sort in the Koran, it lies there as yet undiscovered by Mahometans. Only Christianity bids men 'know the truth' and 'search all scriptures' for the inspired wisdom of God, and for the ability to love the Lord, the one God, with *all the mind.*"

A few words from a letter of June 3d must close our present extracts from our far-off but most faithful correspondent.

"Dear Friend and Brother:— We are passing through an intenser season of heat than Calcutta has known, some say, for fifteen years. We have had but two or three 'Norwesters' since March,— those black and crashing thunder-gusts to which we cold-country birds generally look as the grand compensators of the wilting and sickening heat. Cholera, of course, has prevailed extensively, not only among the English troops, who still crowd into the country, but also among the poor Hindoos, who scarcely know how to protect themselves from the killing exhalations and malaria; and if they did, would, most of them, be too poverty-stricken or too indolent to use their knowledge.

"I have this moment returned from visiting the Cholera Hospital (I am one of the committee) in the heart of the native city,— 'Black-town,' as it now emphatically shows itself along all its thoroughfares, by reason of the mismanaged attempts of the street cleansers to clear the choked drains of their steaming, deadly wealth.

"I am sorry to say that our friend and 'Eldér,' Samuel Smith, Esq., has been ill with cholera since I last wrote you. Though at one time dangerously ill, his elastic and unabused constitution has enabled him with God's blessing to come rapidly to his usual health again, or nearly so. He owes not a little to the watchful-

ness and promptitude of our good Dr. T. W. Wilson, whose former attendance on myself, when I occasionally required a physician, was an unrequited service to our mission. Mr. Smith's rooms, you know, like my own room, open into our mission hall, which has enabled me to be constantly within call during his illness, without an hour's interruption of the pressing duties of the mission. Among these, or rather at the heart of them, I am happily able to reckon, for six months past, the daily reading of the Scriptures at our breakfast-table, with social prayer. For the happy opening of this family service, it is no more than just to say that we have to thank a widowed daughter of Mr. Smith's, who (a good Trinitarian) spent a month here with her father, last autumn, on her way home to Ireland.

"Though 'the rains' have not yet set in, we have had rain enough to quicken into growth around us the most luxuriant vegetation in the world. The devout heart cannot but exclaim, God is in the flowers! The floral glory of Calcutta and its neighborhood, at this moment, would surprise and dazzle you. There is one tree in particular which might well be called the golden-red bonfire-tree, which is now blazing in every square and 'compound,' and above every garden in the city. Its acacia-like foliage, of the richest green, spreads itself abroad like a large and well-pruned Baldwin apple-tree. Its every blossom is as big as a (single) Dutch tulip, and quite as gorgeous in its variegated coloring. Arriving in this city three years ago, I saw on every hand a brilliant exotic, — a bush brought originally into notice by Mr. Poinsett, our once United States Consul to Mexico. This beauty, with its singular whorl of scarlet or cherry-colored leaves (not petals), is or was one of the chief ornaments of our New England 'Botanical Garden' at Cambridge. In many an undergraduate and over-graduate stroll in that garden, I have heard it remarked that nothing could be so splendid as the *Poinsettia pulcherrimus*. Now, though the American *Poinsettia* is growing around my walks in the utmost profusion, it 'pales its ineffectual fires' before the glories of my golden bonfire-tree, the *Ponciana pulcherrima*. Pardon this June-day episode on the flowery works of God, this tramp among the trees. I see not how a man

can retain any freshness of soul, any of his childhood's hopes of paradise, in India, who does not love flowers, and who cares not to be walking with God in his garden, in the cool of the day. In no wise could I dispense with flowers and trees, and their refreshing odors, in this 'crowded loneliness' of Asiatic life,

'Where ever-moving myriads seem to say,

Go! thou art naught to us, nor we to thee, — away!"

"So far as we are able to judge, everything connected with our propagation of the Gospel in India' is progressing as usual with slow and steady increase. I have late letters from Gobaranga and Dacca on the east, and from Bombay and Secunderabad, in the far west and southwest. Our letters and reports from Madras come in as regularly as ever. How is it, that, after all the facts and appeals for our hunger-bitten and well-nigh forsaken fellow-Christians in Madras, no word has reached them from America. The Quarterly Journal of November last, I see, reports of \$25 or \$30 given in America to Madras; but from their letters, received yesterday, it appears that they have not yet heard of it. The price of food is never higher than it is now in India, perhaps never so high. How, then, dwells the love of God in us who so strangely neglect our Lord Jesus in his little ones? V. Elisha, the pastor of the little flock at Secunderabad, seems to be giving, so far as I can learn, both time, and, out of his poverty, a little money, to keep the chapel in repair and keep the handful of worshippers together. I say 'handful,' but there may be more, as he writes me that they have just sent a hundred rupees to help erect the new chapel in Chittoor, half-way between Secunderabad and Madras. Does no one at home yet speak of coming to India to help us? They say that the spirit is moving all men to pray strongly in New England and throughout the United States. Will there grow out of that praying no fresh zeal for giving the knowledge of Christ to the *larger half* of the world he came to save, — men who have not as yet *heard* of his coming?"



## MEETINGS OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

*July 19, 1858.* — Present, Messrs. Hall, Stebbins, Rogers, Hedge, Whipple, Lincoln, Brigham, and the Secretary.

A communication from Rev. Dr. Gannett was received, proposing a personal interview with the Board, to communicate some facts in regard to the present situation and needs of Antioch College. The Board gratefully received the suggestion, and were interested in the information which Dr. Gannett presented. The subject of extending further aid to the College was for the present postponed, in order to obtain first a full view of the condition of the finances of the Association.

It was voted that Messrs. Clark, Rogers, and Whipple be a committee to report at the next meeting of the Board a full and minute account of the present condition of the debts and resources of the Association.

A communication was received from Rev. A. A. Livermore, Editor of the New York Inquirer, proposing to liquidate a debt due from the New York Unitarian Association by advertising our publications in the columns of the New York Inquirer. It was voted to accept the proposal.

The subject of the rights of the Association in the Van Polanen Chapel, in Bridgeport, Connecticut, came up for consideration, and was finally referred to Messrs. Stebbins and Miles, to report at the next meeting.

*August 2, 1858.* — Present, Messrs. Hall, Stebbins, Rogers, Clark, Brigham, Alger, and the Secretary.

The committee appointed at the last meeting to consider the rights of the Association in the Unitarian Church in Bridgeport, reported that, through the failure of the Society

in Bridgeport to sustain regular worship, the property undoubtedly vested in the Association, by the express provisions of the deed of Madame Van Polanen. They accordingly recommended that a committee be appointed to take the steps necessary to effect a sale of the same. The report was accepted, and Messrs. Miles and Clark were appointed the committee.

Hon. Henry B. Rogers, from the committee to report on the state of the finances of the Association, submitted a minute account, which was the subject of a prolonged discussion, of both of which we offer the following abridgment.

He reported that the debts and liabilities of the Association, June 1, 1858, amounted to \$9,727.64. This includes money borrowed to make a loan of \$2,000 to Antioch College. The other debts, \$7,727.64, were incurred by bills, chiefly for printing and paper, which in the ordinary experience of the Association, as seen in the last four years, it would have been able to liquidate, but which have accumulated in consequence of diminished receipts, both from sales and contributions, during the late hard times.

The property and resources of the Association amount to \$19,405.13. This does not include a bequest of \$7,000, which in the course of a few years will be available, nor does it include the Grahame Fund of \$10,000, the interest of which the Association regularly receives. The sum of these is \$36,405.13. But in the first-named amount is included some property from which little or no revenue can at once be derived, such as property in the Bridgeport church, the Kansas church, stereotype plates, sheet stock, books on hand, and old unsettled accounts.

From the Treasurer's books it appears that during the last four years the sum of \$28,163.33 has been received, which was specially appropriated by the donors for the

Book Fund. This amount has been fully invested as a working capital in the book business, according to the intention of the donors. Beside stereotyping 173 tracts, of which 40,000 copies have been published, there have been 29 distinct books published since 1854, in all 63,616 volumes.

This has enabled the Association in its appropriations to pursue a line of policy quite different from that followed for nearly thirty years before, and which it is believed will be productive of more permanent results. Even if it preferred to send out the living voice into the growing towns and cities of the West, in the present limited supply of ministers it cannot find suitable missionaries; while experience has proved that it is not advisable, except in rare cases, to make appropriations in money towards sustaining new and feeble societies. Accordingly, during the last three or four years, the Association has extensively used its books as a missionary power. It has supplied the libraries of leading literary institutions, in all parts of the land, with its publications. In many places, where there have been circles of inquirers asking an appropriation of money with reference to the formation of a society, the Association has voted them books, in the belief that these would be a permanent source of instruction in a fresh and liberal faith. In several cases, where strong representations had been made of the need of a wide distribution of our publications, through several adjoining counties, or a whole State, to counteract a growing spirit of infidelity there rife, colporters have been employed to disseminate our books; and the full influence of these may be seen not till many years hence. Boxes of our books have been sent to Kansas, to the Sandwich Islands, to Australia, to Calcutta; and upon repeated intimations that the libraries of German Universities would gladly welcome the gift of our doctrinal series, a considerable number of volumes have been sent to those institutions.

Of course it will be understood that the gift of so many books, in all these channels of influence, has very considerably diminished the profit of the book interest of the Association, regarded as a business operation. It appears that the Executive Committee felt that they had other things to look to beside a mere business operation. It was their duty to make our views of truth known to the widest possible extent, believing that, though they might get back small pecuniary returns, much might be gained to the cause of a liberal faith, while something important would accrue to the Association, in making it extensively known to the public, and giving it a position of influence before the world. There is no reason to doubt that all these consequences, to an extent for which we have reason to be grateful, have followed. It is to be added, that, beside the good already accomplished by the Book Fund, the Association has the stereotype plates of its tracts and books as the fruit of this fund, and as an instrument of future permanent usefulness and profit.

Looking to the coming year, the following are the expenditures for which provision must be made : —

Bills outstanding, as above, . . . . .	\$ 7,724.64
Salary of the Secretary, . . . . .	2,000.00
India Mission, . . . . .	1,600.00
Kansas Mission, . . . . .	800.00
Rent of Rooms, . . . . .	500.00
Clerk hire, . . . . .	500.00
Journal and Year-Book, . . . . .	3,600.00
Incidental expenses, <i>advertisements, expresses,</i> <i>postage, fuel, stationery, travel,</i> . . . .	500.00
	<hr/>
	\$ 17,224.64

The receipts of the last year fell down to not much more

than one half of the above sum; so that the Association must receive nearly twice as much money as was raised last year, to free it from debt, and sustain its present operations.

The report closed with recommending the most rigid economy in the expenditures of the Association, advised a sale of sixty-five shares in public stocks, the proceeds to be applied towards extinguishing the debt, and that, in place of the District Agency, the Secretary be directed to visit as many of our societies as he can, and to take such action as he may deem most appropriate to increase the funds of the Association.

In the course of the discussion which ensued, it was stated that there was an impression abroad that the expense of the rooms of the Association was very much beyond what was paid before going to Bromfield Street, and beyond what present needs required or justified. As the salary of the present Secretary is precisely the same as was formerly paid for the duties of his office, and the cost of fuel and lights has been but slightly increased, there are but two other items to be considered, — rent and clerk-hire. We now pay \$ 500 per annum for rent, against \$ 300 paid years ago. It might now be difficult to find any accommodations at a less rent, nor could a saving of one or two hundred dollars be an equivalent for abandoning the distinct and eligible position now held. In the matter of clerk-hire, we now pay *directly* for services, such as sending off Journals and tracts and books, before paid by percentage, services which in no other way can be had short of \$ 300 per annum, while, in addition to this, the clerk effects a retail sale of our books at the Rooms to the amount of a thousand dollars a year.

It was stated, again, that some thought that perhaps a saving might be made by putting all our printing in the

hands of some publisher. To this it was replied, that we obtained proposals from various publishers, none of whom would oversee our publishing business on terms more favorable to us. We contract directly with printers, book-binders, and paper-dealers, and at prices as low as any publishers can secure, and save their percentage beside.

In relation to all these doubts and queries it was felt that it was natural that they should arise, and proper that they should be fully examined and explained. It was right that the new members of the Board should clearly understand exactly where the Association stood, and it was regarded as a privilege to enter into the most patient and full examination. In spreading the result so minutely before our readers, we have had for our motive a desire to correct all misapprehensions. According to their best judgment and discretion the Executive Committee seek to discharge a public trust confided to them; and the only question is, Do Unitarian Christians want such an institution as is this Association? Will a rich and liberal denomination extend to it the support indispensable to its life? We do not doubt what answers will be given to these questions. While we regret that, through the late hard times, our receipts have fallen so low, we believe that, with a restoration of business prosperity, the Association will have expressions of sympathy and co-operation. To all our parishes the Board proposes to send out a circular, presenting the facts of our situation, the pressure of our needs, and asking for contributions in our behalf. After what we have said above, we need not add the expression of our earnest hope that our appeal may meet a prompt and immediate response. In addition to the calls to sustain our faithful missionaries in Kansas and India, we have now to meet the expense incurred by the support and education of the young Brahmin, who has awakened a deep

•

interest wherever he is known. Arrangements may be made for him to address our congregations. The Secretary of the Association holds himself ready to visit any society whose ministers or committee will kindly give him an opportunity of being heard, and will gratefully receive communications with reference to engagements to this end.

---

### NOTICES OF BOOKS.

DE WETTE's *Introduction to the Canonical Books of the New Testament*. Translated from the Fifth and enlarged Edition, by FREDERICK FROTHINGHAM. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1858.

THE publication of a book like this twenty-five years ago would have been far less noteworthy than its appearance from the press at this time. Then, critical studies were in fashion. It was believed that the path to sounder views of truth would be found in the direction of a more profound examination of the Scriptures. Accordingly good commentaries were in demand, new translations were encouraged, Biblical literature in all its departments was fostered, every theologian aimed to possess a thorough knowledge of the original languages of our sacred books, and even every Bible-class and Sunday-school scholar was becoming learned in the matter of manuscripts, and versions, and various readings.

Of late all this has been changed, chiefly through the prevalence of a philosophy which disdains historical investigation, and thinks it finds in our nature higher aids than those afforded by the critical understanding. No doubt the claims of criticism were pushed too far, extravagant results were expected from it, and one of the worst consequences of its culture was inattention to the primal revelations of our own nature, from that spirit in man which now "giveth inspiration." For correcting these tendencies we are

●

indebted to the Transcendental school; and the obligation is now acknowledged in quarters where that school has not hitherto found much favor. A like returning sense of justice we believe we may now hail among the friends of "divine philosophy." We need criticism as well as inspiration. We want to interpret the past as well as the present. The words of Him who received the spirit "without measure," and the records of those "who spake as they were moved by the spirit," have been through cycles of ages of profoundest interest to the world, and will be through cycles of ages to come. We want to know exactly what those words are, and exactly what they mean, and bring them fresh and living into the consciousness of to-day.

For these reasons there must be, sooner or later, a revival of critical studies. We regard the publication of this book as a good sign. We receive it more gladly as a first-fruit of the scholarly gifts of a recent graduate of the Cambridge Divinity School. De Wette's *Historico-Critical Introduction to the New Testament* will doubtless long remain a work of high standard authority. To secure entire accuracy, the translation was examined by Professor Noyes of Harvard University, who speaks in strong terms of the faithful manner in which the translator has performed his part. That the enterprising publishers have been willing to issue a volume of this size, filled with critical lore, is an intimation that they read the signs of the times in a manner corresponding to our own; and we hope that their success in the sale of this book will justify their expectations.

---

*Specimens of Douglas Jerrold's Wit: together with Selections, chiefly from his Contributions to Journals, intended to illustrate his Opinions.* By his Son, BLANCHARD JERROLD. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1858.

THERE are pulpits other than those in churches. Every popular writer addresses a large audience; and if his words are against formalism and pretence and cant, and are in favor of truthfulness, sincerity, charity, and a genial and loving humanity and enjoyment of life, such words may have a higher ministry



than many oftentimes employed in sermons. It would suggest some ridiculous incongruity to call Douglas Jerrold a preacher; yet we should be glad to believe that many of the reverends of London preached to half so good a purpose. It is but negative praise to say, that, while he had ability to clothe his words with a "consuming fire," this power never alienated a friend. Far more to his praise is it, that he never let a wrong go unrebuked; a meanness always moved his scorn; from the ten thousand shams of life he delighted to strip off the mask; and never does he inspire that contempt for human nature to which satire has so often ministered, as in the case of Dean Swift. How often he causes a latent goodness to peep out, and shows us that "touch of kindness" which "makes the whole world kin"! Some of the paragraphs in this book, we think, ought not to have had a place in it, and probably their author would have discarded them. But most of the selections appear to be well chosen, and nine times in ten they will furnish something better than a keenly relished species of enjoyment.

---

*The Pitts Street Chapel Lectures. Delivered in Boston by Clergymen of Six different Denominations, during the Winter of 1858.*  
Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co. 1858.

WHAT has interested us most in this volume is a deep undertone of unity that pervades it. The points on which these representative men agree are far more numerous and important than those on which they differ. The love of God, reverence for the Saviour, docility in the presence of the Scriptures, the unspeakable interests of a holy life, the thoughtful, solemn hopes of a world to come,—compared with all this substantial unity, the questions on which they take different sides seem trifling. And yet in the discussion of these questions each man has a certain air of thorough conviction and profound sincerity. How grateful to our feelings to mark this! Taken into the keeping of contending sects, not in one of them is religion a hollow show. A sense of its infinite reality pervades all classes of its friends. Looking to individual

lectures, we think that on the Episcopal Church received the most labored preparation, though it is, at the same time, the most remarkable for its assumptions, some of which are perfectly audacious. Dr. Dewey restricted the range of discussion to limits narrower than the other lecturers prescribed. They entered into general arguments in defence of their creeds; by the phraseology of the assigned subject he supposed himself to be confined to arguments drawn from "love to God and love to man," that is, to the devout and humane aspects of his creed. We thank him for the hopeful words, "Merged in the army that it [Unitarianism] has led on, or dying at its post, I shall not be sorry for the humble part I have taken in the conflict. . . . If I worship *success*, which I do not, if I were governed by mere worldly policy, I believe there is a wide and onward sweep of thought in the very direction in which I am going." It is the object of Mr. King's lecture to find that central *heart* religion which is common to all divisions of the Church. Shall we not by and by find a central *intellectual* view which will lead to greater unity? In reading this volume, nothing is more apparent than that the real cause of all differences lies far back of the particular questions discussed. Till we have some common philosophy of the human and divine, all our discussions are outside, and wordy, and will be everlasting. That deep interior view, — underneath all talk about texts, and Greek, and Bishops, and Councils, — do not all thinking men at times have glimpses of it? Much there is in Dr. Dewey's and Mr. King's sermons which a mind awakened to that question will ponder; and a defence of a Liberal Church, sadly deficient to men demanding citations of chapter and verse, will do good service among all who stand on their writer's plane of thought. On the whole, we feel grateful for this volume. Its perusal must do good. We have been struck with the fact that each lecture is eminently characteristic of the denomination it defends; and as Cuvier could, from one bone, describe the whole organization and habits of the animal to which it belonged, and even the surrounding natural history in the midst of which it lived, so could a wise man describe the aim, spirit, culture, of each of the denominations which has here a representative *tooth* or *rib*.

*Sermons preached at Trinity Chapel, Brighton.* By the late  
FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON. Second and Third Series. Boston:  
Ticknor and Fields. 1858.

IF we should express our gratitude to these publishers with any words corresponding to the warmth of our feelings, we should be thought to be violating the dignified reserve of criticism. A large circle has been delighted with the freshness, acuteness, originality, and noble catholic freedom of these discourses; but if any of our readers have not yet perused them, we commend them to this rich satisfaction. The appearance of such sermons as these from the bosom of the English Church should redeem its pulpit from frequent wholesale charges of uttering nothing but platitudes. It is very noticeable, however, that the evidences of living, vigorous thought are on the side of the Broad Church, and in favor of views which place their advocates singularly in harmony with the tone of thought in our body of believers. It is plain at a glance in what direction Robertson's mind was moving, borne on that swelling tide whose current was created by a divine and resistless power. As we read the touching Memoir, or look upon the portrait of that thoughtful and spiritual face, we mourn that he was not continued for other services he might have rendered; but our grief is lost and turned to joy when we think of the thousands whose heart-blood he has quickened and thrilled.

---

*Two Millions.* By WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1858.

THIS poem, pronounced before the Phi Beta Kappa Society in New Haven, is a most effective satire on the craving for mere wealth, and may do more good than volumes of sermons on the same subject. Firkin, the name of the *millionnaire* whose career is sketched, was

“Of the true modern stamp, whose orthodoxy  
Does good through agents, and serves God by proxy.  
His view was this, — religion he regarded  
An institution not to be discarded,  
Of no great use in Time, yet who shall say

But some new sphere may bring it into play ?  
 Therefore he gave it half a day in seven,  
 'T was well to keep on speaking terms with Heaven.

And had it chanced the Universal Church  
 In solid phalanx, without break or schism,  
 Had, on a sudden, taken a backward lurch,  
 Two thousand years or more, to Judaism,  
 Or from the Christian plunged into the Pagan,  
 And on its altars set up Jove or Dagon,  
 Firkin would still have worshipped with the crowd,  
 And at the newest shrine devoutly bowed,  
 Still offered up his weekly stint of praise,  
 In heathen darkness or the Gospel's blaze,  
 With incense, or burnt-offerings, or libations,  
 Alike unconscious of the innovations.'

Of course the poet is not to be understood as satirizing any one denomination. He is holding up for our scorn the fact that in all denominations there should be so much uninquiring and selfish conformity. It is our own private belief, however, that the denominations that make the loudest boast of that said stamp of orthodoxy pay the highest premium to this sanctimonious worldliness. We will not hold the poet responsible for this opinion, but we should not be surprised if he was pretty near our way of thinking.

---

*Plain Words to Young Men.* By AUGUSTUS WOODBURY. Concord, N. H.: E. C. Eastman. 1858.

MR. WOODBURY states that the substance of this volume was presented in a series of lectures delivered in the Westminster Church in Providence, and, prior to that, in the Lee Street Church in Lowell. The subjects are the Young Man at Home, in Society, in Business, in the State, in the Church, Conversation, Reading, Amusements. He makes no pretence to anything very new in substance or in form. Had the author's object been literary fame, he would have made a different selection of suggestions, and more condensation of words. In that desire for direct practical usefulness which animates his ministry, he

sought to give some useful counsel to young men, who are grateful for this permanent memorial of his labor of love.

---

*Studies of Christianity: or Timely Thoughts for Religious Thinkers.* A series of Papers by JAMES MARTINEAU. Edited by WILLIAM R. ALGER. Boston: American Unitarian Association. 1858.

No other book published by the Association has called forth such emphatic commendation from the press as has welcomed the issue of this volume. On the last page of the cover of this Journal will be found its table of contents, together with some notices of reviewers. We refer to them here for the sake of commending this book to our intelligent laymen. No well-read man can fail of wishing to know what the problems are in theology on which is to be concentrated the attention of the coming age. Mr. Martineau's mind is prophetic. The subjects he explores are somewhat in advance of popular interest, but they are more and more attracting the notice of the religious world, and must soon form the chief topics of discussion. While he fearlessly allows to criticism and science all that can rightfully be claimed by them, and meets their positions with a rare frankness and boldness, the reader sees the sure signs of a profound reverence and faith, with which he feels it is good to commune. In this theologically revolutionary era upon which we have fallen, when many of the old props of faith are proved to be unsound, and things that we have revered are cast down from their commanding height, he who believes in God's unfailing care over his Church, and Christ's perpetual presence in it, will be slow to admit that all things are going to ruin. He will call to mind the history of past revolutionary periods. Old growths have died only that new growths may take their place. The Scripture expression holds good in every active and earnest age;—"Old things are passing away; behold, all things are becoming new." What is the shape which a freer and fresher faith is by and by to assume? Mr. Martineau is more than the prophet of that faith; he is the bridge to conduct many a doubting and trembling step to it. It is

for this service that his writings are pre-eminently quickening and valuable. There is not an intelligent layman in our parishes anywhere who is without excuse if he be not interested in the high themes of which this book treats. He should be overwhelmed with shame at his ignorance and indifference. If he can read this volume without being profoundly drawn to its pages, he may be assured the fault is in himself. Again and again should it be perused, till he has mastered its contents and brought his own mind up to the high plane of thought on which it is written. If this book renders this service, its letters will be more than letters of gold; for in that time that is surely coming to try the faith of all, he will not be like a certain foolish man, the fate of whose ill-placed architecture is described in the closing verses of the seventh chapter of the Gospel of St. Matthew.

---

PAMPHLETS. — Rev. Dr. Gannett's sermon on the *Atlantic Telegraph* is a felicitous illustration of the author's unfailing readiness. Intelligence that the Atlantic Telegraphic Cable had been successfully laid, was received in Boston on Thursday, August 5, 1858. On the following Sunday this discourse was preached, and has since been published at the request of the hearers. Taking his text from the question of Job, "*Canst thou send lightnings, that they may go and say unto thee, Here we are?*" he brings to view such aspects of this grand achievement of science and courage as are "suited to awaken our religious feelings." It is a new step in God's fruitful designs for blessing the world; it is a noble tribute to man's power over nature; it is prophetic of more intimate social progress; it will more widely extend the world's best civilization; it foreshadows a greater practical unity of the human race; it is the harbinger of a diffusion of Christian principles and sentiments through the earth. Without any formal distribution of his thoughts, the preacher surveys these successive topics, and passes from one to the other with that graceful transition for which he is remarkable. It is rare that an occasion of secular rejoicing is so suddenly and successfully turned to such high religious uses. — *A Tribute to the Memory of Dr. Chauncey Booth* is a

sermon by the late Rev. A. R. Pope. It was preached in Somerville, January 17, 1858, and was among the last which he wrote. It is now printed just as it was found in his portfolio after his death. It is a well-written sketch of the life of Dr. Booth, dwelling at the close particularly upon (1.) his singular integrity of thought and purpose; (2.) his ready sympathy for others; (3.) his constant cheerfulness; (4.) his religious earnestness. Under this last head some facts are brought to light which have been repeated in thousands of cases. Dr. Booth's early training had been conducted under decided Calvinistic influences. He stated the result in the following words: "No subject was more distasteful to me than religion. I had heard so much about it, after a certain fashion in College [Amherst], and had witnessed such manœuvres to bring my acquaintances to profess it, that — right or wrong, I can't help it now — respect for my father's calling [a clergyman] was all that kept me from ridiculing it altogether." The preaching of Rev. S. Judd in Augusta, Me., where Dr. Booth passed several years, opened a fountain of faith and light and joy in his heart. On his death-bed he said: "I have reason to thank Mr. Judd, and the other ministers whom I have heard since, for all I am now more than I was when in College." Mr. Pope briefly but impressively describes the serenity and peace of his parishioner's departure, little thinking that within a few months he would follow in the same mysterious and yet not gloomy path. — *Liberal Education* is the title of the instructive address delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard College, July 22, 1858, by Rev. Thomas Hill. He discusses the question, "What principles should guide us in the selection and arrangement of studies in the academic course?" He states "the five great divisions in the hierarchy of science" to be mathematics, natural history, history, psychology, theology; and he maintains that this is the order in which the powers of the child are naturally developed, and in which, accordingly, these branches should be studied. It was no part of Mr. Hill's design to enter into questions of minute detail. The comprehensive views and suggestive hints of this discourse furnish material for a volume of rare breadth and vigor.

## RECORD OF EVENTS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

JUNE 2, 1858. — The Western Conference of Unitarian Churches met in Cincinnati, Ohio. The occasion was not quite so largely attended as usual; but the earnest character of its members, and the graceful hospitalities of the "Queen City," made the Conference highly instructive and agreeable.

---

JUNE 17, 1858. — The Worcester County Sunday-School Society held its twenty-fourth annual meeting in Worcester; and the usual report and addresses were made.

---

JUNE 23, 1858. — Rev. William G. Scandlin was installed pastor of the Unitarian Society in Grafton. Sermon by Rev. Dr. Hall of Providence, R. I.

---

JUNE 23, 1858. The Norfolk County Sunday-School Association held its annual meeting in Dedham. A sermon was preached by Rev. Rufus Ellis of Boston.

---

JUNE 23, 1858. — The Plymouth Sunday-School Society held its annual meeting in South Scituate. A sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Briggs of Salem.

---

JULY 1, 1858. The Anniversary of the Meadville Theological School was celebrated. Ten young men completed their preparation for the ministry. The annual address was delivered by Rev. Dr. Osgood of New York.

---

JULY 8, 1858. — Rev. Grindall Reynolds was installed pastor of the Unitarian Society in Concord. Sermon by Rev. Dr. Robbins of Boston.

---

JULY 20, 1858. — The Forty-second Annual Visitation of the Divinity School in Harvard University took place. Three young



men completed their preparation for the ministry. The annual address was delivered by Rev. C. A. Bartol of Boston. This address forms the first article in this number of the Journal.

---

AUGUST 25, 1858. — Mr. Jared M. Hurd was ordained pastor of the Unitarian Society in Clinton. Sermon by Rev. E. H. Sears of Wayland.

---

AUGUST 28, 1858. — Rev. Lemuel Capen of South Boston died, in the seventieth year of his age. Mr. Capen was born in Dorchester, graduated at Harvard College in 1810, and, after a short ministry in Sterling, was for many years the esteemed pastor of the Unitarian Church in South Boston. Though of late years he had withdrawn from professional labors, he was most constant in his attendance at all meetings of clerical brethren and religious friends, where he was well known for his kindly greeting, unaffected sincerity, instructive good sense, and unfailing cheerfulness. Attached by profound conviction to the form of Christianity which he professed, he was always willing to labor for it to the best of his ability, and he found it sufficient to give him peace and hope to the last.

---

\*\*\* Rev. George M. Rice has entered upon the duties of pastor of the Unitarian Society in Westford. Rev. J. R. McFarland has acceded to the request of the Unitarian Society in Charleston, S. C. to become its pastor. Rev. William L. Gage has commenced his ministry in Marietta, Ohio, under flattering hopes of success.

---

\*\*\* In the Annual Reports of the American Unitarian Association it has been stated that a market for a considerable number of our books has lately been opened in Australia. Some time since, we forwarded to Rev. G. H. Stanley, the energetic pastor of the Unitarian Society in Sydney, New South Wales, a box of our publications, in answer to a request from that gentleman, and we have now received a remittance for the same (nearly one hundred dollars) with an order for four or five hundred volumes more. In his

last letter Mr. Stanley says: "You will be glad to learn that *all* the books sent from Boston have been sold, except some retained for the Chapel library, and more are wanted, as you will perceive by the enclosed list. I took the hint from some of the Reports in the Quarterly Journal of the plan adopted in the United States. I preached a sermon about the books, making extracts from the Quarterly Journal, to show how our American brethren managed matters. I had the books all arranged for inspection near the door of the chapel, and with the most successful results. If you send the books according to the enclosed list, we hope to make an impression on the public mind greater than heretofore. I shall of course consider myself responsible for the payment, though my risk is not great, as several gentlemen have joined me in the responsibility." It gave us pleasure to execute this order from Australia, where we hope a long continued sale of our books may be made. We may add, that we hear most encouraging accounts of the prosperity of Mr. Stanley's society. There are two other Unitarian churches in Australia.

---

\*.\* We feel the necessity of calling the particular attention of our friends to the statements regarding our finances made on a former page, under the head of "Meetings of the Executive Committee." We hope some general and vigorous efforts may be made this autumn to replenish the exhausted treasury of the Association. To our laymen, everywhere, may we say, that, if a call be made upon their generosity, we hope they will respond cheerfully and liberally to a cause which certainly has not appealed to them with ungracious frequency or importunity. We may well quicken our zeal by observing what the friends of our faith have done, and are doing, in other places. We clip the following from an English paper, the *Liverpool Post*. If it shows how much more ready Unitarians are to sustain *secular* than merely *denominational* charities, it may at least suggest that we must look to a varied field of beneficence before we see the entire amount of the money they bestow, while it may properly start the query, whether we do enough to nourish the *roots* of a tree which bears such manifold fruit.

"It is hardly too much to say, that every name of eminence connected with the literature of Liverpool is the name of a Unitarian. From Roscoe, Currie, and Shepherd, to Hawthorne, the late American Consul, and James Martineau, the Christian scholar,—every man of letters who has a more than local or sectarian reputation was a Unitarian.

"To a poor Unitarian woman the public baths and wash-houses for the poor owe their origin. A rich Unitarian gentleman gave the Prince's Park to the town. The great unsectarian schools—the Hibernian and the Harrington Schools—were, in a great measure, the work of the Unitarians. The Unitarians established the Domestic Mission and the first Ragged Schools. A Unitarian put up in our streets the fountains of water, at which the poor may drink. Unitarians are the great supporters and workers of the new 'Recreative Society,' which gives the poor rational amusement. Three courses of lectures to our working classes are maintained by these Unitarians during the winter months of each year. They have established two private reformatories for the criminal youth of the town. Add to this, that they maintain admirable schools and classes of their own, and that (so liberal are they) they not merely subscribe most largely to the great unsectarian charities,—the Hospitals and Infirmary,—but even aid the religious efforts of those who most differ from them. The beauty of the new Parish Church of West Derby is greatly owing to the munificence of one Unitarian; and more than one of the Catholic charities would acknowledge the aid the Unitarians have given them.

"I have omitted to mention the Botanic Gardens, the Royal Institution, the Ladies' College, the Athenæum,—all of which are, in the first instance, due to the exertions of individual Unitarians."

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

In the months of June, July, and August the following sums were received:—

June 5.	From A. S. Dean, Esq, to balance his account,	\$ 60.00
" "	" Society in Louisville, Ky.,	70.00
" 8.	Quarterly Journals in Leicester,	13.00
" 9.	From Rev. E. E. Hale's Society, Boston, for Philip Gangooly,	111.34
" "	Books sold by Rev. C. T. Brooks,	9.00
" 10.	From Society in Newport, R. I.,	35.00
" 11.	" Hon. E. R. Hoar, to make himself a Life-member,	30.00
" 12.	Books sold in Medford,	44.52
" 14.	From West Church Sunday School, Boston, for Philip Gangooly,	28.00
" 15.	From Rev. W. L. Gage, for books,	5.08
" 16.	" Stowe, in addition,	1.00
" 17.	" Society in Concord, Mass.,	106.60
" 23.	" " Beverly, in addition,	10.00
" "	Books sold by Levi Holt in Ware,	9.00
" 24.	From Church of Disciples, Boston, for Rev. D. Foster,	40.00
" 26.	Books sold in Buffalo, N. Y.,	8.00
" 28.	From West Church Sunday School, in addition, for P. Gangooly,	1.00
" "	From Society of West Church, Boston, for Philip Gangooly,	40.33
" "	From Society in San Francisco, Cal.,	114.00
" "	" Charles Lambert, Esq., to make himself a Life-member,	30.00
" 29.	From Pittsburg, Penn., for Philip Gangooly,	10.00
" "	" Hawes Place Society, South Boston, in addition,	10.00
" "	From First Parish, Hingham,	47.32
" 30.	" Society of West Church, Boston, for Philip Gangooly, in addition,	5.00
	From Subscribers to Quarterly Journal,	40.75
	Books sold at Rooms in June,	87.89
July 3.	Quarterly Journals in Dover, N. H.,	15.00
" 10.	From Friends in West Roxbury, for Philip Gangooly,	28.00
" 12.	Books sold in Troy, N. Y.,	1.50
" 13.	From Society in Saco, Me., for Philip Gangooly, in addition,	2.00

- July 13. From E. Fenno, to balance his account,  
 " 17. " Rev. William G. Eliot, D.D., for books  
 " 19. Books sold by Levi Holt, in Ware,  
 " 21. Interest on Grahame Fund,  
 " 21. Quarterly Journals in West Cambridge,  
 " 23. From Society in Exeter, N. H., in addition,  
 " 24. From E. F. Adams, Esq., to make himself  
     Life-member,  
 " " From Auxiliary Society in Uxbridge,  
 " 26. Books sold by Phillips, Sampson, & Co.,  
 " 29. From Society in Charlestown, Mass.,  
 " " " " " Syracuse, N. Y.,  
 " " " " " Concord, N. H., for Philip  
     Gangooly,  
 " 31. Books sold by Brown, Taggard, and Chase,  
 " " " " Crosby, Nichols, & Co.,  
 " " From Subscribers to Quarterly Journal,  
 " " Books sold at Rooms, in July,  
 Aug. 5. From James Draper, Wayland,  
 " " " Mrs. J. D. Steele,  
 " 9. " Rev. A. D. Mayo, for Tracts,  
 " 12. " Samuel Dale, Esq.,  
 " 13. " a Friend,  
 " 19. " Philemon Putnam, for " Home Missi  
 " 21. Books sold in Sterling, Mass.,  
 " " " " by Levi Holt, in Ware,  
 " 26. Quarterly Journals in Brunswick, Me.,  
 " " From Society in Templeton, for Philip Ga-  
     gooly,  
 " " From Templeton through Rev. E. G. Adams,  
     for Antioch College,  
 " 27. Books sold by Rev. A. M. Bridge,  
 " 28. From Mrs. Lucy Breckinbridge, Louisville,  
     Ky., towards Life-membership,  
     From Subscribers to Quarterly Journal,  
     Books sold at Rooms in August,



## A TRACT OF RARE INTEREST.

THE Addresses at the last Anniversary of the American Unitarian Association have been published in the form of a Tract. Of the brave and noble words of Messrs. Brigham, Briggs, Osgood, Stebbins, King, Dewey, and Bellows, criticising the theology and religion of the times, and pointing out a more excellent way, about TWELVE THOUSAND copies have already been circulated. A layman writes: "Send me a hundred; they have the ring of the true metal." One clergyman subscribed for one thousand copies for gratuitous distribution. Several have taken five hundred each. The tract is stereotyped, and any number of copies can be furnished. It makes a pamphlet of 72 pages, and will be supplied at the bare cost,—three cents each. Orders solicited. Send to American Unitarian Association, 21 Bromfield Street, Boston.

"The prevailing temper of it is strikingly positive, hopeful, and progressive. It has a nobler and clearer look to the future than we have been accustomed to in the formal declarations of religious bodies."—*Christian Examiner*.

## STUDIES OF CHRISTIANITY;

OR,

## TIMELY THOUGHTS FOR RELIGIOUS THINKERS.

JUST PUBLISHED BY

THE AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION,

Price, \$ 1.00.

**Contents.**—Introduction, by Rev. WILLIAM R. ALGER; Distinctive Types of Christianity; Christianity without Priest and without Ritual; Incongruity of the Scheme of Vicarious Redemption; Mediatorial Religion; Five Points of Christian Faith; Creed and Heresies of Early Christianity; The Creed of Christendom; The Ethics of Christendom; The Restoration of Belief; One Gospel in many Dialects; St. Paul and his Modern Students; Sin,—What it is, What it is not; The Duties of Christians in an Age of Controversy.

Of the above work, a reviewer in the Boston Courier of June 12, understood to be one of the most accomplished writers in our country, says:—

"Take this volume for all in all, it is the product of a bold, independent, and original mind; from the beginning to the end it throbs with life; is suggestive in almost every sentence; opens wide visions of thought on questions that concern the sublimest interests of the soul, and deals with them in a manner worthy of their sublimity; breathes everywhere the humanity of a strong yet gentle nature; arouses the heart to the brave, the generous, the honorable, the heroic; repels with righteous scorn the mean, the mendacious, the effeminate, everything in idea or conduct that is spurious or unmanly; is written in a style of musical variety, as well as soaring and expansive grandeur, and which only errs, when it does err, in an excess of beauty; contains more passages of striking, profound, and inspiring eloquence than we have often before met with in the same number of pages."

"All the more advanced students of theology will be glad to hail a volume so weighty in argument and learning, so fresh, brave, and lofty in spirit, as this. The papers it contains cover about twenty years in their dates of publication; and for that period they are nearly a complete record of all the important discussions opened, and advances made, in the line of the highest learning and philosophy. . . . Mr. Martineau has been recognised as a power in English literature, as well as eminently the leading scholar and theologian of the liberal party."—*Christian Examiner*.

THE  
QUARTERLY JOURNAL

OF THE

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

VOL. VI.

JANUARY, 1852.

No. 2.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Seventeenth Annual Con- vention . . . . .	100	Hours with the Old Church Legends, No. I. . . . .	366
The Nature, Relations, and Culture of Christian Poetry. By Rev. F. Hunkley . . .	119	The Financial Position of the Association . . . . .	368
Canons in the Synagogue- Tree . . . . .	127	Ministers and Societies in 1850	370
Letters from Abroad. By Rev. William Mounthod . . .	133	Meetings of the Executive Committee . . . . .	383
Editorial Perspective and Analysis . . . . .	147	Notions of Books . . . . .	187
Unforeseen Inconveniences	151	Record of Events and General Intelligence . . . . .	197
		Acknowledgments . . . . .	202

BOSTON:  
AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION,  
21 BROADFIELD STREET.  
1852.



OFFICERS  
OF THE  
AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

REV. EDWARD B. HALL, D.D., *President.*

" RUFUS P. STEEDINS, D.D., }  
HON. HENRY B. ROGERS, } *Vice-President*

REV. HENRY A. MILES, D.D., *Secretary.*

CALVIN W. CLARK, Esq., *Treasurer.*

REV. FREDERIC H. HEDGE, D.D.

" WILLIAM R. ALGER.

EDWIN P. WHIPPLE, Esq.

REV. CHARLES H. BRIGHAM.

" CALVIN LINCOLN.

" HENRY W. BELLOWES, D.D.

" GEORGE W. HOSMER, D.D.

" CAZENEAU PALFREY, D.D.

" WILLIAM G. ELIOT, D.D.

\* \* The Office of the Association is at 24 New  
field Street, Boston. The Secretary will usually  
be there every day from 12 to 2 o'clock.

The Office of the Treasurer is at the  
Rooms of the Association, and communications  
may be made to him there. Subscriptions  
for the Quarterly Journal may be made  
per annum. All standing orders should be  
for prices and terms.

THE  
QUARTERLY JOURNAL.

VOL. VI. BOSTON, JANUARY 1859. No. 2.

SEVENTEENTH AUTUMNAL CONVENTION.

By invitation from the four Unitarian Societies in Salem, the Seventeenth Autumnal Convention assembled in that city, on Tuesday, October 12, 1858. It was organized by the choice of Rev. Edward B. Hall, D.D., of Providence, as President; Hon. Daniel A. White, LL.D., of Salem, as Vice-President; Rev. Caleb Stetson, of Scituate, as Vice-President; Rev. Solon W. Bush, of Medfield, and Rev. Joseph H. Parker, of East Bridgewater, as Secretaries. There was no diminution of interest in these favorite gatherings. Any one seeing the crowds that arrived by trains could not doubt that Unitarians are sincere and earnest.

The spacious and beautiful church of which Rev. Dr. Thompson is pastor was filled on the evening of the 12th. The occasion of the sermon is the anniversary of the death of Dr. Parker, of Newburyport, who died on the 12th of October, 1858.

younger clergymen he was known only through the highly appreciative notices of his ability and eloquence which have appeared from time to time in the English newspapers. Those of us who remembered former years of agreeable professional intercourse were pleased to see what few changes time had made on his person, and, as he unfolded his subject, we gladly recognized the same intensely earnest manner we had before known, now perhaps toned to a more profound and impressive conviction. For more than one hour he held the immense assembly in the closest attention, even those who were obliged to stand seeming unwilling to lose a word from his lips. The whole scene was one of rare interest. Many of the most eminent clergymen of the denomination were gathered around the pulpit. By their side were distinguished and venerable laymen. There, too, of the other sex, were large numbers of those who adorn the highest social positions ; and near by we noticed the dark skin and glistening eyes of a representative of an ancient priestly race, who had come from the opposite side of the globe, and was there to join in the worship and instruction of that hour. It might fairly have seemed as if his presence had suggested the topic of the discourse.

The sermon was a high argument for the truth of Christianity, considered in one of its broadest and most philosophical lights. The Gospel of Jesus Christ was set forth, not as a mere afterthought in God's divine plan for the race, nor as a petty scheme intrusted to the keeping of a sect, but as a grand providential centre, where may meet all the nationalities, creeds, culture, of the world, each finding their glory and perfection in Him who was the Word of God made flesh. Like all Mr. Channing's sermons, it was an utterance from his heart of the thought which for the time interested *him*. Nothing was clearer than that his whole soul was in

it. He rose almost to the strain of a prophet's commission. He had a message from God ; and he must utter it, and his hearers must receive it, under a conviction no less solemn than that. Speaking with the inspiration of such a belief, on a theme so comprehensive, which called into play the sweep of his wide generalizations, and brought out the fruits of his generous culture, the result was something very marked and peculiar, and quite above the usual utterances of the pulpit.

We could not help feeling, however, all the while, that the thought which was for the time so profoundly interesting to Mr. Channing was not one of like interest to his hearers, nor one in which it was possible they could respond to his own statement of its importance. A convention of *savans* might have appreciated it more. It had not the obviously practical bearings which the New England mind loves to exercise itself upon. The fine tact of the orator would have led him to a plane of thought more welcome to his hearers, if his own mind had been cast in a New England mould. But though "to the manner born," educated here, and passing nearly all of his very earnest life among us, Mr. Channing's mind has always seemed to us to be more Gallic than Anglo-Saxon. It delights in wide generalizations, and broad philosophical statements, and concerns itself with abstract principles, while others are earnest only about practical details. It was through some such cause as this, we suppose, that the hearers of the sermon referred to, while there was so much in it to yield the highest interest and delight, yet felt that somehow it was not a word to *them*, and did not come home to their position and duties.

On Wednesday morning, after the usual meeting for prayer, which was conducted by Rev. F. W. Holland and was attended by a large and deeply sympathizing audience,

the business of the Convention was opened by an Essay, read by Rev. William T. Clark, of South Hingham, "On the Position and Duties of Liberal Christians." It was a paper of much ability, characterized by a simplicity and force of statement surpassing expectations. Among the Liberal Christians Mr. Clark enumerated the Christians, progressive Quakers, and Universalists, as well as the Unitarians; and he pointed out the leading differences between the theology they unitedly held to, and that professed by the members of the "Sacrificial Church." Following these careful discriminations of thought, the Essay set forth the duties of courage, plainness of statement, activity in missionary work, and faithfulness to the great idea of some time realizing an American Catholic Church.

In the discussion that followed, there was no lack of speaking, and the addresses were generally short, to the point, and full of freshness and life. A considerable prominence was given to the consideration of the position of the American Unitarian Association. The President of the Association, Rev. Dr. Hall, presented some statistics to show to what very limited extent it had the co-operation of the denomination, and urged that the friends of Unitarian Christianity should everywhere give it a wider and more generous support. One of the Vice-Presidents of the Association, Rev. Dr. Stebbins, explained the causes of its present embarrassments, and offered a plea in favor of immediate efforts for relief. Rev. Dr. Hedge believed that one of our great wants was that of a clearer statement of our theology. It was the oldest theology of Christendom. Its cardinal points were stated by great scholars a thousand years ago. It should be more clearly and systematically set forth now. Rev. J. F. Clarke humorously described the many advantages of our position as a denomination. Rev. Mr. Channing

said that he had never understood the importance of the position which American Unitarians held, nor the value of the work which the Unitarian Association could do, till he looked at them from a distance ; and, though formerly standing aloof, because he believed things had been managed by a clique, yet he felt his heart was more with them now than ever before. Mr. Crozier, of Jersey City, described the steps by which he had been led from the results of his study at Oberlin and Auburn to embrace the religion which the Unitarians held, and to give his life hereafter to proclaiming it to the world. The discussion was continued further by Rev. Messrs. Nightingale, Muzzey, Hill, Stetson, and Gideon F. Thayer, Esq.

At an early hour in the evening, though amid falling rain, the church was again filled to listen to a sermon from Rev. E. H. Sears. From the text, "I thirst," he proceeded to speak upon the soul's want and supply. Three great wants were particularly named, — man's want as a sinner, his want of a centre of thought and affection, and his need of a Comforter. These wants were supplied in the mediatorship of Christ ; in a sense of the personality of God brought home to the heart by his image in his Son ; and by the effusion of the Spirit of love and joy, lifting us above any theory of salvation by dogma or by works. With the simplicity of an apostle, and with the quiet earnestness of profound conviction, the preacher showed how the doctrine of self-development tended to self-deification, and that we must find the corrective in the other doctrine, too little insisted upon, of self-consecration, which makes Christ the centre, and not self.

It did not strike us as a felicitous arrangement to proceed at once from the solemn service of the church to the festivities of the hall. Beside crowding too much into one

evening, there was a feeling of something incongruous between the exercises brought so near together. The impression made in the first part of the evening was disturbed and driven away. The worshippers wanted to keep it, to go quietly home to their chambers to meditate upon it, to have its holy influence press upon them till there came the slumbers of night, and when they woke in the morning to have no other remembrances first rush into their awakened consciousness. In all other respects, the preparations made for the social festivity left nothing to be desired, unless it were a more spacious hall. Tables were supplied with tempting luxuries, flowers had been tastefully arranged by fair hands, music offered its enlivening strains, beauty, wit, and eloquence supplied their charms, and rarely have two hours been more agreeably passed in the interchange of kindly greetings and cordial good feelings. There are few things which more than these social reunions serve to make us all feel that we are one body. We have individual peculiarities, and class preferences, and some like one interpretation and some another; but after all, we would not have any of these causes contract the circle of our regard. We love there to greet all the brethren in our fellowship. We care not to ask or think to what wing they belong. Enough that they are attached to our body. And, as an Apostle has told us that one part of the body has no right to say to another, "We have no need of thee," so this is a time when we seem to feel this mutual dependence and mutual benefit, and find it a mutual happiness and joy.

The meeting for prayer on Thursday morning, conducted by Rev. A. B. Fuller, was as well attended and as much enjoyed as that of yesterday. At nine o'clock, the Convention resumed its suspended session, and an address was delivered by Rev. Mr. Hinckley of Lowell, on the "Nature, Relations, and Culture of Christian Piety."

As we have the privilege of publishing this carefully prepared address, we will proceed to complete our account of the Convention, and then leave our readers to the pleasure and instruction which the words of our esteemed brother will give them. Rev. Mr. Alger of Boston, though enjoying the clearness and strength of the address, yet felt that it had hardly done justice to the full idea implied by the word *piety*, which certainly embraced something more than mere love. Awe, reverence, submission, trust even in darkness and mystery, all entered into its signification, and we presented but a mutilated conception if one of these elements were left out. Rev. Dr. Stebbins agreed with Mr. Alger in thinking there was danger in running into mere sentimentalism. Other things were to be preached beside the love of God. It was well that this great point of reverence had been brought forward, nor should we forget that God is a God of justice, of firmness, of truth and holiness; and the contemplation of these attributes was necessary in order to form a healthy and robust piety. Dr. Farley of Brooklyn, N. Y., was pleased to find so much had been said about the fatherhood of God. He held to that as one of the cardinal features of the Gospel. He believed our interpretations of Christianity had brought out that great doctrine in a far stronger light than it was ever seen before; and if Unitarianism had rendered no other service to Christendom, it had done an infinitely important work. Rev. Mr. Tilden of Fitchburg feared that we held our doctrines in a way to make us feel easy even in sin. He believed we could never have the true feeling towards God till we loathed and hated all sin, and came like the Prodigal Son, saying, "Father, I have sinned, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." Earnest and glowing words were also added by Rev. Mr. Phipps, Rev. A. P. Putnam, Rev. Mr. Muzzey, Rev. Mr.



Winckley, Rev. Mr. Stacy, and by Mr. Crozier of New Jersey.

As the hour for closing the Convention drew near, Rev. Mr. Alger, of Boston, submitted the following Resolution, which was unanimously adopted :—

*“ Resolved, That the Seventeenth Unitarian Autumnal Convention, gratefully welcoming the presence and voice of their honored brother Channing, charge him, as soon as he returns to his post in England, to convey our heartiest greetings to our brethren there, and to give them a warm assurance that at this distance we can call them in order and tell all their names; that we cherish their peace, usefulness, and honor, as our own; and that we earnestly hope to have the mutual ties of kind feeling between us multiplied and tightened.”*

A vote of thanks to the Unitarian Societies in Salem, for the cordial welcome and bountiful hospitalities accorded to the Convention, was unanimously passed, and was responded to by Rev. Dr. Briggs, who assured the Convention that its presence had afforded pleasure and satisfaction to its Christian friends in that city. Tributes of affectionate respect to the memory of Rev. Dr. Gilman, Rev. A. R. Pope, Rev. Joseph C. Smith, and Rev. Lemuel Capen, who during the past year have left all earthly fellowship, were briefly offered; and mention was made, also, of another loved brother, Rev. Mr. Frost, who, at the close of an active and faithful ministry, is now fast drawing near a heavenly home.

The Committee of Arrangements for the Eighteenth Autumnal Convention was then appointed, and consisted of the following persons :— Rev. S. G. Bulfinch, Rev. E. B. Willson, and Joseph H. Allen, Esq. A prayer and doxology followed, and the brethren separated.

As we were returning home, our minds reverted to what had been said and done in Salem, and we endeavored to

enumerate some of the specially good influences of the occasion. The chief of these, we thought, were the signs it furnished of a more cordial feeling between portions of our brotherhood that have been somewhat suspicious of each other. It cannot be doubted that, as we state our opinions *now*, there are important diversities of belief among us; indeed, diversities so radical as to make, in some cases, a centrifugal stronger than a centripetal gravitation. But there seemed to be a dawning consciousness that a word *will* by and by be spoken which will reconcile these differences. Meanwhile, if we each see certain points with clearness, it may be that all their relations to other points are not yet fully discerned, and we must wait in patience, and with mutual forbearance, courtesy, and love, till that reconciling word be spoken. What a reproach to all our professions of liberality if we cannot so wait! What can we say against the intolerance of others, if *we*, at this late day, go back to take up that ancient wrong? What right have we to make our dogma, or our interpretation, a rule to throw the least shade over those whose love for God and love for man cannot be a whit less than our own? An Apostle speaks of "a love that passes knowledge"; and, clear as may be our judgment of certain truths, let us hope we can hold on to that "bond of charity," till we can see the relation of these truths better than we can now pretend to. Who knows but that the unrecognized principle which underlies all religious toleration we may ere long bring to light in our own little body? By fatal alienations among ourselves, we may postpone a hundred years the hope of its discovery.

It was another pleasant feature of this Convention that it was addressed by many *new* voices. Former Conventions have so much given us the same round of eloquent men, that, following an ancient example, we have become tired of

saying how eloquent they are. We were particularly pleased that a class of *younger* men has been heard in our counsels, like Messrs. W. T. Clarke and F. Hinckley, Messrs. Phipps and Putnam. We gladly heard them speak. We wish others would follow their example. This infusion of young blood and fresh hope is of brightest promise.

Without dwelling on these points any further, we turn to the address which we have promised to give to our readers.

---

## THE NATURE, RELATIONS, AND CULTURE OF CHRISTIAN PIETY.

BY REV. F. HINCKLEY.

OUR theme possesses importance, aside from its intrinsic merits, in the fact of the statement so often made, that Unitarianism, or Liberal Christianity, (as one or another of us may prefer to entitle our form of faith,) is unfavorable to piety. This statement comes to us from our theological opponents, as an accusation, charging our faith with an inherent incapacity in this respect; affirming that it never has developed and never can develop this element in its purity or fulness. It comes to us sometimes as a lamentation from our friends, who see, or fancy they see, a deficiency in our results in this direction; — a deficiency to be remedied, not by surrendering the faith, or any part of it, but perhaps by adding something more to it, though what that something is has not been made to appear very plainly.

Now it seems to me that both the charge and the lament are groundless. They arise from a misapprehension of the facts in the case. I shall not say, none of us will say, that

the piety of our body has blossomed into perfectness. Nor should we say, any of us, that our morality, for which all give us credit, has ripened into completeness. Yet as the morality hath borne its fruit, so has the piety flowered in beauty. It must be, as it really is, a misconception of the real essence and proper manifestations of true piety that denies its presence with us, or asserts our incapacity to produce it.

If piety be, what some appear to regard it, a mysterious, indescribable state of feeling, preternaturally if not supernaturally induced, "brought on," as we say of certain physical states of being, by unusual, if not miraculous influences; if it consist in perpetual and unlimited self-depreciation, asserting absolute personal inability, and deserved infliction of all possible evil; if it cherish a shrinking dread, an awe and terror, of the Almighty, bowing in fear before him, only ceasing to tremble when it learns that he has been appeased and satisfied by a sufficient offering, simply coming into the possession of "a hope" under this act of executive clemency; — if this be piety, then we confess at once Unitarianism is unfavorable to it; that it has not produced, and never can produce it. If there are any among us who are cherishing a piety of this character, or one that bears any resemblance to it, it was not begotten of their Unitarianism; it is the relic of some older and narrower sentiment not yet entirely outgrown, or the intermixture of a corrupted with the pure faith. For such a piety finds not its sanction in Christianity, as reference to the Gospel teaching will assure us. Let us look to that teaching, therein to discern, —

I. Its Nature. Christian piety, as Jesus taught it, as he himself exercised it, is simple and easily understood. His statement of it is brief, pertinent, and clear. Love of God, that is true piety. There is no mistaking the meaning of the terms here. There is no mystical obscurity, no hidden significance,

no "spiritual sense"; nothing but what plainly appears upon the surface, and is inevitably and fully conveyed in the words employed. Love of God is no more difficult of comprehension, than the child's love of the parent. It is essentially the same thing. It is the same emotion, exercised indeed toward different objects, with different degrees of intensity, and under different circumstances, yet fundamentally the same emotion. It is the attraction by which the child, as the subject of parental care and painstaking, the recipient of many an office of love, is drawn towards the parent rendering it, awakening towards him gratitude, esteem, respect. It is the sympathy gradually formed between the two and continually strengthening itself, uniting them in feeling, desire, and purpose. That which takes place between the child and the parent takes place in kind, and very much in the same manner, between man and God;—providential forethought and provision on the one hand, attraction and sympathy on the other, leading to heart-communion, spiritual oneness, in both.

Christian piety is therefore as natural as it is simple. It is as natural for man to love God, as it is for the child to love its mother; and that is as natural as for it to walk and think and grow. These latter comparisons show at once how much and what is meant by the former statement. To say that a certain element is natural to man, is by no means saying that he comes into life with it in complete and vigorous activity. Man is not born full-grown. Nay, as the great Southern abstractionist once said, criticising the preamble to the Declaration of Independence, "Man is not born at all, the child is born." True, and a weak, puny, helpless infant at that. But it is nature's purpose that he should be man. Give him the time and the requisite aids, and in due season he will become so. He does not start off on his feet

at birth, nor set up at once to exercise his reasoning faculties ; but wait awhile, let him have the helps that nature designed he should have, and which you can furnish, and by and by he shall go alone, and think with the best of us. Nor does love of the parent find instantaneous exercise with the emergence into visible life. Yet ere long it shows itself in unmistakable reality. Now all these are natural results produced out of a previously existing capacity, without which they could never have been called forth ; any more than you can produce out of the ground anything which is not first contained within it. As every form of vegetable life has in the soil its seed, so each of these developments of human life has its germ in man's being, out of which it is, sooner or later, developed. For not with equal certainty or rapidity do these various powers operate. But according to their nature, condition, and surrounding circumstances are they individually advanced or retarded.

So is it with piety, love of God. It lies as the seed-grain in the soil of human nature, to be developed by the fertilizing agencies which the same Providence that planted hath provided for its culture. Of course, therefore, it does not make its presence to be instantly recognized. All life is hidden at the first, — works in secret for a time ; but that at last, under the proper appliances, it may manifest itself more distinctly and with the greater vigor. We are not then to conclude, because we do not find in the child from the outset a strong development of piety, that piety is foreign to his nature, and must be grafted on ere he can possess it ; that, because there is no vivid display of the love of God, it is impossible for him to cherish such love. Nay, if, watching the child year after year, we still fail to discern this manifestation, we are not even then to come to such conclusion ; though all the powers of his being, physical, mental, affec-

tional, are in full activity, and this still invisible, we are not to decide against the naturalness, the inherent capacity, the divine planting. For, apart from the fact that this sentiment may often be present and we fail to discover it, is the other fact that the higher the element of human nature, the longer the time required for its development. The best growth is slowest. This attraction towards and sympathy with God may therefore be latest in its culture. Yet further, we must not overlook the fact, which has very much to do with the failure of a natural development of piety, that no such direct and continued efforts are made to produce it as are directed upon the other powers of man. Either through false ideas of man's capacity, or through worldly indifference and materialism, this element of man's being is not labored with as are his bodily members, his reasoning faculties, his filial affections. Let as much care and time be given to the culture of the former as to the latter, let it be made as constant a subject of practice and discipline as they, and I doubt not you would find a true piety continually expanding and keeping pace, side by side, with his vigor, his thought, and his home-love.

Christian piety, therefore, is a simple and natural element of human character, born of a power within man, and, under proper efforts, growing with his growth and strengthening with his strength. It is that love of God which draws us near to him, and puts us into moral and spiritual sympathy with him.

II. The Relations of true Piety are of no less importance. We name first of these its relation to right conceptions of God. Christian piety can spring from, or, more correctly, be produced by one thing only, and that is Christian ideas of him toward whom it is to be exercised. God must be made lovely, or he cannot be loved. How well Christianity un-

derstands this, how clearly recognizes it, is seen its representation of Deity. The one central thought of God, running through not only the Gospels, but the whole New Testament, is that he is the Father. Christianity never theorizes about God, never attempts to explain his nature nor to establish his existence. It assumes the latter as discerned by the instincts of the human soul. It passes by the former as unprofitable speculation. Once indeed it speaks through the lips of Jesus, "God is a spirit." But that was rather a practical protest against the narrowness both of Jewish and Samaritan theologies, that would localize God and sanctify one spot only to his worship, than a theoretic statement of his essence. Christianity shows its penetration and its power in nothing more than in this, — that it makes straight for the heart of man, and captivates his affectional nature by its presentation of the Infinite Father. That is a much mistaken estimate which asserts this representation of Deity to be weak and unworthy of the great God. For see what it includes, — the Author of life, the providence that sustains, and the authority that subjects it. Mark the elements it involves, — power to create, wisdom to guide, justice to rule, mercy to pardon, and love brooding over and penetrating all with its restraining and directing influence. Out of this Christian idea of God, as loving man with an affection that no ingratitude can weaken and no sin destroy, — a love that from the earliest moment of time, with deepest insight and far-reaching penetration, has been ordering events and directing experiences for man's highest good, and sending forth the successive messengers of his truth and righteousness to illumine man with a clearer light, and to bear him onward to a higher life, — out of this idea of God, and this alone, comes the true Christian sentiment of piety. "We love him because he first loved us."



The next relation of piety is its agency in producing a true Christian faith. "Rejoice in the Lord always," is an injunction which such faith ever remembers and obeys. A hopeful trust and a cheerful spirit ever pervade it. In no hour of trial or of sorrow does it despair. In every season of enjoyment and of pleasure does it participate. It bears with it no staid solemnity, no artificial decorum. It feels and thinks, speaks and acts naturally, not deeming it Christian to be in any way unnatural. Eager, frank, and buoyant, it moves among men, its countenance beaming with smiles, its heart full of gladness, its presence communicating and increasing human joy. It not only tolerates, but encourages and shares, the sport and play of life; and this as earnestly as it performs life's duties and bears its allotted burdens. It spreads no gloom over its own or other lives. It has no terror of God's power, no dread of his justice, no shrinking from his presence. On the other hand, the thought of him is dear, and the conviction of his presence the richest joy of life. True piety leads to gladsome faith; for it is that perfect love that "casteth out fear."

Christian piety stands directly related to practical goodness, the goodness that would serve God by obedience to his revealed will, at the same time serving man through observance of the law of integrity and of charity which that will enjoins. We are all familiar with the distinction so often drawn between piety and morality, — with the vehement assertion that a man may be moral without being pious, and the counter assertion that a man may be pious without being moral. We shall not question, certainly, that man's morality, his love and service of his fellow, may stand alone, without any just sense or conscious service of God. Nor shall we deny that his piety may be thus solitary and exclusive, productive of no positive benefit to others, if that piety be fear

of God, a sense of personal worthlessness, or a selfish hope of individual salvation through his clemency. But if man's piety be of the Christian sort, love of God, it cannot stand alone. It will lead to obedience and beneficence, just as surely as the child's love of its parent leads to fulfilment of parental commands and the exercise of brotherly affections. Let man be really attracted to God by the loving attributes he manifests, let him enter into sympathy with that Infinite Heart whose pulsations are felt throughout the universe, and his own heart, quickened by such communion, must inevitably send forth ever-flowing streams of healing and invigoration. "The goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance." "This commandment have we from him, that he who loveth God love his brother also." "Whoso seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?"

Thus Christian Piety, begotten of a true idea of God, becomes the inspirer of a cheerful faith, the impulse to practical righteousness.

III. It remains to speak of its Culture, the means for its production and exercise. We have employed the right term in describing this, if piety be, as we have affirmed, a natural outgrowth from the human soul. It is by culture, training, development, that it is to be brought into activity. It is no importation from a foreign soil, no new power introduced to make up human nature's deficiency, no revolutionary change in that nature, no special gift superadded to the general endowment by the direct action of God. It is the awakening and expansion of an original faculty into vigorous and increasing activity. This culture implies, not only the existence of the natural capacity, but also, with equal distinctness, that the sentiment is not of spontaneous growth. It must be acted upon by appliances suited to the end. As

in every department of outward nature there is little that comes forth to maturity without earnest and continued labor, so in human nature it is only with like earnestness and perseverance of effort that its elements are developed. To this the sentiment of piety is no exception.

What, then, are the agents of this development? There is one that takes precedence of all other, to which indeed all others are subservient. If you would enkindle a true piety in man, there is one only effectual method, and that is by bringing God home to the consciousness of men. You must make him visibly, vividly present to them. You must cause him to appear before them in all the attractive attributes of his paternal character. How does the parent win the love of his children,—their “filial piety,” as we often term it? He cannot command nor enforce it. He may compel external homage, formal deference, respectful speech, obedience in act. But the love, the piety, that he cannot compel,—for that he must present himself before the child in the true parental spirit, loving and begetting love. It is the mother’s ceaseless care and fond endearments that excite the infant’s perfect trust. It is the encouraging smile, the cheering words of the father, the sunshine that he sheds around him, that beget the children’s frank and confident reliance. So with piety towards God, love of him; even the Omnipotent cannot compel that. It comes of attraction, not compulsion. Civil authority may enforce ritual worship, superstitious fear command personal submission; but to reach the heart of man and call forth its affectionate responses, God must be brought near to that heart, in the universality of his perpetual presence, and the plenitude of his divine love. Man must be made to see him in all things, and his love in all;—to see him working throughout all nature, in the soul of man and through the ministry of

his inspired ones, — lawgiver, prophets, and most, his chosen Son, — to provide for the wants, to enlighten the minds, to purify the hearts, and sanctify the souls of his children, — to sustain, to encourage, to pardon, and to bless. Thus, by bringing them to a realization of the ever-present, ever-loving God, are we to call forth the early piety of the child, and lead it on to daily growth; to quicken the dormant piety of the man, however entombed in worldliness, to a life of love and service.

Such is Christian Piety, the simple, natural element, Love of God. Such are its relations to right conceptions of God, to a true Christian faith, to practical goodness. Such is the grand means for its culture, — the vivid presentation of the constant presence and paternal character of God.

Brethren, it is the custom on these occasions to say much of our special work. Suffer me to remark, in conclusion, that it is no small part of our peculiar mission to teach the in-dwelling, all-loving Father, and thus beget that natural piety, or love of God, which shall give cheerfulness to faith, and penetrate with the principles and practice of righteousness the daily life. Thus may we most effectually refute the statement, whether uttered as charge or lamentation, that Unitarianism is unfavorable to piety.

---

## ZACCHEUS IN THE SYCAMORE-TREE.

THE point of view from which we look at Christ is of less consequence than that we do see him. Some men cannot see him from the ground on which the multitude stand. They are "little of stature" in their sympathies with relig-

ious beliefs. The atmosphere of the faith and love of others does not quicken their vision. Somehow it darkens it, and provokes them to distrust, to question, and deny. Jesus may walk through the land, working miracles, fulfilling prophecy, uttering divine wisdom, breathing heavenly love, drawing the world after him; but all this is not enough. They must see Jesus in *their* way. They must have a point of view peculiar to themselves. And if they climb up and perch themselves in a position no one else would think of occupying, attracting all eyes, perhaps provoking many jeers, but from their odd post of observation do really get a glimpse of Jesus, and do receive an impression, if only from a gleam of his eye, or a grace in his motions, that here is something holy and divine beyond all other sights in the world, ought we not to remember that this impression may be of an unspeakable worth to their souls, though it may not rest on the same basis on which our faith in Christ reposes?

To affirm that all interest in Christ must be of small account which does not rest on certain defined grounds, will seem the more inconsistent, if we recollect that it may not be easy to prove that, after all, our own interest in him rests on the prescribed foundations. We talk glibly about the evidences of the divine origin of Christianity; and the question, why we believe in Christ, calls forth an answer phrased in proper logical form. But we all know that these moulds of expression are mere afterthoughts. They serve the office of verbal counters to represent the faith that had previously existed in the soul. We please ourselves with the idea that the argument begat the faith; but the process was doubtless the other way, the faith begat the argument. Whatever may have been the primitive and subtle cause of the faith, whether, as some say, a pre-existing harmony be-

tween Christianity and the spiritual nature of man, or, as others would say, a secret agency of God's Spirit in every individual case, how seldom can we tell what particular thing has wrought the most to open that faith in our consciousness! The argument from the providential transmission of the Gospel may have done but little, compared with our mother's teaching us our evening prayers. All the fulfilment of prophecies may not have equalled the atmosphere of a devout home. The whole series of Christ's miracles may not have moved us so much as sympathy with some religious friend. One gleam of the Saviour's eye may have revealed depths of divine wisdom and love to the observer in the sycamore-tree, which the scene at the grave of Lazarus might not have disclosed. If my room be filled with light from the sun, why tell me that I have no true light unless it shines through some one of a dozen open windows? Better throw all the windows open, and rejoice in the light, than stand disputing about the quarter from which it comes.

It may justly be suspected, therefore, that much of the criticism, on all sides, affirming the insufficiency each of the other's reasons for faith in Christ, has been founded on narrow views of our nature, and is unworthy of liberal-minded men. This is not the place to explore the ultimate course of this criticism, and to show how it springs from different speculations upon the foundation and trustworthiness of all human knowledge. Enough for us to see that there is one vice common to all theories on this subject. They forget how many-sided is our nature. They offer an exclusive mode of verifying our faith, when, in fact, there are almost as many modes as there are men. Following each his prevailing bent, some seek that verification in logical statements; some, in exploring historical records; some, in the sign of supernatural authority; some, in the beneficent

practical working of the truth ; some, in reverence for the good already secured ; some, in the hope of a better future to be attained ; some, in the spotlessness of the character held up for our admiration ; some, in the peace which his truth breathes into the heart ; some, in the strange beauty, above the earth, which shines forth in him ; some, in the living links of sympathy by which they are bound to believing souls everywhere ; some, in that enduring chain which runs through so many generations, and binds all believing souls to the Author and Finisher of our faith. Time and language would fail were we to attempt to name all the methods of verifying Christian truth on which an infinitely varied Christian experience has relied. If one of these modes is really trustworthy to us, why may not some other mode be equally trustworthy to another ? If he is a bigot who insists that all shall adopt his kind of faith, is he less than a bigot who insists that all shall adopt his kind of proof ?

Much which we call bigotry, as we are glad to know, admits of an explanation which partially redeems the bigot from our dislike. It is because he thinks he knows the ground on which *he* stands, and feels safe and happy there, and fears he could be neither safe nor happy anywhere else, that he would have all men come and stand there with him. But how much more just and generous the conclusion, that others know something too, and may find the ground on which they stand just as safe for their feet as that we stand on is for ours ! How much better, therefore, to set forth positively the rest and joy of our foundation, and to be done with all poor attempts to discredit the foundation of others. Or, to use the illustration to which the title of this article refers, if we call upon the dwarf in the sycamore-tree — for however great may be his intellect or his knowledge, in his

want of sympathy with the religious feelings of others, and his readiness to pour scorn upon them, his humanity is dwarfed — if we call upon him to be done with his foolish boasts that he sees Christ better because he looks over our heads, let us be done, too, with our criticism upon him because he chooses to climb up to his airy elevation.

It may further serve to abate the undue stress with which we sometimes insist that all must see Christ from our point of view, if we remember that infelicity of position may be compensated by eagerness of look. The effect of that look, also, is to be taken into account far more than any question of more or less which the look itself may embrace. From something peculiar in his nature, training, or position, a man may get but a dim vision of Christ, and even may not be quite able to make up his mind who Christ was. But suppose his little faith serves the following offices to his soul ; — it makes him look intently at Him, the Wonderful, the manifestation of the Divine in human flesh ; Christ becomes a life-long object of his study and admiration ; in him he sees the opening into a kind of life higher and holier than is anywhere else disclosed ; he feels that here is a voice to his soul from the Eternal Wisdom and Love of the universe ; he communes with it in the spirit of reverence and tenderness ; the unearthly beauty and purity of that Christ-life are not without a transforming power over his own inward being, filling it with more tender and devout affections towards God, and with fresh and keenly sensitive feelings for humanity, by both of which he is redeemed from a selfish and worldly life, and is made a worker for the reign of truth and love on earth. This minimum faith, if it does all this, is it not better than a maximum faith that does *not* do this ? — a maximum faith, which accepts some high-sounding theory of Christ, gives ready credence to claims however embarrassed by



difficulty, and then feels there is salvation in this belief, the great work is done, or what remains to be done is chiefly censure of those who disturb the peace of the Church through their not having a like capacity of assent? It is not to be forgotten that the one thing needful is not the amount of our faith, but the amount which our faith works.

We are not offering an apology for laxity of opinion. Belonging by profession, conviction, taste, and long associations, to that section of our body which puts forth the highest claim for the person and authority of Christ, we yet feel that, important and precious as certain cherished views may seem to us, we have no right to assume that these must be equally needful to others; least of all have we a right to set up any other test than that "the tree shall be known by its fruits." We see the more than human wisdom of that test, we admire the unparalleled greatness of soul it bespeaks, when we call to mind the long list of those, in all ages and from all communions, whose names have been cast out as evil for their freedom of speculation. How rarely have they been sneerers and scorers! How much easier to have been prudent and timeserving conformists! How greatly distinguished have been the most of them for a conscientiousness quite above the average standard, and for a delicacy, tenderness, and depth of feeling towards Christ, which prove that, if they have approached him in some way not easy to us, and quite peculiar to themselves, they have at least been with him and have learned of him!

For these reasons, we feel that there is no need of our being so timid and cowardly in view of free speculation, the perpetual bugbear of the Church. Here and there there will be men of peculiar stature who will climb up into trees to see Jesus. But all the world is not about to do this, and will never do it. Men in general will look at Christ in the

well-known way, standing on the common ground, coming up close to his person, walking with him through his life, listening to his heavenly words, witnessing those works of love which no man could do unless God were with him, and leaving the observer in the sycamore-tree quite alone in his isolated and breezy position.

Leaving him alone, we say; but not censuring him and condemning him. We know not what even the distant glimpse he may get, and the little faith he may have, may yet do for his soul. No doubt that multitude that thronged around Jesus jeered at the dwarf in the tree. But how did the Saviour treat him? Let us read the story, in the simple words of the Evangelist: "And when Jesus came to the place, he looked up, and saw him, and said, Zaccheus, make haste and come down, *for to-day I must abide at thy house.*" Something in that man of little stature and little faith he, who did not quench the smoking flax, saw and approved; and the record has been made to enlarge our charity.

---

## LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

BY REV. WILLIAM MOUNTFORD.

Perugia.

As the result of a series of accidents, we have been detained at this city. A mile or two below the city, on the side of a steep bridge, one of the horses of our carriage slipped and fell. The vetturino attempted to lay hold of the head of the animal, when suddenly the horse seized his hand with his mouth and mangled it. And so the poor dri-

ver has been disabled for a time, and we have been detained at a city where we had not intended to stay. But it is a very agreeable place, and the cleanest which I have seen in Italy.

Perugia became an acquisition of the Popes, much against the will of its inhabitants. And for keeping them submissive, the fortress was built, about three hundred years ago. In the court-yard was the inscription, "Erected by Paul the Third, for restraining the audacity of the Perugians." Ten years ago, when the Pope fled from his dominions, this citadel was destroyed. But now it is being rebuilt. But not improbably there are citizens of Perugia who will live to see it swept away for ever.

In this city always the people have loved liberty, and been impatient of the Papal government. And yet, among themselves, they are very peaceable; and it is said that, if two of them begin a quarrel, everybody near hastens to reconcile them. Perugia is in the midst of the Apennines, and, like every other city of its origin, it is set on a hill. Down almost every street there is a fine view. Rarely, if ever, have I seen a town surrounded by such beautiful scenery; and never have I been in a place in which, for the size of it, there are so many objects of interest.

The walls of the city stand on Etruscan foundations; and two or three of the old gateways are Etruscan also. Over one of them is the inscription, "Augusta Perusia," in the very letters which were carved by Augustus Cæsar, on his capture of the city, after it had been held against him by Lucius, the brother of his rival, Mark Antony. The streets are all up and down, and as though on mountain-tops. Sometimes they open into piazzas; and often they contract themselves into little alleys, which wind about among houses, and over little bridges, and under arches, and even into hill-sides, in a very singular manner.

Churches and convents are very numerous here; though there are not now as many priests and monks as there were before the time of the republic, ten years ago. These buildings are rich in works of art. And indeed it was in the service of the Church, and as inspired by religion, that painting made Perugia so famous. Peter of Perugia — who is more commonly known as Perugino — painted in that same spirit sublimed from the flesh in which St. Francis had lived and prayed at Assisi, on the opposite side of the valley. Raphael was the pupil of Perugino; and in his great works are faces, such as often he may have seen here transfigured and glorified by the religious enthusiasm with which once all this region was filled by the preaching and the memory of St. Francis. And then, too, at Perugia as a school of painting, what an influence must have been experienced from the surrounding scenery of the Apennines, — what suggestions of beauty must have been felt from all sides, coming from the blue hills and the snowy heights in the distance, and from the broad green spaces below, and from the valleys, up which the setting sun sends his last rays in glory, long after himself he has seemed to be gone!

By the works of Perugino and Raphael here, I have been more delighted than I think I ever was by paintings anywhere before. It is true, the finest works of Raphael are shown elsewhere. But then what pictures of his exist in this city are here as though at home, — are here among the influences by which they were inspired, and by which perhaps still, to some little degree, one may best be prepared to feel them. All this city is full of the joint influence of Perugino and St. Francis, visible though chiefly in the pictures which are to be found in churches and palaces.

I have possessed myself here of several pictures; of one

because it was old, and of another because it was not quite so old; of one because it is by Benedetto Bonfigli, and of another because it is not by him, but by his pupil; and of some others because of the feeling which is in them, so like that of a prayer uttering itself day and night without ceasing. There are two or three pictures which I have acquired here, for the favor of forwarding which to the United States I should feel myself amply repaid for a long detention in Perugia, even though I should never see them again.

Yesterday I went to see the house which was occupied by Perugino. With much difficulty I discovered it. But I did not find there the picture which was painted by the artist on the wall as a compliment to his father, — the picture of St. Christopher, his father's patron-saint: for it had been cut from the wall, and sold last year. I have learned the history of the picture. It was carried to Rome, and there the purchasers of pictures would not believe that possibly it could be a work so rare and precious as a painting by Perugino. At last by a picture-dealer it was bartered away for some common pictures, such as he could easily sell, — and thus has vanished from the knowledge of the public one of the finest works of Perugino. A great picture is to me almost like a living thing; and the vicissitudes of its history have, I think, an interest not altogether unlike the fortunes of a human creature.

Of the seven or eight galleries in this city, and of which the chief works are enumerated in Murray's Hand-book, two have been dispersed during the last week. Of the greatest work in the one, I was so fortunate as to become the possessor. And in the other gallery the paintings were all submitted to me for my choice. This was a pleasant and yet a sad privilege. For it is a painful thing to be accessory to the dispersion of a company of pictures, which have hung

side by side with one another for hundreds of years, and which have been gazed at, all that time, with wonder and delight, and perhaps with purifying and religious benefit. Pictures in a gallery, — paintings by the great masters, — on account of the feeling which is in them, I think of them almost as knowing one another, and as having some dim consciousness of places on which so long they have hung, and where through so many years they have remained still and unchanged, while so many generations of human creatures have appeared before them and vanished. Domenichino, Peter of Cortona, Guido, Titian, Tintoretto, Elisabetta Sirani, — there are works by these and some other painters, of which I have become possessed, and in regard to which I feel as though there were shame in saying that it was through money. For there are pictures, as also there are books and personal services, about which one feels that it is something akin to the sin of Simon Magus to suppose that, in the full sense of the words, they are what can be bought with gold.

But Perugia is of great interest for its antiquities, as well as for its works of art. That old gateway, which was old before Augustus inscribed his name upon it, — I never pass under it, but I think of them who passed in and out of it before the Romans had ever been heard of. Their ancient city stands on the old hills still; and still the sun sets in its ancient beauty, fronting that spot, on which once stood the temples thronged by his worshippers. And still, after many wars and several thousands of years, the walls of the city stand rooted in the rocks just as the Etruscans founded them. But the old Etruscans themselves, where are they, and what have they become in the world of souls?

Two or three days ago I made a visit to their burying-place, which was discovered in a hill-side a few years since.

I saw there two or three hundred urns, or rather stone chests. These urns are nearly all of the same shape and size. They are about three quarters of a yard in length, breadth, and height, and are indeed boxes of marble, stone, or earthenware, for holding the cinders and ashes of the dead, after the bodies had been burned. A very common device on the front of these urns is the sacrifice of Iphigenia. On a sarcophagus, in which had been deposited the unburned body of a warrior, I saw represented a migration of the Etruscans, — a procession just starting, — men, women, and children, horses, donkeys, and goats, and wagons laden with baggage. Perhaps this bass-relief may have connection with that very migration mentioned by Herodotus and Strabo, and according to whom the Etruscans were of Asiatic origin and forced to journey into Europe by a famine. But whatever was their origin, by education they became very largely Greek, as is proved by all the information which we have respecting them, and especially by the remains of their works. In the ancient burying-place, near this city, the chief discovery yet made is the tomb of the Volumnii. It is entered by a door in the side of a hill. There are seven or eight chambers in it; though only one was ever occupied. They are all hewn out of the hill; and on the walls and the roof the sculptures are all carved out of the living rock, with the exception of one, which is of marble; the urns are all of terra-cotta, white, and looking as though made yesterday. On the tops of most of them are figures of persons recumbent and leaning on one arm. And in front of one of them are two angels of just the same appearance as angels are now portrayed.

On the door of the tomb being opened, I stepped into a large, lofty room, at the opposite end of which, in a recess like a small chamber, are the urns just as they were originally

placed. Moreover, the ashes and cinders are in the urns, just as they were deposited there, on being gathered from the funeral fires, twenty-five centuries ago. From the roof hangs a small winged figure of some Genius. And carved on the roof is a Gorgon's head, most terrible in its beauty. Other sculptures in this tomb are the head of Medusa, the head of Apollo, the bust of Apollo as a shepherd, a hawk, doves, dolphins, two swords, and a great round orb, with rays like the sun. Also in several rooms, and as though protruding themselves from the wall, are serpents made of terra-cotta and with tongues of bronze. On the ash-chest which was last deposited in the tomb, the inscription is in Latin as well as in Etruscan, showing that, when last the tomb was opened, the Etruscans were yielding to the language as well as to the power of the Romans. This tomb was of the family of the Volumnii, and the last urn bears the name of P. Volumnius, whose mother was Cafatia. But there is nothing known why the tomb remained closed after his burial, and why no use was made of the six adjoining chambers. Was it that in the struggle with the Romans this family of the Etruscans became extinct? or was it that they removed to Rome after the conquest of Umbria, and when the Etruscans had begun to look to Rome as their metropolis? But of this we know nothing. All we know is, that over this tomb of the Volumnii the four seasons came and went, year after year, doing as elsewhere, and as out on the Campagna at Rome. There the old Via Latina is buried seven feet in depth, not by rubbish, but by the growth of the soil, by the flowers which have blossomed and died there year after year for centuries. Underneath the earth, which had accumulated above and in front of the tomb of the Volumnii, the door of stone was found standing just as when it was last closed. And in one of the pillars by the door were to be seen, as in-



deed they still are, and as fresh as though cut and colored in red only yesterday, the names of Arnth and Larth Velimnas. It was not without a feeling of awe that I looked on these images of the Volumnii, men and women recumbent on their coffins. "And can it be," thought I, "that you and I are here together in this room, and as though face to face, and yet that we are separated by more than twenty centuries of time?" And I was conscious of some irreverence, when I remembered that I had caused the doors of this tomb to be unclosed with only my curiosity as a motive, — doors which once the relatives of the dead had jealously guarded, and which they had unclosed from time to time with sobs and tears of bereavement.

Yesterday came running to seek me, in a state of great excitement, a person who had suddenly and almost unexpectedly discovered some Etruscan remains. Led to make an excavation by some signs which he recognized, he had found, and almost he had torn up with his naked hands, the things which he showed me. There was a leaden tablet with an Etruscan inscription round it, and with a something attached to it, patera or speculum, which some would say had been used like a great spoon, in gathering up the ashes of the dead, but which others would maintain had been simply a bronze mirror. There were also little earthen vases, and lachrymatories.

In none of the tombs of these Etruscans do I recollect having seen anything which could be regarded as significant of what their faith might have been in a hereafter. In a museum I have seen some things of this character. But in those Etruscan tombs which I entered, there was nothing which could be regarded as typical of a belief in a life after death. The sculptures which I saw were simply ornamental, and not at all doctrinal, — warriors fighting, —

the sacrifice of Iphigenia, — the sacrifice of other persons, — a fight between a man and a griffin, and a man astride of a griffin. Though indeed from the collections which have been made of antiquities in Perugia and other cities there is much to be learned as to the religion as well as the daily life of the Etruscans, and also in regard to the histories and tales which were entertained by them. In these museums exist most interesting illustrations of many a page of Homer, originating some of them with artists who may have heard the blind old poet sing. And certainly there are not a few pictures which might be scenes from the plays of Sophocles and Euripides, and which were graven on marble or painted on vases at the very time when those great poets were making the language of Greece immortal with thought and passion. Of pictures of this character there are to be seen Cadmus combating the men who sprung from the dragon's teeth, — Actæon torn in pieces by his dogs, — Œdipus learning how to solve the riddle of the Sphinx, — Paris as a shepherd successful in the public games, — Helen eloping from her home, — the death of Polites the youngest son of Priam, — and Ulysses carried past the islands of the Sirens. And along with these traditions of history are to be seen also the sports of the Etruscans, — boar-hunts, bull-fights, horse-races, and gladiatorial combats. It is in accordance with these representations, that, in a fragment of the historian Livy, it is said that King Tarquin, the Etruscan, built the first circus at Rome, and that it was ridiculous that race-horses and prize-fighters were assembled from all quarters, but especially from Etruria. Other subjects among these illustrations of Etruscan life are triumphal processions of conquerors, and also sacrifices to the gods, of a bull, on whose head the priest pours a libation, of an ass, and — sad and solemn sight! — of men whose hands are bound behind them.

But perhaps, of all these scenes of ancient life, those which are funereal are the most interesting. Figures on horseback represent departing souls. There is a sculpture of a man, who mounts a horse, his wife striving vainly to hold him back, while a grim figure stands by to guide him. On another marble a youth is riding away, while his little sister longs after him in vain. Religiously what is most characteristic of the Etruscans seems to have been their great belief in Genii, spirits good and bad, who attend on man, to warn and to mislead, to help and to hinder him, — spirits who lead human creatures away from this world, and who are their guides in the next, — spirits of vengeance armed with hammers and hooks, — and other spirits, who are angels to protect man in death and to lead him to heaven. .

In agreement with what I have myself observed, it is said that throughout Etruria, in the very oldest tombs, there is never any reference to a future life. And it is said, too, that in these tombs the pictures are not only scenes of this world, but also representations of life in its most joyful seasons. Perhaps, at the time when these old structures were ornamented, the scenes of the world to come were regarded as too sacred for the chisel and the brush of the artist.

To-day there were brought to me a scarabæus and two or three stones engraved for seals, which yesterday were found in some explorations which are now being made. The "intaglios" have for subjects the head of a man, — a man driving a chariot, — and an ostrich, the ancient emblem of Perugia. On the scarabæus is the figure of Hercules with his club. The scarabæus is a stone beetle; and for some strange reason, it was to the Etruscans, as also to the Egyptians, an emblem of the providence of God.

But Perugia is not altogether a city of the past; though indeed one main part of its present activity would to many

persons seem like a thing of far distant ages, and like opinions, movements, and costume revived in a drama and looking strange in the broad light of Galileo's sun. In this city what is most prominent and pervading, and what outwardly indeed is the most powerful, is the Church. But I have nothing just at present to say about doctrine, ritual, or polity. And of priests and monks and friars I have had only a little experience here personally ; though that little has been very agreeable.

On Sunday of last week was the Festival of the Discovery of the Cross. This discovery is said to have been made by Helena, the mother of the Emperor Constantine, some three hundred years after the death of Jesus, and during that visit to Palestine, whence she returned laden with holy relics. I descended the mountain to the Villa di Ponte Valle Ceppi, where I was told that this festival was kept with the greatest ceremony. The church was crowded with worshippers. The one or two streets of the place were full of people, and so were all the wine-shops. In the middle of the village was a pole as tall as a great mast, and well greased, for climbing which in the evening prizes were offered. There was, too, a great stage, in front of which were boards, covered with large figures. Up and down the village went a musical band, preceded by an officer, who it was said was to preside over the drawing of a lottery. I saw also and read a handbill, in which it was announced that on Sunday, the Festival of the Finding of the Holy Cross, there would be a lottery with prizes to the amount of one hundred dollars, and that it would be drawn with the same formalities and by the same officers as in the sovereign city.

The Wednesday after this festival was the eve of Ascension Day. And soon after it was dark, on almost all the points along the ridges of the Apennines there were bon-

fires made. And the peasants called aloud to one another, "Oh! oh! what is the matter to-night?" "It is the Virgin, the holy Virgin!" "And what of the blessed Virgin?" "It is because her son, the good God, is going up into heaven to-morrow!"

This month of May is dedicated to the Virgin, as indeed here so many things are, — churches, days, services, children. And from the manner in which so commonly he is represented, it is as though it were thought that, in the arms of Mary, the Almighty God was always an infant.

On Ascension Day there was a great procession through all the chief streets. And in front of all was borne a great wax figure of the Virgin, rich with jewels, and wearing a silver crown.

In the cathedral of this city it is said that the wedding-ring of the Virgin is preserved. The other day, there was brought to me a ring, which I was requested not to touch carelessly, as it had been blessed. It was very thick, and such as possibly no one could wear without great inconvenience, and even pain. This ring was offered to me for three francs. It was attached to a piece of pasteboard, on which was the following printed certificate: "I avouch and bear witness that this ring of alabaster, fixed by the accustomed seal to this testimonial, is in form exactly like the nuptial ring of the Blessed Virgin Mary, which is most religiously preserved, enclosed in a Tabernacle in the Cathedral of Perugia; and also that it has been placed in immediate contact with the same Holy Ring. D. Joannes Gobbi, Guardian of the Holy Ring."

In the cathedral is a chapel dedicated to St. Joseph. On one side of it, in great gilt letters, is to be read: "Here is kept the wedding-ring of the Blessed Virgin Mary. And he who gave it now protects his gift." And on the front it is an-

nounced: "In this place the Virgin is worshipped, associated with her husband. And here the more readily she listens to your prayers." Underneath this inscription is this notice: "Forty days of indulgence are granted to every person who shall repeat an Ave Maria in this chapel."

On the great tower of St. Peter's church — the church of the Benedictines — is carved on the gray stone this supplication: "Hail, thou Most Holy One, who hast always been a Virgin! By thy dignity as the Mother of God, thou art able to command angels and demons. Compel, therefore, the demons not to hurt His tower, and enjoin the angels to protect it. A. D. 1731."

Such inscriptions and statements as these about the Virgin are at first very singular to the traveller who was born outside the land of her worship. And still more strange do they seem to one accustomed to be jealous for the honor of the Holy Scriptures, and who has been resolute perhaps to worship only in that direction, and in that manner, for which the very words of the Bible suffice and are the best.

Last Thursday, as I was returning from an excursion outside of the walls, I noticed that there were sprigs of box strewed before the door of the little church which belongs to the neighboring convent. I entered it, and found that there was being kept there the festival of St. Colomba. On the altar, in a glass-case, were exhibited as sacred relics many things which had belonged to her, — a mantle, a chemise, a cap, a prayer-book, a saucer. In another case was what was labelled as the cranium of the Blessed Colomba. Alongside of the skull stood a bottle full of dark earthy matter. On my questioning the custodian as to what the contents of the bottle might be, he assured me that they were "*les interieures de la sainte.*"

This evening I was in the church of San Ercolano.

Towards the end of vespers I heard a great noise like that of pistols in the street. My servant is a zealous Catholic. On my going home, I asked him what the noise had been. And he said that, at the top of every street, this noise had been made by clapping boards together, because of its being Whitsun eve to-day.

"Truly," said I. "And so it is; and to-morrow is Whitsuntide."

"Yes. And a great festival in all the church."

"And will there be any procession?" I asked.

"No; no procession."

"But a great festival; and yet no procession. How is that?"

"Ah, that," said he, — "that is because it is the Festival of the Holy Spirit. And the signor knows that to the Holy Spirit there are no relics."

"Ah," said I, "Antonio, there are no relics of the Holy Spirit. That is true. And I am afraid there are no great remains of it either." Though truly what remains of it do exist are no doubt precisely the very things which are the least likely to manifest themselves to the notice of a foreigner and a traveller, — prayers made in secret, and deeds done with the right hand, and which the left does not know of.

Never perhaps as in this city have I had such a sense of the constancy of nature and the evanescence of man. By births and deaths and the wearing effects of time, the population of the city changes from day to day unceasingly. But year after year the seasons are the same; and age after age nature is the same. The men who dreaded Charun and worshipped Cupra, where are they? And where too are the Perugians who wept at the dissolution of the great Umbrian League? And where too are they who saw the first

Romans cross the Tiber, with their eyes fixed on the tops of the hills beyond? And where is the people for whom the augurs watched the heavens, in order to interpret what the lightning might mean by its course, and the birds by their flight? But the heavens are the same still ; and still do the stars come up above the mountain-tops in their ancient, unvarying order. And still from the bottom of the valley where runs the Tiber the hills slope upwards as they did when the Etruscans were strangers from the East, and were seeking some lofty site on which to trace with a plough the boundaries of a new city.

---

## HISTORICAL PERSPECTIVE AND ANALYSIS.

OUR idea of what constitutes antiquity is relative. Surrounded by institutions and structures, hardly any of which are a hundred and fifty years old, most of us think that the days of the Pilgrim fathers date back to a distant and venerable past. But we remember that, when we saw in Europe many monuments hoary with a thousand years, the sailing of the Mayflower seemed almost an event of yesterday.

We have recently had another experience of an analogous kind.

In the study of Ecclesiastical History we too often begin with the age which witnessed the advent of Christ. It is true, that those who have paid attention to Old Testament and general history, and to classical studies, have some knowledge of the ages preceding ; but for the most part it is very superficial. As theologians our minute acquaintance



with antiquity ordinarily begins with the above-named event. The contemporary learning, philosophy, arts, customs, we try to study carefully; and, starting from that point, we follow the stream of Christian thought and life down to our times. The consequence is, of course, that the birth of Christ appears very distant. It seems to stand almost at the beginning of veritable history; nearly all beyond is fabulous; perhaps that event itself is more or less darkened by the shadows of the dim and hoary past against which it is thrown.

Suppose now we become familiar with an age a thousand years before the birth of Christ; suppose we see, in our mind's eye, the men that lived then, understand their thoughts, philosophy, religion, perceive how these colored the ideas, and moulded the customs, of all after times. What would be the result? The advent of Christ would seem comparatively modern. This is one thing. Another consequence of still greater importance would be, that we could far better comprehend what was original with the Teacher sent from heaven, and could distinguish more accurately between what he dropped into the stream of time, and what had floated down from earlier days.

We have lately been carefully reading the history of the Apostolic Church with a converted Brahmin, who gives us glimpses of the traditions, philosophy, religion, literature, which date back more than three thousand years, and which, constituting in many features the elements of the Persian, Babylonian, and Egyptian, as well as Indian civilization, formed the great Oriental stream into which Jesus cast the truth he brought from heaven. In the foreground of this immense past, the life of Christ seems to be brought into modern history. But the other result to which we have referred is of far deeper significance. Customs, phrases, modes of thought,

opinions, which are generally believed to have had their origin in the time of Christ, because at that point so many first become acquainted with them, we see had long existed in the world, and were then traditions a thousand years old, amid which Jesus scattered the truths which are peculiar to the Gospel ; so that to know what the Gospel really is, we must revise our methods of study, — we must ascend the stream of time to a much earlier point, and look to a profounder knowledge of the ancient Oriental mind to help us disentangle what is peculiar to the Gospel from the traditions of the age in which the Gospel was given.

Of course, all scholars have long known this. What we mean to say is, we have lately felt the force of it as we never felt it before. "Soldiers, three thousand years look down upon you from the Pyramids." But in our case the three thousand years seemed to have an eye and a voice. We need not say, that at every step the relation between teacher and taught was reversed, and we have received explanations and impressions for which we are grateful. Two convictions have stood out so prominently in our minds that we must name them.

1. That few of us, after all, understand the simplicity of the Gospel. As Unitarian Christians, we have contended that the doctrines of the Trinity, of the Devil, of demoniacal possession, and of sacrifices do not belong to the Gospel ; that they were the traditions of the Gospel times. We believe we are right in this ; we have no doubt that the world's scholarship will one day make this plain to all. It will prove that a turbid stream of heathenism, gathering force for a thousand preceding years, discolored the current of Christian thought for nearly two thousand years afterwards, fulfilling the words of Jesus, "The kingdom of God suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." We

are willing to admit that there was something providential in this early alliance with error, if it will be admitted also that there is something providential in modern attempts to dissolve that alliance.

But beyond this we think it evident that even we Unitarians have not attained to true conceptions of the wonderful simplicity of the Gospel. After all, we frame our ideas of it more by what we see that other people around us believe, than from original investigation. This is the usual condition under which inquiry is carried on, and hence so long a transmission of early corruptions. It is the duty of the theologian to emancipate himself from this limitation. There are periods when unaccountable fears seem to take possession of even scholarly minds; and just now how many are the signs of timidity, cowardice, a willingness to look back, and almost to go back, to the creeds that have once been renounced? How much need we have of the courage of a former generation of liberal divines? It is said the second generation of new colonists to a savage land are in danger of sinking down into the barbarism around them, for they want the moral force of their fathers, which usually does not fully reappear till the third or fourth generation. May something like this be predicated of the second generation of those who colonize new regions of truth? We want the bravery and strength which come from a faith which knows what it affirms,—knows it by its own independent and profound research. It would be an unspeakable blessing to have inspired among our students of theology a zeal for learning those ancient languages in which are embalmed the philosophy and religion into which the seeds of the Gospel were dropped. What if an upheaving of that primitive formation should disturb many of our cherished notions as to what is original with Christianity? What if the Gospel should be reduced

to a simplicity which to some may seem "foolishness," and to others may be "a stumbling-block"? Is it for us to decide what the elements are that shall make it "the wisdom of God and the power of God to salvation"?

2. The second impression made on our mind is, that in that fuller comprehension of ancient systems of philosophy and religion to which we may hope the world will some time attain, generation after generation will seem to be drawing nearer and nearer to the age of Christ, instead of becoming more and more removed from it. Christ himself rises in history, not as a mountain *from* which we are travelling, and which therefore becomes smaller with every retreating step, but rather, through our better knowledge of the Gospel times and their antecedents that moulded them, he rises as a towering eminence *to* which we are travelling, the height and majesty of which seem greater with every advancing step. He is not to fade away with the world's onward pace, but will be seen more clearly as a rock in the weary desert, — the rock of ages, under whose shadow the world will more and more gladly rest. But the condition of this is, that he be seen in the pure atmosphere of truth, not through those mists and fogs which envelop him with the unreal, mythical air in which we get glimpses of the heroes of fabulous times.

---

## AN UNFORESEEN INCONVENIENCE.

At the late Autumnal Convention in Salem it was remarked by one of the speakers, that perhaps it might be well to let the Unitarian Association expire. It never has had, said he, a large measure of the confidence and support

of the denomination, and rather than keep a struggling and starving life, perhaps it had better die. To tell the truth, we thought the remark was ill-considered, but it has set us thinking, and we immediately foresaw one consequence of a somewhat alarming nature.

Among the papers of Dean Swift the reader will find one entitled "An Argument to prove that the Abolishing of Christianity in England may, as Things now stand, be attended with some Inconveniences." Writing when the wits of the age were everywhere levelling their shafts against the Gospel, whose institutions they regarded as utterly decrepit and worn out, the witty Dean for the nonce entered into their view of the subject, only quietly suggesting that there would be one "inconvenience" which probably had not been thought of. It must be remembered, said he, in that grave way in which he so often opened his drollery, that man is a fault-finding animal, and unless we allow him some subject on which it is lawful to exercise this propensity, he might turn his censure against more important things, such as the government and rulers. Now Christianity, by giving us the institution of priests, supplies the precise object we need. There is a convenient object of censure set up in every parish, since it is well known that with the parson every one is at full liberty to find just as much fault as he pleases.

The hint thus supplied leads us to ask the gentleman above referred to, if he has reflected upon all the consequences of the dissolution of the American Unitarian Association? If each parish needs a convenient object to find fault with, *a fortiori* does not each denomination need something of the same sort? Only consider how much of the fault-finding of a whole sect naturally centres upon that institution; and then let it be asked, Against what more

important things might this propensity be exercised were the Association out of the way?

We have almost held our breath while we have contemplated a few "inconvenient" consequences, some of which we will name.

First of all, see to what great extent the Association is a conductor, simple, convenient, always at hand, wherewith to draw off those fault-finding powers which, though latent, are everywhere diffused, and are strong enough in a single drop in the ocean of society to blow up our most precious interests. In this age of perfect freedom, does some young preacher vent a shocking heresy? It is astonishing the Association will send out such men. Does another, warned by the example of his companion, venture to utter nothing but platitudes? Why does not the Association exclude all but young men of talents from entering the ministry? Do our parishes find it difficult to get any preachers at all? What is an Association good for, if it does not induce a larger number of young men to study for the sacred profession? Do a few families in a town where there is nothing but orthodox preaching become disaffected towards their minister? The Association is criminally derelict if it does not eagerly seize hold of such an opportunity to start a Unitarian parish. Does an attempt made under these circumstances prove a failure? It is just what might have been expected; when will the Association act with any deliberate judgment? In an age of almost unbounded devotion to outward prosperity, has there been a loss of interest in the controversies which, thirty years ago, shook the whole community, from one end to the other? Why does not the Association keep these great theological themes perpetually burning and blazing before the public mind? At a time when no denomination in the land is making any con-

quests, is the increase of Unitarian societies only about half a dozen a year? What a slow coach is that old foggy Association, which cannot show any better results than these? Do men always change their religious opinions slowly, and manifest here a conservatism greater than is seen in any other department of thought? What of this? With our free and noble ideas, could we not bring about a *coup d'état* in the religious world, if only we had an Association that was up to the needs of the times? Is the progress towards liberal ideas made chiefly among those nominally connected with orthodox sects, who, though forsaking narrow ideas, choose to retain their denominational position? Why does not the Association rally such men around its standard, and drill them, in close columns and lock step, for a grand theological battle? Has the principle of individualism been so successfully carried out in our body, that most of the members of our parishes think it an infringement of their liberty to work together with any body. Why does not the Association take in hand these stubborn and independent wills, and mould them together in one mass?

There are a great many other interesting point like these, which might be brought to view. See how it was at that Salem Convention to which we have alluded. One gentleman thought it was the proper business of the Association to enlist under its banner all "the religious geniuses of the age." To be sure, this is a somewhat comprehensive work, and may be easier said than done. But no doubt, hereafter, in the minds of the friends of that gentleman, the Association will prove a failure if it does not hunt up and combine "all the religious geniuses of the age." Another gentleman thought that we must have an authorized statement of our religious belief, and that an attempt to carry on a denomination without one is impracticable. Some agree

with that gentleman, and some do not. Of course the former will hold the Association at fault if a creed be not furnished, as the latter will denounce it if it be. You see how comfortably it is seated between the horns of the dilemma.

Let it not be imagined that these things are referred to by way of complaint. Not at all. Our object is simply to show the unspeakable importance of having some object on which all our fault-finding propensities may be harmlessly exercised. For this purpose the Association is a most admirable contrivance. We cannot do without it. The eight or ten thousand dollars it requires annually are not to be thought of a moment. Breakwaters are always expensive, but what if a quiet anchorage can be procured by no other mode? Who knows what would be safe were this out of the way? Suppose the right and left party should fall afoul of each other, instead of agreeing to fall afoul of the Association? To what can we more conveniently ascribe all our failures, short-comings, and general want of success? Have we considered whether the Cambridge Divinity School would be safe, whether the venerable Christian Register could "go on," whether the very name Unitarian might not be expunged? We will not dwell on such awful consequences, but will only add, that the advice to let the American Unitarian Association die for the sake of getting rid of the ill-starred associations connected with it, seems very much like the scheme of burning up the barn to destroy the rats.

In the "Vacation Rambles," by the late Sergeant Talfourd, he humorously describes his unsuccessful attempt to reach the summit of Mont Blanc. He says every man is endowed with some peculiar aptitude, so great is the bounty of nature; and that in climbing the mountain there was revealed to him a genius for doing a certain thing, of which capacity he was before unconscious. He was great at stopping; in-



deed, he excelled the whole party, not one of whom approached him in this gift. We almost hesitate to make the use of this illustration which we had in our mind. It is no light thing, we know, to allude in any way to such a body as the Executive Committee of the American Unitarian Association. If we did not share in the respect that is felt for their monthly labors, we should not be using these columns. It has seemed to us as if they had been chosen with reference to their *passive* virtues. Not that they fail to do all that they can. Their doings are limited only by their means. If we place more funds in their hands, they will vigorously enter upon wider undertakings. But what they *do* is but little compared with what they *bear*. Conscious that they are put forward as objects against which all the querulous billows of the denomination may harmlessly break, how serenely they sustain their part! Conductors of influences which might shiver in ruins our tallest and costliest structures, how safely they avert the danger! We cannot but hope that this glance at some of the "inconvenient" consequences that might follow from a withdrawal from their sphere of endurance, may rally to them a more cheerful and adequate support.

---

## HOURS WITH THE OLD CHURCH LEGENDS.

### No. I.

PRIOR to the art of printing, what supplied the place of that inexhaustible source of instruction and pleasure afforded to us by books, and especially by narratives which reach the heart through the imagination? Nothing was then

known of like worth with our books. Let us thank God for them. Strike out from the world the enjoyment they give, not to the young alone, but to the aged as well, to the large class of valetudinarians, to the thousands of all occupations who love to snatch an hour or two, in long winter evenings if they cannot find that time in the day, for a journey to dream-land, and you have taken away one of the cheapest and most universally accessible, and one of the sweetest blessings of life.

We all know this. But it is not so well known what took the place of books before the art of printing was invented. Did not men then exercise their imagination? Did they not love to contemplate ideal scenes? Were not many beautiful and holy lessons taught under the veil of fiction? No one can doubt how these questions should be answered. It was the age of story-telling. The monasteries were the only places that cultivated letters, and the monks became the chief story-tellers. As they walked in their cloisters, or partook of their simple meals in their refectories, they entertained one another by tales of the old saints. In these, fiction and fact were curiously blended. Probably no one cared to distinguish between them. Enough that the tale pleased the fancy and mended the heart.

Many of these old legends have come down to the present day. We have been making a collection of them. They have so deeply interested us, that we propose to present a selection in successive numbers of the Journal. Before giving the one we have chosen for our readers at this time, we wish to offer a few words upon the sources of our information, and the circumstances that give interest to these ancient tales.

There is a collection of them called "Aurea Legenda," — the Golden Legends. We have seen a copy in Harvard

College Library, and the poet Longfellow, in several of his beautiful versifications, shows his intimate acquaintance with the book. Alban Butler's "Lives of the Saints," interminably long and dreary as the work in general is, gives us every now and then a beautiful legend, fully repaying us for pages of dry details. "Gesta Romanorum" is the title of a collection of ancient moral tales told by the monks of the Middle Ages, though these are for the most part more extended and elaborate stories than those generally embraced under the name of legends. Mrs. Jameson's beautiful volumes, "The Poetry of Sacred and Legendary Art," and the "Legends of the Monastic Orders," constitute, on the whole, the best storehouses, to which we have had access, of these curious literary remains. From these and other sources we have culled between twenty and thirty legends, which may be new to many of our readers.

One of the circumstances which invests them with a peculiar interest is their great antiquity. Repeated, as we have said, in the refectories of the Middle Ages, many of them were gathered from the writings of St. Ambrose, St. Jerome, St. Gregory, who flourished in the fourth century of the Christian era, and who at that time referred to them as traditions of some earlier generation. The freshness of the morning is upon them. They have been admired by more than forty generations. What an office they have filled in thus ministering to the delight, and nourishing the faith and piety, of so many millions!

These legends often afforded subjects for sacred art. This fact imparts to them a peculiar interest. When the arts of painting and statuary revived, and their services were demanded to adorn the cathedrals and chapels of the Middle Ages, these legends were reproduced on canvas and in marble. "We cannot look round a picture-gallery," says Mrs.

Jameson, "we cannot turn over a portfolio of prints after the old masters, without perceiving how many of the most celebrated productions of art represent incidents and characters taken from the once popular legends of the Church." Hence an acquaintance with these stories will oftentimes give an ability, which every well-informed person would possess, to explain objects of art. A certain beautiful picture, in shaded porcelain, is often suspended at a window, or used as a screen. It represents a gigantic man wrapped up in his cloak, with a lantern in his hand, and a hood over his head. He is apparently looking for a child that stands on the bank of a stream. What a new meaning and beauty will that picture possess, when it is known that it is intended as an illustration of the fascinating legend of St. Christopher !

Then, again, what a human, if not a loving interest, do these legends shed over the times to which they relate ! Those ages were not wholly given up to rudeness and barbarity. Gleams of a lofty faith, of a brave and heroic, a sure and certain hope, light up those far-off days. The two truths which these old stories most delight to illustrate draw our hearts to those who held fast to them, — the power of the will over suffering, and the power of goodness over evil.

We have been struck, too, with the broad and generous theology which underlies these legends. In this aspect we believe they are worthy of a profounder study than they have received. The theology of the people, of the common heart of humanity, may be here seen. The schemes of doctrines drawn up in the Middle Ages probably had much to say about the Pope and the Church, the Sacraments and Transubstantiation. But these old legends have nothing to say about them. They give views of God, of Christ, of man, of duty, of human life and destiny, which are winning and genial, not on the side of dogma, but of natural senti-

ments, proving that good men then loved just such a religion as we love now. The literature of the common people is always a mirror of the most humane and generous religion of the times. A writer a thousand years hence will not look to volumes of divinity, and controversial sermons about Trinity, Depravity, Atonement, and disputes between Unitarian and Trinitarian, between Old School and New School, to find what religion the great heart of humanity now loves. He will find it in the popular hymns and religious tales of our day. These present religion in the broad and generous light in which we love to regard it, and one is surprised to see that it is presented in very much the same light in these old Church legends.

Some persons may doubt the propriety of placing in the hands of young readers the stories of alleged miracles by monks, saints, and relics, fearing that the tendency may be to encourage superstition, and countenance the pretensions of the Roman Catholic Church. It is not believed, however, that with us any young readers are in much danger from credulity. In our wide-awake, utilitarian age, we are all quick enough to discriminate between the probable and improbable. Our great danger is from scepticism; and stories which have a fascinating power over the imagination and affections may exert no unimportant influence in counteracting the dry, matter-of-fact, sensual tendencies of our times.

As to countenancing the pretensions of the Romish Church, it is to be said that we honor our Protestantism but little if we suppose it can be shaken by fables. The character of that Church is understood by us all. He, however, is an enemy to a good cause who defends it by sweeping assertions, which will be sure to create a reaction in the end. The Roman Catholic Church has had true saints, men filled with the

spirit of Jesus Christ, who have honored their age and their race ; and a communion with sweet, gentle, and holy lessons, breathed by their piety and faith, may have a tendency to soften prejudices on our part, which are in danger sometimes of becoming too embittered.

With this introduction, we present to our readers, as our selection for this number of the Journal, a legend from St. Jerome. It carries our minds back to the hermits of the Thebaid. What a beautiful lesson it teaches, — that simple, unconscious goodness to a suffering human being is more pleasing to God than all the pretensions and professions and strivings of the most fashionable sainthood of the times ! Does it seem incredible that such a lesson should be taught in the age of St. Jerome ? It is quite as incredible that it should be universally believed to-day. In no age would literal, strict-construction orthodoxy like the following story. Fifteen centuries ago it was probably regarded as playing into the hands of the rationalists and anti-supernaturalists of that day. Still, with many in all ages the instincts of the heart are deeper and mightier than all our imposed structures of theology. The following is the legend : —

#### THE HERMIT AND THE MINSTREL.

A CERTAIN holy anchorite had passed a long life in a cave of the Thebaid, remote from all communion with men ; and eschewing, as he would the gates of hell, even the very presence of a woman ; and he fasted and prayed, and performed many and severe penances ; and his whole thought was how he should make himself of account in the sight of God, that he might enter into his paradise.

And having lived this life for threescore and ten years, he was puffed up with the notion of his own great virtue and sanctity ; and, like to St. Anthony, he besought the Lord to show him what saint

he should emulate as greater than himself, thinking, perhaps, in his heart, that the Lord would answer that none was greater or holier. And the same night the angel of the Lord appeared to him, and said, "If thou wouldst excel all others in virtue and sanctity, thou must strive to be like a certain minstrel who goes begging and singing from door to door."

And the holy man was in great astonishment, and he arose and took his staff and ran forth in search of this minstrel; and when he had found him, he questioned him earnestly, saying, "Tell me, I pray thee, my brother, what good works thou hast performed in thy lifetime, and by what prayers and penances thou hast made thyself acceptable to God?"

And the man, greatly wondering and ashamed to be so questioned, hung down his head as he replied, "I beseech thee, holy father, mock me not! I have performed no good works, and as to praying, alas! sinner that I am, I am not worthy to pray. I do nothing but go about from door to door, amusing the people with my viol and my flute."

And the holy man insisted, and said, "Nay, but peradventure in the midst of this thy evil life thou hast done some good works?" And the minstrel replied, "I know nothing good that I have done." And the hermit, wondering more and more, said, "How hast thou become a beggar? hast thou spent thy substance in riotous living, like most others of thy calling?" And the man, answering, said, "Nay, but there was a poor woman whom I found running hither and thither in distraction, for her husband and children had been sold into slavery to pay a debt. And the woman being very fair, certain sons of Belial pursued after her; so I took her home to my hut and protected her from them, and I gave her all I possessed to redeem her family, and conducted her in safety to the city, where she was reunited to her husband and children. But what of that, my father; is there a man who would not have done the same?"

And the hermit, hearing the minstrel speak these words, wept bitterly, saying, "For my part, I have not done so much good in all my life; and yet they call me a man of God, and thou art only a poor minstrel!" — *From Mrs. Jameson's Commonplace Book.*

## THE FINANCIAL POSITION OF THE ASSOCIATION.

THE Quarterly Journal of last July published the Annual Report of the Executive Committee, in which it is stated that the Board finds itself in debt, and that some measures of relief should be adopted. The succeeding number of the Journal—that for October—informed its readers that a Circular would be sent out to all our societies, presenting a full account of our finances, and soliciting contributions in our behalf. Some account of the steps that have since been taken, and of the results developed, will now be given.

A Circular was prepared, and was signed by all the members of the Committee. It was thought best that the necessity and hopes of this measure should be fully explained at the Autumnal Convention in Salem, as such explanations would then reach a large number of our ministers, and, through the reports of the papers, would be known to the whole denomination. Accordingly, the President and one of the Vice-Presidents of the Association entered into minute statements of our condition. The Secretary was directed to send out the Circular soon after this meeting, and to enclose a written note, especially to all societies that have not contributed annually, giving a brief statement of the sums received from each during the last twenty years, and bespeaking a regular annual action in our behalf. This was done in the latter part of October. Two hundred and fifty Circulars and notes were mailed.

In order that all may understand our situation more fully, we here publish the Circular. It was as follows:—

“The undersigned, the Executive Committee of the American Unitarian Association, take this opportunity to submit to you the following statement.



## 164 THE FINANCIAL POSITION OF THE ASSOCIATION.

“Immediately after the appointment of the present Board, its first attention was given to a thorough examination of the financial condition of the Association. It was found that, on the first of June last, it was embarrassed by a debt of \$7,727.64. This was the amount of unsettled bills, chiefly for printing and paper, for which the ordinary receipts of the Association would have been sufficient, but for two unlooked-for events, — first, the cost of the Kansas church, unexpectedly great in consequence of the troubles in that Territory; and, second, the falling off of contributions and sales during the late paralysis of business.

“The present and prospective resources of the Association, at the above-named time, represented a property valued at \$36,405.13. Only a part of this, however, yields immediate revenue, as far the larger portion is in stereotype plates, books, and bequests, not now productive to the Association.

“To sustain the Association as at present conducted, that is to say, to meet the expenses incurred for the Kansas Mission, the India Mission, the publication of the ‘Quarterly Journal,’ and for salary, clerk-hire, and rent, the annual sum of \$10,000 is required. This does not include what may be wanted for the publication of new books, one of which (the Commentary, long in preparation, and partly paid for) we wish to put to press; nor does it include appropriations to new and feeble societies, or anything for the young East Indian convert, now in this country, the support and education of whom the Executive Committee have assumed.

“The expenses of the Association have been subjected to a careful revision, with a view to the greatest economy. The salary of the Secretary is the same as has been for many years paid for the services of his office; the rent is but two hundred dollars more than was long paid for far inferior accommodations; the clerk renders services which, on the whole, can in no other way be more advantageously obtained.

“Adding the annual expenditures to the amount of debt, we have the sum of \$17,727.64 which ought to be raised this year, against \$9,402.47 received the year before.

“It is obvious, therefore, that, if the denomination wish to

have this, the oldest and almost the only general organization in the body, sustained, it must be by efforts both more general and more vigorous than those hitherto put forth. If we did not believe its operations to be worthy of your patronage, we would not consent to bear the office which we hold. Its influences, by periodical, books, missions, and occasional help here and there bestowed, are manifold in number, and are widely distributed; nor, perhaps, has there ever been a time in its whole history when it could have a larger measure of success. The last Anniversary may be regarded as an expression of a reviving interest in its behalf; nor is it doubted that its prosperity will be contemplated with great satisfaction, and that the cessation or curtailment of its good offices would be deplored.

“ Under these circumstances, the undersigned cannot but express an urgent hope that a general contribution or subscription in its behalf may be at once made. We do not wish to interfere with the plans of those Societies which have a fixed season of the year for raising their aid. It is expected that they will renew their action when the accustomed time returns. But there are parishes which have not for several years contributed assistance, as also there are others which furnish such assistance at variable seasons of the year. We would respectfully ask, if, in all those Societies, something cannot be done to aid the Association, either by a subscription or contribution, set on foot soon after the reception of this circular? May we not confidently look to you to propose and carry through, in your parish, some measure of relief within the next four or five weeks?

“ We make this appeal under an imperious necessity. In our opinion, the honor and good name of the denomination, and the very existence of the Association, depend on the vigor of the efforts which are now made to relieve it from the pressure of its immediate liabilities. We earnestly desire that you would spare no effort, either of public appeal or of private conversation, to assist us in the present emergency. May we not have a cheering response from every Society, even the smallest contributing according to its means?

“ In order to save all possible expense, the District Agency is

for the present suspended ; but the Secretary of the Association will, as far as is in his power, speak in all pulpits, where his presence may be desired, any time during the year. As it is not possible, however, that he can yearly address more than a small portion of our Societies, it is hoped that each pastor will present the subject to his own people, that there may be a general, earnest, and simultaneous co-operation.

“ That he may obtain an expression of your feelings, the Secretary is directed to open a correspondence with you. We commend this whole subject to your immediate consideration, in the earnest hope that no one will withhold such influence as he can now give in behalf of a pure and generous faith.

“ We remain your brethren sincerely,

E. B. HALL,

R. P. STEBBINS,

H. B. ROGERS,

F. H. HEDGE,

C. W. CLARK,

W. R. ALGER,

C. H. BRIGHAM,

CALVIN LINCOLN,

E. P. WHIPPLE,

HENRY A. MILES,

*Et. Com. A. U. A.*”

We are now writing only five weeks after the Circular was mailed. It will be observed that it did not ask for a response from those parishes that have a fixed season for raising an annual contribution, because it did not propose to interfere with their established plans, and preferred that they should renew their action when their accustomed time returns. With a large number of our societies, this time recurs in the spring of the year, especially in the months of March, April, and May. From societies of this description no answers are expected till the return of these months, when it is hoped that the facts set forth in the Circular will plead for a contribution larger than that hitherto given.

There is another class of societies from which no answers were relied upon, though, as we had no knowledge of their present ability and disposition, the Circular was sent to them. It embraces not only a number that have recently

been gathered, and others that are struggling into life and strength, and feel so straitened to sustain themselves that they decline giving in charity to others, but some of another description fall under this list; indeed, it includes some of our largest and wealthiest parishes, that have never been in sympathy with the Association;—some, because they have taken a position independent of all denominational names; others, because they are jealous of associated action; others still, because they find scope for their charitable and philanthropic activity in enterprises which they themselves originate and support, such as ministries-at-large, schools, &c. Full one hundred of our societies belong to the class described in this paragraph, though much the larger portion are the new and feeble societies we have referred to.

Much misapprehension exists in regard to the extent in which the denomination, for the past thirty years, has supported the Association. How many societies have contributed each year? We have taken pains to look back to the Treasurer's books, in order to prepare a tabular account. It would take up too much space to present it entire; we can more briefly indicate the general results.

At the formation of the Association in 1825 only *four* societies co-operated together to sustain it. The number annually increased in the following order, — 14, 12, 20, 27, 62, — till in 1840 there were 80 contributing societies, the average for the preceding ten years being 46. From 1840 to 1850 the average was 80. Since then, the largest number reached is 106, in 1856, the year of the plan of District Agency, — the best plan, we think, that has been tried. In the hard year of 1857 there were returns from only 67 societies. In 1858, up to the time of writing this, we had returns from 97 societies, which will probably be increased to 108 by the close of the year.

If it be asked why *all* parishes that are able and willing to sustain the Association do not contribute every year without fail, we can easily report the reasons which are given to us, for we have heard them so often that we have acquired a remarkable fluency in the repetition. Some societies are without a settled minister, some are building a vestry, some are procuring an organ, some are extinguishing a debt, some are repairing their church, some think too much has been done for Kansas, some doubt about the extent of Mr. Dall's usefulness, some feel that our feeble societies are neglected, some say that feeble societies should be left to take care of themselves. Of course, some of these reasons are oftentimes valid and sufficient, and all of them, in a body so jealous of its independence as ours, have to be very tenderly treated. And thus, in short, the sum of the matter is nearly as follows: — Of 250 Unitarian societies, 100 through poverty or disinclination have never contributed anything for the support of the Association; and of the remainder, a variable number, from forty to fifty, feel that they have reasons for only occasional contributions, thus leaving that body to rely upon the co-operation of only 100 or 110 societies.

It is certain, we think, that it may look with confidence to this number of parishes for support. The responses to the Circular have, on the whole, encouraged us. Within the five weeks since it was sent out, twenty-one societies have responded to it by immediate contributions. The amount has in many cases been larger than the sums before given. In addition, we have had letters from about sixty ministers and societies, expressing their interest in the present operations of the Association, and their determination to contribute annually to its support. Beside these, there are about thirty parishes from which we have not now heard,

but which never permit a year to pass by without a contribution. No cause whatever, either absence of a pastor, or rebuilding a church, or criticism upon the action of the Committee, ever alienates their co-operation.

In this connection we would gratefully allude to several gifts we have lately received from laymen to whom the Circular was sent. Privately, through the post-office, sums of fifty and one hundred dollars have been sent to us, revealing an interest in the diffusion of sound religious principles, on the part of prominent laymen in our body, which it has been most encouraging to see. We hope we may have other favors of a like kind to acknowledge hereafter.

In regard to the *amount* that is likely to be annually contributed by our parishes, we think the recent contributions enable us to form some opinion. This amount, added to other sources of income, such as life-memberships, interest on permanent funds, sale of books, and subscriptions to the Quarterly Journal, will average, judging from the receipts now coming in, about nine thousand dollars. This makes no provision for the extinguishment of our debt, and does not enable us to continue our missions on their present scale of expense. Unless our societies contribute more liberally, we shall be obliged to curtail our operations. The cost of carrying on the Association will be reduced as soon as justice to all parties will admit.

We must beg pardon of our readers for giving so much space to these small details. We are mortified and ashamed when we contrast the wealth of our denomination with the petty operations of this its chief organization. It is but simple justice to say, that the liberality of Unitarians flows in a thousand other channels, — for institutes, hospitals, colleges, ministries to the poor, — for a hundred charitable and philanthropic objects to which no sectarian zeal can be

brought to minister. Of course we need not say that we honor a liberality so much broader and more comprehensive than that which most other denominations exhibit, whose contributions usually flow only in the one channel of sectarian activity. Still to Unitarians the words may be applied, "This ye ought to have done, and not to leave the other undone." For our distinctive religious faith, free but earnest, catholic but positive, set forth in the glowing words of Channing, Ware, Greenwood, Peabody, we ought to be more zealous; and we thank God that there are signs of increasing activity for its diffusion.

---

### MINISTERS AND SOCIETIES IN 1859.

IN consequence of diminished resources, the Executive Committee of the American Unitarian Association voted to omit the publication of the Year-Book for 1859. It is with many regrets that we temporarily suspend the little annual which has been issued for eight successive years. We hope that, during the next twelvemonth, the financial condition of the Association will be so much improved that we may resume the series in 1860. Meanwhile, it has been thought that the most useful portion of the Year-Book may with propriety be published in this number of the Journal; and accordingly we present a corrected list of ministers and societies.

In the preparation of the following names we have had but one rule for our guide, — *to insert those ministers and societies that are usually called Unitarian.* Nothing can be more unfounded than the impression entertained in some

quarters, that we express an opinion of the supposed soundness or unsoundness of faith of such as are admitted or excluded. We disclaim the presumption this implies. From the first publication of the Year-Book, there has been no action of the Committee, or of any members of the Committee, to procure the insertion or omission of any names. The whole matter has been left in the hands of the Secretary, with the understanding that he shall take the common opinion of the community for his guide, as it is our only purpose to present, for general convenience, the usually admitted facts in the case. No idea of censure or approval has ever on our part been entertained. All names of ministers and parishes are inserted, we repeat, that are generally called Unitarian. If some are omitted which may seem to belong properly to the list, it is because the name "Unitarian" is either disclaimed, or is not usually bestowed. On the other hand, no identity of opinion is implied among those whose names are given. It is well known that, in a body which so generally encourages freedom of inquiry and an individual faith, there is a large variety of shades of belief, *and no one is responsible for others*. We will add, that it is our purpose to include the names only of *ordained* ministers.

## LIST OF MINISTERS, WITH THEIR RESIDENCES.

Those marked \* are not settled.

Ministers.	Residence.	When settled.
*Abbot, Abiel, D.D.	West Cambridge.	
*Abbot, Ephraim,	Westford.	
Adams, Edwin G.,	Templeton,	1847
Alger, Horatio,	Marlborough,	1845
Alger, William R.,	Boston, Bulfinch Street,	1855
Allen, Joseph, D.D.	Northborough,	1816
*Allen, Joseph H.,	Jamaica Plain, Roxbury.	
*Allen, T. Prentiss,	New Bedford.	
*Angier, Joseph,	Milton.	
Ayer, Adams,	Charlestown, N. H.	1855



Babbidge, Charles,	Pepperell,	1833
Babcock, William G.,	South Natick,	1857
*Bailey, Luther,	Medway.	
Bailey, Ira,	West Bridgewater,	1858
Ball, George S.,	Upton,	1857
Barber, Stillman,	Mendon,	1856
Barker, Edward,	Dover,	1858
Barker, Stephen,	Leominster,	1857
Barnard, Charles F.,	Boston, Warren St. Chapel,	1834
Barrett, Fiske,	Scituate,	1852
Barrett, Samuel, D.D.	Boston, 12th Cong. Soc.,	1825
*Barry, William,	Chicago, Ill.	
Bartlett, George W.	Augusta, Me.	1858
Bartol, Cyrus A.,	Boston, West Church,	1837
Bartol, George M.,	Lancaster,	1847
Bates, Reuben,	Stow,	1846
Bellows, Henry W., D.D.	New York, N. Y.	1839
*Betch, Peter,	Richmond, Ohio.	
Bicknell, W. M.,	Pembroke,	1857
Bigelow, Andrew, D.D.	Boston. At Large.	
Billings, Liberty,	Quincy, Ill.	1855
Bolles, E. C.,	New Orleans,	1856
*Bond, Henry F.,	Madison, Wis.	
Bowen, Charles J.,	Baltimore, Md.	1858
Bradford, Claudius,	Montague,	1853
Bradford, George,	Watertown,	1856
*Bradlee, Caleb Davis,	North Cambridge.	
Bridge, Asarelah M.,	Hampton Falls, N. H.	1851
Bridge, William F.,	Dublin, N. H.	1855
*Briggs, Charles,	Roxbury.	
Briggs, George W., D.D.	Salem,	1853
Brigham, Charles H.,	Taunton,	1844
*Brooks, Charles,	Medford.	
Brooks, Charles T.,	Newport, R. I.	1837
*Brown, Addison,	Brattleboro, Vt.	
*Brown, John S.,	Lawrence, Kansas.	
Brown, Thomas W.,	Brewster,	1858
Buckingham, Edgar,	Troy, N. Y.	1852
*Buckingham, John A.,	Jamaica Plain, Roxbury.	
Bulfinch, Stephen G.,	Dorchester,	1852
Burnap, George W., D.D.	Baltimore, Md.	1828
Burr, Rushton D.,	Brookfield,	1858
*Burton, Warren,	Cambridge.	
Bush, Solon W.,	Medfield,	1858
Caldwell, Jacob,	Standish, Me.	1858
*Canfield, Charles T.,	Cambridge.	
Canoll, J. H.,	Vernon, N. Y.	1857
*Chaffee, Nathaniel O.,	Billerica.	
Chamberlain, N. H.,	Canton,	1857
Chandler, Seth,	Shirley,	1834
Channing, George G.,	Lancaster, N. H.	1858

Clapp, Dexter,	Salem,	1851
*Clapp, Theodore,	Louisville, Ky.	
Clark, George F.,	Norton,	1850
Clark, Samuel F.,	Ware,	1856
Clark, Stilman,	Wilton, N. H.	1857
Clarke, James Freeman,	Boston, Church of Disciples,	1853
Clarke, Samuel,	Uxbridge,	1833
Clarke, William T.,	South Hingham,	1855
Cole, Jonathan,	Exeter, N. H.	1856
Conant, Augustus H.,	Rockford, Ill.	1857
Conway, Moncure D.,	Cincinnati, Ohio,	1856
Cordner, John,	Montreal, Canada,	1843
*Crafts, Eliphalet P.,	Lexington.	
*Crapster, William T.,	Lisbon, Howard Co., Md.	
Crosby, Jaazaniah, D.D.	Charlestown, N. H.	1810
Cruft, Samuel B.,	Boston, Suffolk St. Chapel,	1846
Cudworth, Warren H.,	East Boston,	1852
*Cunningham, Francis,	Milton.	
Cushing, William O.,	Union Springs, N. Y.	1856
Cutler, Rufus P.,	San Francisco, Cal.	1854
Cutting, H. P.	Castleton, Vt.	
Dall, Charles H. A.,	Calcutta, E. I.	1855
Damon, Norwood,	Billerica,	1857
Daniels, D. C. O.,	Athol,	1857
Dawes, Thomas,	South Boston,	1854
Dewey, Orville, D.D.	Boston, New South,	1857
Doggett, Theophilus P.,	Barnstable,	1853
Dorr, Theodore H.,	Sherborn,	1855
Edes, Henry F.,	Eastport, Me.	1852
*Edes, Richard S.,	Bolton.	
Eliot, William G., D.D.	St. Louis, Mo.	1834
Ellis, George E., D.D.	Charlestown,	1840
Ellis, Rufus,	Boston, First Church,	1853
*Emmons, Henry,	Vernon, N. Y.	
Everett, Oliver C.,	Charlestown. At Large.	
*Farley, Charles A.,	Savannah, Ga.	
Farley, Frederic A., D.D.	Brooklyn, N. Y.	1844
*Farmer, William,	Lunenburg.	
Farrington, S.,	Concord, N. H.	1857
Fernald, Oliver J.,	Thomaston, Me.	1848
Field, Joseph, D.D.	Weston,	1815
Flagg, S. B.,	Kalamazoo, Mich.	1858
Folsom, Nathaniel S.,	Prof. Meadville Theol. School,	1849
Forbush, T. B.,	Northboro,	1857
Forman, J. G.,	Alton, Ill.	1857
*Fox, Thomas B.,	Dorchester.	
Francis, Convers, D.D.	Harvard College,	1842
*Frost, Barzillai,	Concord.	
Frothingham, Frederic,	Portland, Me.	1856

*Frothingham, Nathaniel L., D.D.	Boston.	
Frothingham, Octavius B.,	Jersey City, N. J.	1855
Fuller, Arthur B.,	Boston, New North,	1853
Fuller, William B.,	Barre,	1855
Furness, William H., D.D.	Philadelphia, Pa.	1825
*Gage, Nathaniel,	Cambridge.	
Gage, William L.,	Marietta, Ohio,	1858
Gannett, Ezra S., D.D.	Boston, Federal Street,	1824
*Gerry, Edwin J.,	Boston.	
*Gilbert, Washington,	West Newton.	
Gushee, Abraham,	Dighton,	1807
Hale, Edward E.,	Boston, South Cong.,	1856
Haley, William D.,	Washington, D. C.	1858
Hall, Edward B., D.D.	Providence, R. I.	1832
Hall, Nathaniel,	Dorchester,	1835
*Harding, Alpheus,	New Salem.	
Harrington, Henry F.,	Cambridgeport, Lee Street,	1855
*Hassall, Robert,	Haverhill.	
Hedge, Frederic H., D.D.	Brookline,	1856
Hepworth, George H.,	Boston,	1858
Heywood, John H.,	Louisville, Ky.	1841
Hill, Alonzo, D.D.	Worcester,	1827
*Hill, George T.,	Ware.	
Hill, Thomas,	Waltham,	1845
Hinckley, Frederic,	Lowell,	1856
*Hodges, Richard M.,	Cambridge.	
Holland, Frederic W.,	East Cambridge,	1851
Hosmer, George W., D.D.	Buffalo, N. Y.	1836
Howard, Thomas D.,	Perry, Me.	1852
*Huidekoper, Frederic,	Meadville, Pa.	
Hunting, Sylvan S.,	Manchester, N. H.	1858
*Huntoon, Benjamin,	Marblehead.	
Hurd, Jared M.,	Clinton,	1858
*Hyar, G. W.		
*Ingersoll, George, D.D.	Keene, N. H.	
*Jackson, Abraham,	Walpole, N. H.	
Jenkins, William L.,	Lawrence,	1855-
Kendall, James, D.D.	Plymouth,	1800
*Kendall, James A.,	Cambridge.	
Kelsey, L. C.,	Dixon, Ill.	1854
*Kimball, Daniel,	Needham.	
King, Thomas S.,	Boston, Hollis Street,	1848
*Knapp, Frederic N.,	Walpole, N. H.	
*Knapp, William H.,	Quincy.	
Lamson, Alvan, D.D.	Dedham,	1818
*Lathrop, Thomas S.,	Boston.	

*Le Baron, Francis,	Worcester.	
Leonard, George,	East Marshfield,	1836
*Leonard, Levi W., D.D.	Exeter, N. H.	
Lincoln, Calvin,	Hingham,	1855
Lincoln, I. Sumner,	Rowe,	1853
*Livermore, Abiel A.,	New York, N. Y.	
Livermore, Leonard J.,	Lexington,	1857
Locke, Calvin S.,	West Dedham,	1855
Longfellow, Samuel,	Brooklyn, N. Y.	1853
*Loring, B.	North Andover.	
Lothrop, Samuel K., D.D.	Boston, Brattle Street,	1834
*Lowe, Charles,	Salem.	
Marsters, John M.,	North Cambridge,	1858
May, Samuel J.,	Syracuse, N. Y.	1845
Mayo, A. D.,	Albany, N. Y.	1856
McFarland, J. R.,	Charleston, S. C.	1858
*McIntire, Farrington,	Grafton.	
Merrick, John M.,	Walpole,	1840
*Metcalf, Richard,	Providence, R. I.	
Miles, Henry A., D.D.	Boston, Sec. A. U. A.	1853
Moors, John F.,	Deerfield,	1846
Moore, Josiah,	Duxbury,	1834
Morison, John H., D.D.	Milton,	1846
*Morse, William,	Nashua.	
*Moseley, William O.,	Boston.	
*Motte, M. I.,	Boston.	
*Moulton, Tyler C.,	New Bedford.	
*Mountford, William,	Boston.	
Mumford, Thomas J.,	Detroit, Mich.	1851
*Murray, John,	Cambridge.	
Muzzey, Artemas B.,	Newburyport,	1857
Myrick, Henry L.,	Brooklyn, Ct.	1856
Newell, William, D.D.	Cambridge,	1830
*Nichols, Ichabod, D.D.	Cambridge.	
Nichols, John T. G.,	Saco, Me.	1843
Nightingale, Crawford,	Groton,	1853
Normandie, Courtland Y. De,	Fairhaven,	1856
Normandie, Eugene De,	Littleton,	1857
Noyes, George F.,	Chicago, Ill.	1857
Noyes, George R., D.D.	Harvard College,	1840
Nute, Ephraim,	Lawrence, Kansas,	1855
Osgood, George,	Tyngsborough,	1855
Osgood, Joseph,	Cohasset,	1842
*Osgood, Peter,	Andover.	
Osgood, Samuel, D.D.	New York, N. Y.	1849
Palfrey, Cazneau, D.D.	Belfast, Me.	1848
Parkham, John,	Staten Island, N. Y.	1851
Peabody, Andrew P., D.D.	Portsmouth, N. H.	1833

Pettes, Samuel, Jr.,	Chicopee,	1855
Phipps, Joseph H.,	East Bridgewater,	1858
*Pierpont, John,	Medford.	
Pierpont, John, Jr.,	Savannah, Geo.	1852
Pike, Richard,	Dorchester,	1843
*Pons, Thomas H.,	Boston.	
Putnam, Alfred P.,	Roxbury, Mt. Pleasant,	1855
Putnam, George, D.D.	Roxbury,	1835
Putnam, John J.,	Bridgewater,	1856
*Reed, David,	Boston.	
Reynolds, Grindall,	Concord,	1858
Rice, George M.,	Westford,	1858
*Richardson, James,	Dedham.	
Richardson, Joseph,	Hingham,	1806
Ritter, Charles,	Walpole, N. H.	1858
Robbins, Chandler, D.D.	Boston, Second Church,	1833
Robbins, Samuel D.,	Framingham,	1854
Robinson, Charles,	Peterborough, N. H.	1851
Rogers, Robert P.,	Gloucester,	1854
Russell, D. L.,	Louisville, Ky. At Large.	1858
*Russell, John L.,	Salem.	
Ryder, A. S.,	Hubbardston,	1855
Saltmarsh, Seth,	Petersham,	1856
Sanger, Ralph, D.D.	Dover,	1812
*Sargent, John T.,	Boston.	
Scandlin, W. G.	Grafton,	1858
*Sears, Edmund H.,	Wayland.	
*Sewall, Edmund Q.,	Cohasset.	
*Sewall, Charles C.,	Medfield.	
Shackford, Charles C.,	Lynn,	1846
Shaw, Linus H.,	Sudbury,	1845
Sheldon, D. N., D.D.	Bath, Me.	1858
Shippen, Rush R.,	Worcester,	1858
Silsbee, William,	Northampton,	1855
Smith, Amos,	Belmont,	1857
*Smith, Preserved,	Deerfield.	
Smith, Samuel A.,	West Cambridge,	1854
Squire, Edmund,	Washington Village, Boston,	1857
Staples, Carlton A.,	St. Louis, Mo.	1857
Staples, Nahor A.,	Milwaukee, Wis.	1856
Stearns, Oliver, D.D.	Pres. Meadville Theol. School,	1856
Stebbins, Horatio,	Portland, Me.	1855
Stebbins, Rufus F., D.D.	Woburn,	1857
Stevens, Daniel W.,	Mansfield,	1850
Stetson, Caleb,	Scituate,	1848
*Stone, Edward,	Framingham.	
Stone, Edwin M.,	Providence. At Large.	
Stone, Thomas T.,	Bolton,	1853
*Sullivan, T. R.,	Boston.	
Swan, Joshua A.,	Kennebunk, Me.	1850

# MINISTERS AND SOCIETIES IN 1859.

177

Tebbetts, Theodore,	Medford,	1857
*Tenney, F. A.,	Newport, R. I.	
*Tenney, William C.,	Grafton.	
*Thayer, Christopher T.,	Beverly.	
Thomas, Charles B.,	Chelsea,	1856
*Thomas, Moses G.,	New Bedford.	
Tiffany, Francis,	Springfield,	1852
Tilden, William P.,	Fitchburg,	1855
Thompson, James W., D.D.	Salem,	1832
Thurston, James,	Lunenburg,	1856
*Very, Jones,	Salem.	
Vinal, Charles Carroll,	North Andover,	1857
*Waite, Josiah K.,	Boston.	
Ward, C. G.,	St. Louis. At Large.	1854
Walker, James, D.D., LL.D.	Pres. Harvard College,	1838
Ware, John F. W.,	Cambridgeport,	1846
*Ware, Loammi G.,	Boston.	
*Waterston, Robert C.,	Boston.	
Weiss, John,	New Bedford,	1847
Wellington, Charles, D.D.	Templeton,	1807
*Weston, Thomas,	Plymouth.	
Wheeler, Amos D.,	Brunswick, Me.	1839
Wheeler, Charles H.,	Danvers,	1854
Wheelock, Edwin M.,	Dover, N. H.	1857
White, William O.,	Keene, N. H.	1851
*Whitman, Nathaniel,	Deerfield.	
*Whitney, Frederic A.,	Brighton.	
Whitney, Leonard,	Keokuk, Iowa,	1853
Whitwell, William A.,	Harvard,	1857
Withington, George G.,	Easton,	1858
*Wight, John,	Wayland.	
*Willard, Samuel, D.D.	Deerfield.	
Winkley, Samuel H.,	Boston, Pitts St. Chapel,	1856
Williams, Francis C.,	Brattleboro, Vt.	1858
Willis, Martin W.,	Nashua, N. H.	1854
Willson, Edmund B.,	West Roxbury,	1852
*Willson, Luther,	Petersham.	
*Windsor, J. M.,	New York.	
Wood, Horatio,	Lowell. At Large.	
Woodbury, Augustus,	Providence, R. I.	1857
Woodward, George W.,	Geneva, Ill.	1857
Young, Edward J.,	Newton Corner,	1857
Young, Joshua,	Burlington, Vt.	1852

## LIST OF SOCIETIES, WITH THEIR MINISTERS.

Societies.  
 Albany, N. Y.  
 Alton, Ill.

Pastors.  
 A. D. Mayo.  
 J. G. Forman.

Andover, North,	Charles Carroll Vinal.
Ashby.	
Athol,	D. C. O. Daniels.
Augusta, Me.	George W. Bartlett.
Austinburg, Ohio.	
Baltimore, Md.	George W. Burnap, D.D.
"	Charles J. Bowen.
Bangor, Me.	
Barnstable,	Theophilus P. Doggett.
Barre,	William A. Fuller.
Bath, Me.	D. N. Sheldon, D.D.
Bedford.	
Belfast, Me.	Cazneau Palfrey, D.D.
Belmont,	Amos Smith.
Bernardston.	
Beverly.	
Billerica,	Norwood Damon.
Bolton,	Thomas T. Stone.
Boston, First Church,	Rufus Ellis.
" Second Church,	Chandler Robbins, D.D.
" King's Chapel.	
" Brattle Street,	Samuel K. Lothrop, D.D.
" New North,	Arthur B. Fuller.
" New South,	Orville Dewey, D.D.
" Federal Street,	Ezra S. Gannett, D.D.
" Hollis Street,	Thomas S. King.
" West,	{ Charles Lowell, D.D.
" Hawes Place,	{ Cyrus A. Bartol.
" Bulfinch Street,	Thomas Dawes.
" Twelfth Cong.	William R. Alger.
" Thirteenth Cong.	Samuel Barrett, D.D.
" South Cong.	
" Broadway Church.	Edward E. Hale.
" Church of the Disciples,	James F. Clarke.
" East,	Warren H. Cudworth.
" Pitts Street Chapel,	Samuel H. Winkley.
" Warren Street Chapel,	Charles F. Barnard.
" Suffolk Street Chapel,	Samuel B. Cruft.
" Hanover Street Chapel.	
" Washington Village,	Edmund Squire.
Brattleboro, Vt.	Francis C. Williams.
Brewster,	Thomas W. Brown.
Bridgewater,	John J. Putnam.
" East,	Joseph H. Phipps.
" West,	Ira Bailey.
Brighton.	
Brookfield,	Rushton D. Burr.
Brookline,	Frederic H. Hedge, D.D.
Brooklyn, Ct.	Henry L. Myrick.
Brooklyn, N. Y.	Frederic A. Farley, D.D.

dyn, N. Y.	Samuel Longfellow.
wick, Me.	Amos D. Wheeler.
lo, N. Y.	George W. Hosmer, D.D.
ngton, Vt.	Joshua Young.
i, Me.	
ridge,	William Newell, D.D.
Port,	John F. W. Ware.
East,	Frederic W. Holland.
Lee Street,	Henry F. Harrington.
Allen Street,	John M. Marsters.
n,	N. H. Chamberlain.
estown,	George E. Ellis, D.D.
estown, N. H.	{ Jaazaniah Crosby, D.D.
eston, S. C.	{ Adams Ayer.
isford.	J. R. McFarland.
ea,	
go, Ill.	Charles B. Thomas.
pee,	George F. Noyes.
inati, Ohio,	Samuel Pettes, Jr.
n,	M. C. Conway.
set,	Jared M. Hurd.
rd,	Joseph Osgood.
rd, N. H.	Grindall Reynolds.
	S. Farrington.
ers,	
eld,	Charles H. Wheeler.
um,	John F. Moors.
West,	Alvan Lamson, D.D.
it, Mich.	Calvin S. Locke.
on,	Thomas J. Mumford.
i, Ill.	Abraham Gushee.
ester,	
,	Nathaniel Hall.
	Richard Pike.
	Stephen G. Bulfinch.
	Ralph Sanger, D.D.
	Edward Barker.
, N. H.	Edwin M. Wheelock.
a, N. H.	{ L. W. Leonard, D.D.
iry,	{ W. F. Bridge.
	Josiah Moore.
i,	George G. Withington.
North.	
ort, Me.	Henry F. Edes.
c, N. H.	Jonathan Cole.
ven,	Courtland Y. De Normandie.
liver,	
le, N. J.	
urg,	William P. Tilden.



Fitzwilliam, N. H. Framingham,	Samuel D. Robbins.
Geneva, Ill. Gloucester, Grafton, Groton,	George W. Woodward. Robert P. Rogers. William G. Scandlin. Crawford Nightingale.
Hallowell, Me. Hampton Falls, N. H. Hartford, Ct. Harvard, Haverhill. Hillsboro, Ill.	Asarelah M. Bridge. William A. Whitwell.
Hingham,	{ Joseph Richardson. Calvin Lincoln.
“ “ South, Hubbardston,	William T. Clarke. A. S. Ryder.
Jersey City, N. J.	O. B. Frothingham.
Kalamazoo, Mich. Keene, N. H. Kennebunk, Me. Keokuk, Iowa, Kingston.	S. B. Flagg. William O. White. Joshua A. Swan. Leonard Whitney.
Lancaster, Lancaster, N. H. Lawrence, Lawrence, Kansas, Leicester. Leominster, Lexington, “ East.	George M. Bartol. George G. Channing. William L. Jenkins. Ephraim Nute, Jr.  Stephen Barker. L. J. Livermore.
Lincoln. Littleton, Lockport, Ill. Louisville, Ky. Lowell, “	Eugene De Normandie.  John H. Heywood. Frederic Hinckley.
Lunenburg, Lynn,	James Thurston. Charles C. Shackford.
Madison, Wis. Manchester, N. H. Mansfield, Marblehead. Marietta, Ohio, Marlborough, Marshfield,	S. S. Hunting. Daniel W. Stevens.  William L. Gage. Horatio Alger. George Leonard.

Meadville, Pa.  
Medfield,  
Medford,  
Mendon,  
Milton,  
Milwaukee, Wis.  
Montague,  
Montreal, Canada,

Nantucket.  
Nashua, N. H.  
Natick, South,  
New Bedford,  
Newburyport,  
New Orleans, La.  
New Market, N. H.  
Newport, R. I.  
New Salem.

Newton, West.  
" Corner,  
New York, N. Y., Ch. of Messiah,  
" All Souls,

Northampton,

Northborough,

North Chelsea.

Northfield.

Northumberland, Pa.

Norton,

Pembroke,  
Peoria, Ill.  
Pepperell,  
Perry, Me.  
Peterboro, N. H.  
Petersham,  
Philadelphia, Pa.  
Plymouth,

Portland, Me.

"  
Portsmouth, N. H.  
Providence, R. I.  
"

Quincy.  
Quincy, Ill.

Raynham.  
Rockford, Ill.  
Rochester, N. Y.  
Rowe,

Solon W. Bush.  
Theodore Tebbets.  
Stilman Barber.  
John H. Morison, D.D.  
Nabor A. Staples.  
Claudius Bradford.  
John Cordner.

Martin W. Willis.  
William G. Babcock.  
John Weiss.  
A. B. Muzzey.  
E. C. Bolles.

Charles T. Brooks.

Edward J. Young.  
Samuel Osgood, D.D.  
Henry W. Bellows, D.D.  
William Silsbee.  
{ Joseph Allen, D.D.  
{ T. B. Forbush.

George F. Clark.

W. M. Bicknell.

Charles Babbidge.  
Thomas D. Howard.  
Charles Robinson.  
Seth Saltmarsh.  
William H. Furness, D.D.  
James Kendall, D.D.  
{ Ichabod Nichols, D.D.  
{ Horatio Stebbins.  
Frederic Frothingham.  
Andrew P. Peabody, D.D.  
Edward B. Hall, D.D.  
Augustus Woodbury.

Liberty Billings.

A. C. Conant.

I. Sumner Lincoln.

Roxbury,	George Putnam, D.D.
“ Mount Pleasant,	Alfred P. Putnam.
“ Jamaica Plain.	
“ West,	Edmund B. Willson.
Saco, Me.	John T. G. Nichols.
St. Louis, Mo.	{ William G. Eliot, D.D.
Salem,	{ C. A. Staples.
“,	George W. Briggs, D.D.
“,	Dexter Clapp.
{	
Sandwich.	James W. Thompson, D.D.
San Francisco, Cal.	Rufus P. Cutler.
Savannah, Ga.	John Pierpont, Jr.
Scituate,	Fiske Barrett.
“ South,	Caleb Stetson.
Sharon.	
Sherborn,	Theodore H. Dorr.
Shirley,	Seth Chandler.
Somerville.	
Southington, Ct.	Francis Tiffany.
Springfield,	Jacob Caldwell.
Standish, Me.	John Parkman.
Staten Island, N. Y.	
Sterling.	Reuben Bates.
Stow,	Linus H. Shaw.
Sudbury,	Samuel J. May.
Syracuse, N. Y.	
Taunton,	Charles H. Brigham.
Templeton,	{ C. Wellington, D.D.
Thomaston, Me.	{ E. G. Adams.
Toledo, Ohio.	Oliver J. Fernald.
Townsend.	
Trenton, N. Y.	
Troy, N. Y.	Edgar Buckingham.
Tyngsborough,	George Osgood.
Upton,	
Uxbridge,	George S. Ball.
	Samuel Clarke.
Vernon, N. Y.	J. H. Cannoll.
Walpole,	John M. Merrick.
Walpole, N. H.	Charles Ritter.
Waltham,	Thomas Hill.
Watertown,	George Bradford.
Ware,	Samuel F. Clark.
Warwick.	
Washington, D. C.	William D. Haley.

Wayland.  
Westborough.  
West Cambridge,  
Westford,  
Weston,  
Wilton, N. H.  
Williamsburg, N. Y.  
Winchendon.  
Windsor, Vt.  
Woburn,  
Worcester,  
“

Samuel A. Smith.  
George M. Rice.  
Joseph Field, D.D.  
Stilman Clarke.

R. P. Stebbins, D.D.  
Alonzo Hill, D.D.  
Rush R. Shippen.

---

## MEETINGS OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

*September 13, 1858.* — Present, Messrs. Hall, Stebbins, Rogers, Whipple, Brigham, Alger, Clark, Lincoln, and the Secretary.

A considerable portion of the time of this meeting was taken up in the interchange of regrets that the Board finds itself embarrassed, and feels unable to enter upon any work worthy of our name and position. The discussion revealed a natural feeling of chagrin at occupying a post where one's hands are tied, and, prevented from acting for the future, there was more scope for a criticism of the past. It was not without the advantage, however, of reaching some more precise knowledge of the relation which the Association bears to the denomination. It brought out the facts stated by Dr. Hall at the Salem Convention, and repeated in a preceding article in this Journal. It proved how limited has been the support accorded to the Association from the first; that it has gone on, year after year, doing, not what it preferred to do, but what, in its circumstances, it has been compelled to do; and that to the signal disadvantage of being a denomination that widely distrusts all associated

action, we add the further misfortune of being very bungling hands at organization. In view of the whole case, the result seemed to be a conviction that we had better bear our lot good-naturedly, and go quietly to work to do the best thing we can. Intrusted with some opportunities of influencing the course of religious thought, it seems our duty to make the most of these opportunities, small though they may be, to win as many churches and individuals as we can to co-operate with us, and to draw closer the ties of kindly feeling and fraternal good-will. We have had from time to time important helps, that have carried us over more trying difficulties than any now before us; such was the subscription years ago for the General Agent, and that more recently for the Book Fund. But we are still in the day of small things, though not without a hope that the tendency to liberal ideas, which is so marked a feature in men of thought in various denominations, may foreshadow the advent to our cause of some important material aid. It may be a matter of no slight importance to be in a state of readiness to use opportunities which may be providentially offered to us.

A letter from the President of McKendree College, Lebanon, Illinois, informed the Committee of much good which a donation of books had done to students belonging to another institution with which he was connected, and asked for a donation for the library of the College over which he now presided. It was voted that the Secretary be directed to send a package of our doctrinal and devotional publications, not exceeding twenty dollars in value.

The committee to whom had been referred the subject of selling the Bridgeport Unitarian Church, submitted a written report, as the result of personal observation in that city. It was accepted and placed on file, and the following vote was passed:—

“Whereas we have received information that the Van Polanen Chapel in Bridgeport has not for a long time been used as a place of public worship, and the Society which formerly worshipped there is not ‘prosperous,’ and the property in said Chapel thus passes into the hands of the Association, according to the provisions of Madame Van Polanen’s deed, therefore it is voted, that the Secretary and Treasurer be authorized to sell the same at their discretion; and that on receipt of the proceeds of the sale of this church, the President be, and he hereby is, authorized, in behalf of the Corporation, to sign his name to a quitclaim deed of the same to the purchasers thereof, and affix thereunto the corporate seal.”

A Circular to be sent to all Unitarian Societies was submitted for the consideration of the Board. After discussion it was referred to Messrs. Miles and Whipple, with full power to issue the same in the name of the Executive Committee.

*October 14, 1858.*—Present at this meeting, Messrs. Hall, Stebbins, Hedge, Alger, Brigham, Rogers, Whipple, Clark, and the Secretary.

The general subject of the needs of the Association was once more the topic of consideration. It came up on the question, whether it was expedient to issue further copies of our books that are out of print. On the one hand, it was said we ought not to incur any obligations until all our debts are paid; on the other hand, it was remarked that one or two important books were often ordered and could not be supplied,—that the expense of printing them would be small, and the amount of sales would probably soon equal that of the cost. It was finally voted that the Secretary be

authorized to issue new editions of the "Seven Stormy Sundays," and of Eliot's "Doctrinal Lectures."

It was voted that the "Year-Book" for 1859 be omitted, and that the List of Ministers and Societies be inserted in the January Quarterly Journal.

*November 15, 1858.* — Present, Messrs. Stebbins, Hedge, Brigham, Clark, Whipple, Lincoln, and the Secretary. In the absence of the President, one of the Vice-Presidents, Rev. Dr. Stebbins, took the chair.

A letter was read from a committee of the ladies of the four Unitarian societies in Salem, giving to the Association the remainder of moneys in their hands, raised for the late Convention in that city. The Secretary stated that he had returned the thanks of the Board for this gift of one hundred and thirty dollars.

Brief notes were also read from several laymen, accompanying the gift of generous sums for the use of the Association.

It was voted that the sum of forty dollars, which has been placed by a friend in the hands of the Board, for the use of some student in the Meadville Theological School, be appropriated in the manner recommended in a letter from Rev. President Stearns.

The relation of Rev. Mr. Nute to the Association was considered. It was supposed that, with the completion of the church in Lawrence, the society there worshipping would be able to support its minister, and an extract from a letter from Mr. Nute was read, which led to the hope that the cessation of his connection with the Association would be favorably considered. The present embarrassed condition of our treasury seemed to call for this step, to which the Board was also urged by the belief that there would be an

increased interest in his services among a people who have the sole support of their minister. It was accordingly voted that the relation of Mr. Nute as a missionary of the Association cease from and after the first of March next.

---

## NOTICES OF BOOKS.

*Thoughts on the Life and Character of Jesus of Nazareth.* By W. H. FURNESS. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1859.

THIS is a book of short paragraphs, not arranged into chapters or sections, inserted apparently without any order, but designed to unfold with greater clearness, by furnishing numerous additional hints and illustrations, the views set forth in former publications by the same author. The historical cause and development of these views are so well stated in the opening pages, that we can do nothing better than quote them. "When I entered," says Dr. Furness, "upon the duties of the Christian ministry in Philadelphia, some three and thirty years ago, I very early learned that there was, belonging nominally to one or another of the orthodox denominations, or having no connection with any church, a growing number of individuals who were in doubt, not as to the claims of any particular form of Christian belief, but as to *the historical truth of Christianity itself*. Persons of this class had very little interest in determining which of the interpretations of the Bible, the Trinitarian or the Unitarian, was correct. For, either way, it did not mend the matter for them; as they had pretty much made up their minds that the Scriptures, being, as they suspected, scarcely anything more than a mere collection of legends, were deserving of very little credit. . . . A direction was thus early given to my mind which it has never lost. From that time, I have always been most interested in endeavoring to minister to the condition, rather of those who find it difficult to believe Chris-



• tianity at all, than of those who are hesitating between the liberal and the orthodox interpretations of Christian truth. And what I have chiefly wished to do is, not to pull down what I account error, but to build up what I have found to be true; not to deny, but to affirm. In accordance with this wish, I have sought to ascertain what may be affirmed beyond the possibility of refutation concerning Christianity, considered as an historical fact."

The method which Dr. Furness pursued was that of a profound study of the Gospels, so as to see the marks which they themselves furnish of intrinsic and unconscious truth. We suppose we do but state the conclusion which many of the most competent judges have reached, when we say, that few writers have been more successful in exploring these internal evidences of the essential truth of the Evangelical narratives. We hardly know the other author who has succeeded better in placing Gospel scenes vividly before our eyes, who has more forcibly brought out the grand, unmistakable signs of truth which have been artlessly but ineffaceably stamped upon the record, or who has led us into the presence of Jesus with a profounder reverence and affection for his character. We feel a personal obligation to this writer, and we know of many whose faith has received large accessions of strength and assurance by a communion with his pages. He enters into no questions of the origin, authorship, historical transmission, and inspiration of the Gospels; he takes them as human compositions, as if he had accidentally met with them, and the question is, How do they read to a free-searching but truth-loving soul? "In studying the New Testament history in this manner," says he in one of the beautiful paragraphs of this book, "I seem to myself to be endeavoring to restore some grand old work of art, a magnificent picture by some great master. In one part, it is covered with the dust and dimness of time. In another, rude hands have distorted it with their false drawing, or bedaubed it with barbarous color. The world has insisted upon hanging it upside down, in a bad light, and out of the reach of the eye; its disfigurements have been mistaken for beauties, and all honest examination has been denounced as sacrilege. Nevertheless, here and there, by such criticism as I am able to use, I discover a hand, a foot, an eye,

drawn to the life; or, it may be, a noble sweeping line, or a majestic fold of a garment, or a gleam of color,—all satisfying me that there is a masterpiece underneath, some day to be restored in its completeness, or, so far as it was completed originally, to witch the world with a vision of immortal beauty.”

It long since produced this effect on our author; and it is pleasant to see, by his last book, how fresh and absorbing the witchery of this study still is, how he is continually finding new illustrations of his views, and shows us how, amid all the *make-beliefs* of the world, he has a real *heart-belief* in the inexpressibly blessed Gospel of the grace of God.

Two points much insisted on in Dr. Furness's former publications are reaffirmed in the book before us,—the simple humanity of Jesus Christ, and the naturalness of what are called his miracles, which our author receives as facts, but regards as the natural outflowings of a faith and virtue so exalted. To us these publications have interest and value, not in consequence of these points, but in spite of them. Our own belief we should state in a far different way. We think that something more than humanity “dwelt” in Jesus, and that he wrought his mighty works by a power that was “given” him. But what do any of us know of abstract humanity and divinity? Who can tell just where they come together, and where the province of one ends and the other begins? The moment we ask these questions, we see that there is a philosophy back of all our common dogmas on this subject; and we believe there is a growing unwillingness to dogmatize at all about the matter,—a disposition to wait till we understand it better, and meanwhile to remember that but one thing is needful,—to find through Christ a light and guide for the soul.

One thing in this last book from Dr. Furness we think is very noticeable. There is an evident purpose running through the whole to show how different his own estimation of Jesus is from that of Strauss, and his imitators on this side of the Atlantic. Amid all the sympathy felt for Mr. Theodore Parker in consequence of his position on certain great questions of reform, Dr. Furness, throughout these pages, is offering a gentle and kindly, but really effective and fatal, criticism upon the theology of that

gentleman, and makes us feel that his own belief of the trustworthiness of the Gospel records, of the aims of Jesus, of the spotlessness of his character, and of the extent both of his insight into the spiritual laws of the universe and of his revelation of them, is world-wide from that of the writers of the "Life of Jesus," and of the "Discourse of Religion."

---

*Nature and the Supernatural, as together constituting the one System of God.* By HORACE BUSHNELL. New York: Charles Scribner. 1858.

A THICK octavo volume, containing the matured opinions of the eloquent divine of Hartford, on a subject which has been his life-study, and is in itself one of the most interesting that can be presented to human reflection, must attract a wide attention, and offer food for thought to a large circle of serious-minded readers. The main object of the book is to find a legitimate place for the supernatural, and to show that it is a necessary part of the Divine system. He is moved to this undertaking by the fact that the present age is becoming more and more "saturated with naturalism," "glued down upon nature," gravitating towards a disbelief of everything above nature, and so to the extinction of Christianity. This tendency is promoted by the atheists, — by such writers as Hume, Hobbes, and Comte; by the deists, Strauss, Hennel, Newman, Froude, Fox, Parker; by the Pantheists, who identify God and nature; by the Physicalists and Phrenologists, who pride themselves in finding all the laws of obligation in the laws of nature; by the Unitarians, who, in denying depravity, deny the need of the supernatural, and substitute development for salvation; by the Magnetists, Clairvoyants, and Spiritualists, who have other ways of penetrating the heavens than those supplied by Christianity; by those classes of men who are largely conversant with the laws of material organization, such as physicians for example; and by those politicians who ground all government on the theory of a social compact, and leave out the idea of a Providence which manages the affairs of the world. The popular literature of the day, and even some of the orthodox preaching of our times, also

favours mere naturalism. We thus see the direction in which "the hostile squadrons of unbelief are marching." "Whether Christianity can finally survive this death-damp of naturalism in our political and social ideas, remains to be seen."

The first thing to be done is to understand what Nature is. Our author finds a hint at the true definition in the etymology of the word. *Natura* is the future participle of becoming, is that which is about to be, which has a going on from within itself, a chain of causes and effects, or a scheme of orderly succession, determined from within. The supernatural is that which acts *on* this chain, but from without the chain itself. Hence man, having a free will outside of the chain of cause and effect, is, properly speaking, a supernatural being. Nature never made a pistol, or gunpowder, or pulled a trigger; nature never built a house, fitted a coat, or wrote a book. If we can act supernaturally, why may not Christ and God? We must put the natural and supernatural realms together before we have the entire system of the universe. How these two realms affect each other is seen in the fact of sin. Springing from the free will of man, sin is a supernatural act, which has introduced disturbance and disorder into the natural world. Hence we have disease and death. Nature does not represent the beauty of God. It is too full of deformity. It is true this deformity existed prior to man's creation; but it existed only as a prophetic type and anticipative consequence of sin. Un-nature is the grand result of the bad miracle, — sin.

Where is the remedy? Not in development or self-reformation, but the supernatural must come in to remedy the evil which it has entailed. Christ is the embodiment of that supernatural restoration. His character forbids his possible classification with men. His miracles attest his superhuman power. His doctrines carry in themselves the most convincing proof of their truth, while the history of their transmission proves that the world is supernaturally governed in the interest of Christianity, miracles in its behalf being performed even in our day, as witness numerous answers to prayer, wonderful cures, premonitions, and dreams.

We regret that the limits of these book-notices prevent our giving a more extended outline of the course of thought here pur-

sued. Within the sweep of his discussion come nearly all the great problems that interest every thinking mind, — the origin of sin, the freedom of the will, the nature of a miracle, the conception of God, the nature and claims of Christ. On all these subjects Dr. Bushnell writes with interest and power. We could quote paragraphs of singular beauty, indeed quite equal to anything we have ever had from his pen. The chapter on the Character of Christ we must name particularly, as it places a topic, that has often been treated, in a remarkably fresh and original point of view.

When now we come to ask what is the result of this book, we feel obliged to express it in one word, — disappointment. Its definitions are arbitrary, as if made to meet the demands of an assumed theory; its logic is inconclusive; its leading views seem repeatedly suggested by narrow considerations, such as etymological hints, while we detect oftentimes, as we think, a credulous and superstitious spirit, where we looked for broad and sound sense. The grand leading defect of the book, as it seems to us, is its definition of Nature. He defines it, as we have said, a chain of causes determined from within itself. Subsequently he says, "Nature is a machine, compounded of wheels and moved by steady powers"; and again, "We even look upon it as a realm played upon by forces of mischief mixed up somehow with the disorders of disobedient powers." In short, here reappears the old Manichean doctrine, — Nature, the antagonist of God, — instead of Nature, the revelation of God. Ever since we read Butler's Analogy, we have looked upon the laws of nature as God's ways of acting; but we should have read that book to but little purpose, if we had not been prepared by it to welcome the truth, of which Dr. Bushnell introduces so many proofs, of a supernatural divine force sent into the world for the redemption of man. We think we hold to this truth as firmly as Dr. Bushnell. We do not think that his book, as a system of philosophy, will help others to this conclusion. Pages and chapters will prove most edifying to this end, but Dr. Bushnell has not the logical analysis and constructive intellect requisite for a system of philosophy. While we thank him for much pleasure which this volume has afforded us,

we are particularly glad that on two points he has expressed his concurrence with Unitarian views, — his rejection of the doctrine of verbal inspiration, and his disbelief of the existence of a personal Devil.

---

*The New Testament, translated from the Original Greek, with Chronological Arrangement of the Sacred Books, and improved Divisions of Chapters and Verses.* By LEICESTER AMBROSE SAWYER. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co. 1858.

WE have known Mr. Sawyer for several years. He is pastor of a church in the State of New York. He belongs to the liberal orthodox school, and for twenty years has labored, with a modesty, diligence, and scholarship rarely surpassed, upon the work of preparing a new translation of the Bible. It is understood that a new version of the Old Testament will soon follow the volume now under notice. The question, What is the value of this first-fruit of his studies? is a large one, and hardly admits of a brief reply. We find we often differ from him in matters of judgment and taste, and, presumptuous as it may seem in us, we occasionally think his scholarship is at fault. In the present state of Biblical studies, no new translation, from any quarter, would approve itself to all tastes and opinions. The author must expect an outcry. An age of weak faith in the truths in the book is comforted by an idolatry of the book itself. It will be more tolerant of the man who breaks the spirit of the Scripture, than of him who breaks its letter. A question about the headings over the chapters came very near rending asunder the American Bible Society; what less than a torpedo will a new translation be, thrown amid our selfish sects, and wrangling parties, and superstitious bibliolaters? We expressed to the writer some hints of such consequences before the book appeared; nor were these needed in order to prepare his mind for what he has since seen and heard. We honor the fearlessness with which he has proceeded in his life-long work; we respect his candor, impartiality, and love of truth; we believe his book contains some advantages over the common version, especially in abandoning the old, sense-

less division into chapters and verses, and in following a chronological arrangement of books; we have no doubt that he often brings out the meaning of the text more exactly and clearly than King James's translation; though we must add, that his version at times appears infelicitous and awkward. After all, our interest in it arises chiefly from regarding it as one of the early steps towards securing — what the accumulated mass of modern investigations will ere long demand — a new translation of the Scriptures by a body of men whose scholarship and authority shall command general confidence and respect. No doubt many years will elapse before this result is reached, and many adventurous scholars will vainly attempt by individual effort what can be successfully done, as we believe, only by large and varied co-operation; but who will believe that the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures will never be better rendered into English than they were two hundred and fifty years ago? No small part of the adverse criticism which has attended Mr. Sawyer's book must be ascribed, as we think, to the manner by which its advent has been heralded. We like enterprise and pluck in publishers; but this is not "a sensation book," nor the "greatest work of the age." Such claims provoke opposition. A more modest introduction to the public would have left attention to rest upon the substantial merits of the book, which are ample enough to justify its publication.

---

*A Service-Book for Public Worship. Prepared especially for Use in the Chapel of Harvard University.* Cambridge: John Bartlett. 1858.

To the earnest desire of Dr. Huntington to make the College Chapel service more reverential and devout, are we indebted for what seems to us to be the best Service-Book that has been lately published. Among many merits we single out two as worthy of special notice. First, it retains the substantial excellences of the "Book of Common Prayer"; such as its exhortation to worship, its confession of sins, its Collects, the Litany, its anthems, its Psalms for the day. No forms of worship have ever been published which seem to us so good as these. We do not here enter

into the question as to the preference between extemporaneous and liturgical prayers. We only say, that, if we use forms at all, those of the Book of Common Prayer seem to us incomparably the best. To the merit of solemn and impressive language is added the odor of a most venerable antiquity. Surely it is much to repeat prayers that have been used fifteen hundred years. Dr. Huntington has in one or two instances indicated the great age of the Collects. We think this might have been done more frequently, and references be made to St. Ambrose and St. Gregory, as well as to St. Chrysostom. The second merit to which we referred is that of flexibility. It avoids the routine of the Episcopal liturgy. No invariable order is prescribed. The minister is left free to his choice and discretion. He can follow the course of the ecclesiastical year, and use these venerated and impressive Collects, and yet make the whole service bend to feelings and occasions. We regret the omission of the Marriage Service; and still more, the absence of appointed New Testament readings. The effect of this last, we fear, will be a neglect in the reading of the Gospels and Epistles. It is true, a place is indicated for *Reading from the New Testament*; but, after extended reading from the Old Testament, this will usually be short. If readings from both Testaments had been prepared, the Gospels and Epistles would stand a better chance to get their due share of attention. If these omissions were supplied, we think that many of our churches might avail themselves of the helps to devotion supplied by the good judgment and taste of the Plummer Professor.

---

Messrs. Ticknor and Fields continue to send out books which, in their literary merit and mechanical finish, take the highest rank among American publications. A more faultless book, in every sense of the word, than that of the *Life of Sir Philip Sidney*, has rarely been published anywhere. Its exterior is the very perfection of neatness and beauty; while the story of that marvel of a man who, dying before he had reached his thirty-second birthday, had impressed all minds with a conviction that he was the gem and glory of his country and age, is told with singular interest and ability. With the youthful hero appears a con-




stellation of brilliant contemporaries, and there are life-like pictures of the various countries through which Sidney passed in his travels. — *A Journey due North*, by GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, is a most spirited and humorous sketch of Russian life and customs. We should not advise one to open the book if he has not time to go through it, for he will find it difficult to lay it down. — All Charles Kingsley's writings are so much prized, that readers will be grateful for a collection of his occasional papers in Frazer's Magazine and the North British Review. The leading one, on *Sir Walter Raleigh and his Time*, has given a title to the volume; but other articles, and some of them of greater interest, are those on the Puritans, Burns, the Mystics, Tennyson, &c. — *Lord Dufferin's Yacht Voyage, or Letters from High Latitudes*, is another of Ticknor and Fields's charming books, full of adventures in the North Atlantic Ocean, in Iceland, Greenland, and Spitzbergen. — *Thorndale* is the title of still another new work from this house. In its quiet wisdom, devout spirit, and catholic temper, it reminds us of "Friends in Council," and must be a great favorite.

---

From James Munroe & Co. we have received a copy of their new edition of MRS. FOLLEN'S *Life of Fénelon; with Selections from his Writings*. This beautiful edition has a portrait of the venerated Archbishop.

---

Messrs. Crosby, Nichols, & Co., with their usual enterprise and sagacity, have issued several beautiful gift-books for the approaching holidays. *A Will and a Way* is the title of a volume of tales translated from the German, and illustrated with numerous colored engravings. *Seed-Time and Harvest* is the name of a twin volume, got up in the same attractive style. *The Life of George Washington, for Children*, by E. CECIL, is one of the most instructive as well as interesting books that can be given to young readers. The same house has published *The Age of Chivalry*, by THOMAS BULFINCH, containing the famous stories about King Arthur and his Knights, and the Mabinogion, or the Welsh popular tales. This book is also illustrated with colored engravings, and is beautifully bound.



## RECORD OF EVENTS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

SEPTEMBER 12, 1858. — The new and beautiful stone church, erected for the use of the Unitarian Society in Montreal, Canada, was this day dedicated to the worship of One God, the Father. The pastor of the Society, Rev. John Cordner, preached a sermon, which has since been published, on the *Christian Idea of Sacrifice*. Rev. Dr. Gannett of Boston offered the prayer of dedication, and the other exercises were conducted by Rev. Frederic Frothingham of Portland, a son of this Society.

---

OCTOBER 6, 1858. — Rev. George H. Hepworth was installed pastor of the Church of the Unity in Boston. Plans are matured for the immediate erection of a church on Newton Street, and there is every prospect that there will be gathered a large and prosperous parish. The Society meanwhile worships in Canton Street, but the services of installation were held in the South Congregational Church, Rev. Mr. Hale's. The sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Dewey.

---

OCTOBER 14, 1858. — Mr. George W. Bartlett was this day ordained pastor of Christ Church, Augusta, Me. The sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Sheldon of Bath, on "preaching Christ and him crucified." It was a masterly presentation of the true meaning of these words.

---

OCTOBER 17, 1858. — The new Chapel, erected for the purposes of worship within the College grounds in Cambridge, and called the Appleton Chapel, in honor of the late Samuel Appleton of Boston, was this day dedicated, in the presence of the students, Professors, Corporation, and many distinguished friends of the University. The sermon was preached by the Plummer Professor, Rev. Dr. Huntington; and the prayer of dedication was offered by President Walker.

## 198 RECORD OF EVENTS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

OCTOBER 20, 1858. — The Sunday-School Society held its autumnal meeting at Taunton. Addresses were made by Rev. Drs. Osgood and Stebbins, and an occasion largely attended by the friends of this Society was unusually fruitful of interest and instruction.

---

OCTOBER 24, 1858. — A new Unitarian Society having been formed in Baltimore, Md., and having extended an invitation to Rev. Charles J. Bowen of Kingston, Mass. to become its pastor, Mr. Bowen this day commenced his ministry in Baltimore, under circumstances auspicious of success.

---

OCTOBER 26, 1858. — Mr. S. B. Flagg, a late graduate of the Theological School at Meadville, was this day, in Grafton, ordained to the Christian ministry. The sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Stebbins. Mr. Flagg has assumed the pastorate of the Unitarian Society in Kalamazoo, Mich.

---

NOVEMBER 3, 1858. — Rev. Charles Ritter was installed pastor of the Unitarian Society in Walpole, N. H. Sermon by Rev. Dr. Gannett of Boston.

---

NOVEMBER 18, 1858. — Rev. Rushton D. Burr was installed pastor of the Unitarian Society in Brookfield. Sermon by Rev. Dr. Briggs of Salem.

---

CLERICAL INTELLIGENCE. — Rev. John Weiss of New Bedford has recently returned from a visit to Europe, but, as we regret to add, without that improvement of his health which will allow of a resumption of his pastoral labors. His Society, with characteristic liberality, has extended his leave of absence six months. — Rev. Mr. McFarland, who succeeded Rev. Dr. Gilman as pastor of the Unitarian Society in Charleston, S. C., has been compelled by ill health to relinquish, at least temporarily, his labors in that place. He has repaired to his native State, Virginia, in the hope of a restoration to health. Meanwhile the pulpit at Charleston is supplied by Rev. C. B. Thomas of Chelsea. — Rev. Mr. Mum-

ford of Detroit, with a view of recruiting his health, has obtained leave of absence for a year from his Society, and his place is temporarily filled by Rev. Richard Metcalf.

---

**LONG MINISTRIES.** — It has been observed in this country, that, in regard to the tie between pastor and people, a more conservative feeling exists in our Unitarian societies than in those of almost any other denomination. Frequent as are the removals of ministers from parish to parish, the number of those who remain forty and fifty years with one religious society is considerable, and is larger with us than in other communions. We need not call to mind the venerable pastors of former days whose names were so much honored in our churches, — Dr. Prince, Dr. Porter, Dr. Channing, Dr. Harris, Dr. Pierce, Dr. Bancroft, Dr. Ripley, Dr. Thayer, Dr. Thompson of Barre, — all of whom had long ministries each as pastor of a single society; we may allude to living illustrations of prolonged service, — Dr. Kendall, Dr. Lowell, Dr. Wellington, and Mr. Richardson of Hingham, all of whom have passed the fiftieth anniversary of their ordination. We see that similar long periods of service are not unknown in the Unitarian churches in England. Quite recently Rev. Charles Well-beloved, of York, died in the sixty-seventh year of his ministry, a length of service almost without a parallel. His name was familiar to Unitarians two generations ago, and was revered wherever modesty and piety and sterling worth of character were honored. Another venerable Unitarian minister in England may be named, — Rev. Charles Berry, pastor of the Great Meeting Congregation in Leicester. He has just entered upon the fifty-sixth year of his ministerial labor. It is stated as a remarkable fact, that the ministry of Mr. Berry's predecessor numbered the same years, so that for a period of one hundred and twelve years the Great Meeting Congregation has had but two pastors.

---

**OBITUARY.** — We are pained to see, by English papers, that a highly esteemed Unitarian clergyman has lately departed in the midst of his usefulness. Rev. Edward Tagart, Honorary Secretary of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, and minister

of the Unitarian Chapel in Little Portland Street, London, died at Brussels, October 12, in the fifty-fourth year of his age. Mr. Tagart had been commissioned by the British Unitarian Association to visit Transylvania, and make a report upon the condition and wants of our Unitarian brethren in that country. It was on his return from this journey that he was overtaken by disease in Brussels, where, after an illness of a few days, his earthly career was terminated. Mr. Tagart was a man of great executive ability, and from his activity and zeal was one of the most useful members of the body to which he belonged. It was our happiness to know him. In the summer of 1851 we made his acquaintance; we preached for him in his Chapel in Little Portland Street, and enjoyed the hospitalities of his house at Hampstead. Since then, we have had the pleasure of a correspondence with him, and are now filled with grief that a life so healthful and earnest, so active and useful, should be suddenly brought to a close. By his small but warmly attached society in London his loss will be deeply felt. He had been its pastor for more than a quarter of a century. Mr. Charles Dickens was a member of this congregation for many years.

---

REV. MR. COOLIDGE ONCE MORE. — A Boston secular newspaper lately published a long article in reply to our review of Mr. Coolidge's Farewell Discourse. While it began by deploring the prevailing want of Christian courtesy in religious controversies, it proceeded to indicate its fitness to administer a rebuke on this point, by accusing us of "idle flings," of "unmanly blows," of "mistaking liberal abuse for liberality," of "ignoring the possibility of any spiritual experience based upon theological opinions different from our own," of "portly self-sufficiency," of a "reckless, trifling, and boyish spirit," and of sundry other agreeable charges. We are so much accustomed to look to our secular press as occupying a judicial position in relation to religious discussions, that we think a writer, who may himself have done something to bring religious periodicals into disrepute, has a strong motive to seek the columns of a professedly impartial paper. If our supposition be correct, this is not the first time that an advocate at the bar has assumed to pronounce the dictum of the bench.

No notice whatever would have been taken of Mr. Coolidge's sermon, but for the hue and cry made for three months in every orthodox paper, implying that one of the lights of the Unitarian faith, and a representative man, had gone over to the Evangelical ranks. Does Orthodoxy need to reassure itself in this way? Some three or four Orthodox ministers are converted to Unitarianism every year, and have been annually for the last twenty-five years; yet Unitarians are not accustomed to toss up their hats, and fill the air with their shouts. Take a recent instance,—the late President of Waterville College, Rev. Dr. Sheldon,—a man standing in the front rank of the denomination he honored. His conversion to Unitarianism and settlement over a Unitarian parish were not trumpeted by every mouth,—were accepted quietly, almost as things of course, because similar changes are so common, are movements in a direction towards which so large a number in all denominations are looking. If this was not the case, Unitarians would think that crowing over a conversion would not be seemly. A thousand conversions would not add anything to the strength of their convictions, or to their calm confidence in the final triumph of the truth.

When, then, in strong contrast with all this, the course of Mr. Coolidge seemed to be regarded as making this year of grace an *annus mirabilis* in the history of Orthodoxy, it was important to show who Mr. Coolidge is, and what had been his position in the body he left. The intention was to do this kindly, but plainly. "Blows," "sneers," and "flings,"—these and similar words, abounding in the critique referred to, provoke the inquiry whether, in a change of circumstances, its writer would have executed a like purpose with more moderation and restraint?

"Flings and blows" indeed! These things are lawful, we suppose, if only on the right side. Throw out the charge of "irreverence and unbelief" against the religion of honored and sainted relatives and friends, a religion professed and adorned by those of the highest character in this city and commonwealth,—magistrates, judges, governors, noble and venerated women, the light of whose piety has blessed a thousand homes,—this is excusable, and will be defended in double newspaper columns. But

an attempt to show, ever so kindly, who it is that shoots these Parthian arrows, can spring only from "an intense and contemptuous bigotry." Any comment on these facts must be unnecessary.

### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

In the months of September, October, and November the following sums were received :—

Sept. 4.	Books sold by Rev. J. H. Stanley, Melbourne, Australia,	\$89.91
" 13.	Books sold by T. M. McWhinney, in Ohio,	100.00
" 14.	From a friend for India Mission,	1.00
" 15.	" Society in West Dedham,	13.65
" 17.	Books sold by Rev. W. H. Cudworth,	5.75
" "	From the following persons in Lowell, for the Book Fund :—	
	Hapgood Wright, . . . . .	5.00
	Isaac Hinckley, . . . . .	4.00
	William G. Wise, . . . . .	2.00
	J. B. McAlvin, . . . . .	2.00
" 18.	From Society in Beverly, in addition, . . .	5.00
" 20.	Books sold by Rev. S. S. Hunting, in Brookfield, . . . . .	18.30
" 28.	From Channing Society, Newton Corner, . .	89.00
" 30.	Books sold at Rooms in September, . . .	38.10
" "	From Subscribers to Quarterly Journal, . .	12.25
Oct. 8.	Books sold by Hiram Norton, . . . . .	18.25
" "	From Church of the Disciples, Boston, for India Mission, . . . . .	5 .0
" "	From Church of the Disciples, for Quarterly Journals, . . . . .	10.00
" "	Books sold by Rev. A. H. Conant in Rockford, Ill. . . . .	20.00
" "	From Mrs. I. Mansfield, . . . . .	1.00
" 9.	Books sold at Newton Corner, . . . . .	20.26
" 11.	" " in Templeton, Mass., . . . . .	70.79
" 12.	" " " Newport, R. I., . . . . .	8.20
" "	" " " Brookline, . . . . .	4.24
" "	From a friend, for India Mission, . . . .	10.00
" "	Quarterly Journals in Chicopee, Mass., . .	10.00

Oct. 14.	Books sold by Rev. Jacob Caldwell,	\$ 6.00
" "	" " " S. J. May, in Syracuse,	
	N. Y.,	40.00
" "	Quarterly Journals in Syracuse, N. Y.,	15.00
" "	A donation from Society in Syracuse, N. Y.,	
	in addition,	11.07
" "	Books sold by Rev. Joseph H. Phipps,	15.36
" 18.	From Miss E. P. Sever, for the Book Fund,	10.00
" 20.	" E. B. Knowlton,	1.00
" 21.	Books sold by Rev. F. Huidekoper, Meadville,	
	Penn.,	126.25
" 23.	From the ladies of Salem, for the benefit of	
	Philip Gangooly, it being the balance of	
	amount collected for the Collation at the	
	Autumnal Convention,	130.00
" "	Books sold by Rev. James Martineau, in Eng-	
	land,	106.46
" 29.	From a friend, for Major Cresse's Library,	5.00
" 30.	A Donation from Rev. A. H. Conant,	3.00
" "	Books sold by Rev. A. H. Conant,	15.00
" 31.	" " at Rooms in October,	167.63
" "	From Subscribers to Quarterly Journal,	32.25
Nov. 1.	Books sold by Rev. Thomas J. Mumford, in	
	Detroit, Mich.,	10.00
" "	A Donation from George B. Upton, Esq. of	
	Boston,	50.00
" 2.	From Society in Medfield,	18.00
" "	" Westminster Society, Providence, R. I.,	87.61
" 3.	Books sold by Rev. C. Nightingale,	5.00
" "	From Society in Groton,	65.00
" 4.	Books sold by Peters & Moore, Waltham,	2.07
" "	From the Ladies' Benevolent Society, Peter-	
	sham, for benefit of Philip Gangooly,	12.00
" "	Books sold by Rev. Cazneau Palfrey, D.D.,	8.40
" 8.	Quarterly Journals in Uxbridge,	18.00
" 9.	From Society in West Cambridge,	26.23
" 11.	From Society in Bangor, Me.,	30.00
" "	" " East Cambridge,	72.00
" "	" " East Cambridge, for Philip Gangooly,	4.00
" 12.	A Donation from Edward Wigglesworth, Esq.	
	of Boston,	50.00
" 13.	From Society in Buffalo, N. Y.,	50.00
" "	Books sold to the Western Conference,	58.92
" 15.	" " by A. Marsh, Worcester,	7.17
" "	" " Rev. R. R. Shippen,	25.00
" "	From Society in Plymouth,	54.20
" 17.	" Rev. Dr. Ellis's Society, Charlestown,	
	for the Book Fund,	365.00



Nov. 18.	A Donation from Hon. Nathan Appleton of Boston, . . . . .	\$ 100.00
" 20.	From Society in Charlestown, N. H., . . . . .	17.00
" 22.	Books sold by Rev. J. F. Moors, in Deerfield, . . . . .	27.40
" "	From Society in Concord, Mass., for benefit of Philip Gangooly, . . . . .	18.00
" "	From Society in Newburyport, . . . . .	50.00
" 24.	" " " Westford, Mass., . . . . .	18.00
" "	" " the North Church Society, Salem, . . . . .	100.00
" "	Books sold by O. G. Steele, Esq., . . . . .	50.00
" "	" " " Rev. A. S. Ryder, . . . . .	12.00
" 26.	From Society in Danvers, to make Rev. C. H. Wheeler a Life-member, . . . . .	30.00
" "	From Society in Danvers, for Quarterly Journals, . . . . .	29.00
" 27.	From Society in Keene, N. H., including a first payment of \$ 5 towards Life-membership by Thomas F. King, Esq., . . . . .	93.39
" 30.	From Society in Northfield, Mass., . . . . .	13.00
" "	" " " Troy, N. Y., . . . . .	100.00
" "	" " " Brunswick, Me. . . . .	15.00
" "	" " " Bath, Me. . . . .	12.00
" "	" " " Billerica, . . . . .	21.00
" "	Books sold at Rooms in November, . . . . .	50.65
" "	From Subscribers to Quarterly Journal, . . . . .	23.00

The following works are for sale at the Rooms of the American Unitarian Association, 21 Bromfield Street. Any work will be forwarded by mail, on receipt, in bills or postage-stamps, of the price annexed.

### **Theological Library.**

Vol. 1. Channing's Select Theological Writings. . .	\$0.60
" 2. Wilson's Unitarian Principles confirmed. . .	1.00
" 3. Norton's Statement of Reasons. . . . .	1.00
" 4. Theological Essays. Edited by Dr. Noyes. . .	1.00
" 5. Martineau's Studies of Christianity. . . . .	1.00

### **Devotional Library.**

Vol. 1. The Altar at Home. . . . .	.50
" 2. The Christian Doctrine of Prayer. By J. F. Clarke. . . . .	.50
" 3. The Rod and the Staff. By T. T. Stone. . .	.60
" 4. The Harp and the Cross. By S. G. Bulfinch. .	.60
" 5. Foregleams of Immortality. By E. H. Sears. .	.60
" 6. Seven Stormy Sundays. . . . .	.60

### **Miscellaneous.**

Complete Works of W. E. Channing, D. D. 3 vols. .	2.00
Genuineness of the Gospels. By A. Norton. 3 vols. .	4.00
People's Bible Dictionary. By Dr. Beard. 2 vols. .	
English Edition. . . . .	5.00
Tracts of the A. U. A. complete. 26 vols. . . .	12.00
Regeneration. By E. H. Sears. . . . .	.36
Doctrinal Lectures. By W. G. Elliot. . . . .	.25
Gospel Narratives. By Henry A. Miles. . . . .	.25
The Discipline of Sorrow. By W. G. Elliot. . . .	.30
History of the Cross of Christ. By W. R. Alger. .	.15
Early Piety: or, Recollections of Harriet B——. .	.16
Artistic Illustrations of the Trinity. . . . .	1.00
Grains of Gold. From the Writings of C. A. Bartol. .	.20
Sunday-School Liturgy. . . . .	.25

## TWO NEW EDITIONS.

During the last quarter, the American Unitarian Association have published new editions of two of their publications.

### ELIOT'S DOCTRINAL LECTURES

has now reached its thirteenth edition. This is regarded as the clearest and fairest statement of the Unitarian belief. Will not our friends help us to give it the widest possible circulation?

### SEVEN STORMY SUNDAYS

has been issued in a second edition. Of this work the London Inquirer says:—

"Our sister Church in America is growing rich in its devotional literature. It seems to have passed through the controversial warfare in which we are, unfortunately, still engaged, and is developing the more spiritual and practical aspects of our faith. Under happier influences than we are yet favored with, our American brethren are building up a true and noble branch of the Christian Church,—the Broad Church of the future, combining a manly and rational faith with a rich devotional fervor and a lofty spiritual philosophy.

"The book before us consists of a series of religious services for the use of those who are kept at home on Sundays by those blinding snow-storms which in the country districts of New England often block up the streets and houses, and render it impossible for women and children, and hardly safe even for persons of laborer frame, to venture out of doors. But although it contains frequent references to an American winter, this charming book is equally adapted to any meridian, and contains religious meditations and lessons for those who are prevented by sickness, infirmity, or any other cause, from attending the sacred service of the Church.

"For each Sunday there is a complete service, opening with a meditation or pleasant conversation between the various members of a family, proceeding with devotional services, sermons, and religious poetry. The prayers are singularly chosen and beautiful, far less stilted and ambitious than those we have met in most of the American manuals of devotion. There are fine selections from the works of Arnold, Matthew, Thackeray, and Deedschneider, two unpublished sermons by W. B. O. Peabody, together with two original ones, which it is high praise to say will amply bear comparison with those taken from the admirable writers we have mentioned. There are poetic extracts from Keble, and others of our religious poets, interspersed with appropriate thoughts of Francis de Sales, A. Kempi, Pascal, and Calverley.

"The book is full of beauties of the highest order, and does great credit to the taste of the compiler. We are glad to see that Dr. Beard includes it in the 'Unitarian Library.'"

THE  
 QUARTERLY JOURNAL  
 OF THE  
 AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

VOL. VI.

APRIL, 1859.

No. 3.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Unitarian Views of Christ-	200	Rev. Abel Abbot, D.D.	262
ians with the Old Church		Orthodox Interpreters.—Barnes	267
Legends, No. II.	216	Extracts from Letters	274
Truman	225	Meetings of the Executive	
Results of Associated Action	228	Committee	282
such Unitarian Preaching	235	Report of Events and General	
Dr. Marshall Frost	242	Intelligence	293
Dr. Ichabod Nichols, D.D.	253	Acknowledgments	298

BOSTON:  
 AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION,  
 21 BRUMFIELD STREET.  
 1859.

OFFICERS  
OF THE  
AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION

---

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

REV. EDWARD B. HALL, D.D., *President.*

“ RUFUS P. STEBBINS, D.D., }  
HON. HENRY B. ROGERS, } *Vice-President*

REV. HENRY A. MILES, D.D., *Secretary.*

CALVIN W. CLARK, ESQ., *Treasurer.*

REV. FREDERIC H. HEDGE, D.D.

“ WILLIAM R. ALGER.

EDWIN P. WHIPPLE, ESQ.

REV. CHARLES H. BRIGHAM.

“ CALVIN LINCOLN.

“ HENRY W. BELLOWES, D.D.

“ GEORGE W. HOSMER, D.D.

“ CAZNEAU PALFREY, D.D.

“ WILLIAM G. ELIOT, D.D.

---

\* \* The Office of the Association is at 21 Field Street, Boston. The Secretary will usually be there every day from 12 to 2 o'clock.

The Office of the Treasurer is likewise in the Rooms of the Association, and remittances of money may be made to him there. Subscriptions received for the Quarterly Journal,—price only one dollar per annum. All standard Unitarian books for sale. For prices see third page of cover.

THE  
QUARTERLY JOURNAL.

VOL. VI.

BOSTON, APRIL 1, 1859.

No. 3.

UNITARIAN VIEWS OF CHRIST.

THERE are indications of a reviving interest in the discussion of the points which have so long divided Unitarian and Trinitarian Christians. Recent courses of doctrinal lectures have attracted large and deeply attentive audiences. New periodicals have lately been established, to open afresh the old controversies. We hear that sermons in various pulpits, within the last few months, have had chief, if not sole, reference to the issues here referred to. Perhaps this state of things is very natural. A new generation has come upon the stage of action since the public mind in New England was so much agitated by polemic discussions. Nearly all youthful readers are sadly ignorant of the real merits of the questions in debate. Yet these are subjects of enduring interest, and this interest must, from time to time, break out afresh.

To meet this state of things so far as we can, in our humble way, we propose in this article to set forth the Unitarian views in relation to Christ. We select this point

because it is the most important in the whole range of theology, and determines the entire system of opinions to be received. Of course, we do not aim at any profound discussion of this subject. Our sole object is to offer, in the plainest style, a brief statement of what Unitarians believe on this point, with a few reasons why they hold the views they profess.

There is an incident in the life of Christ which is profoundly interesting when considered with reference to the subject we have named. We are told that he had a conversation with his disciples on the very point before us. An account of it will be found in the sixteenth chapter of Matthew, and is in these words:—

“When Jesus came into the coasts of Cæsarea Philippi, he asked his disciples, saying, Whom do men say that I, the Son of Man, am? And they said, Some say thou art John the Baptist, some say Elias, others Jeremias, or one of the Prophets. He saith unto them, But whom say ye that I am? And Simon Peter answered, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God. And Jesus answered and said unto him, Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona, for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven. And I say also unto thee, that thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.”

Now, it is noticeable that, among all the opinions cherished in the first Christian age in regard to the person of Christ, it does not appear that any one thought he was more than a great Teacher or Prophet sent from God. If any one had believed that Christ was God himself, it is not easy to see why Peter did not mention that opinion also among the others he names.

But we are told, not only what the world at large then

thought, but also what the disciples thought. For to his disciples Jesus puts the question, Whom do *ye* say that I am? And what reply does Peter make? Is it, "Thou art God the Son"? "Thou art the Second Person of the Trinity"? "Thou art the Infinite Jehovah himself"? Not a word of this sort is given. Peter's reply is, "Thou art the Christ, the *Son* of the living God." And how does Christ receive this statement from Peter? Does he condemn this opinion as false? Does he say that this belief is insufficient and defective? No; he commends Peter in the most emphatic manner: "Blessed art thou, Simón, son of Jonas. Your belief that I am the anointed, the Son of God, is inspired by the Father himself. And upon this declaration of yours shall my church be founded."

Can anything be plainer than that the faith which Christ asked, the faith which he commended, the faith which his immediate followers cherished, was simply that Christ was the "Son of the living God"? And suppose that the Saviour should come again upon the earth; suppose that he should come among us, and should ask us, "Whom do men say that I, the Son of Man, am?" — could we not speak of as great a variety of opinion now, concerning his person, as existed when he conversed with Peter? — could we not reply, Some say that thou art the angel of the Old Testament, who appeared to Moses, and led the Israelites in their journeys; and some say that thou art a God-man, having a second person in the Trinity mysteriously united with a human body. And should that heavenly Teacher ask once more, "But whom say ye that I am?" and could we reply in the confidence of a sincere faith, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God," would not this be enough? Yes; Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. This faith he declared to be sufficient once, he would



declare it to be sufficient now. He accepted it and praised it once, he would accept it and praise it now.

This is Unitarianism. No other words can better express the Unitarian belief as to the person of Christ. That belief is that Christ is the *Son* of God, that is, as the very word implies, that he is a being derived from God, and dependent upon God. We believe that he was a being made in all respects like a man, but that he was supernaturally endowed with wisdom and power from his Father. We believe that he had in him one mind, one conscious spirit, one will, one soul, just as we each have in us one mind, one conscious spirit, one will, one soul. Yet we believe that he was more than a mere man, for God was with him in a fuller sense than he is with us. He had the spirit given to him without measure. He is a fuller incarnation of the wisdom, power, and benignity of the Father. He is the Word, i. e. the spirit of wisdom and love, made flesh; so that in him we have a moral representation of the invisible Parent of all spirits, — he is the image of the Father, — we see the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. Still we maintain that all that the Saviour had he received of the Father, being as truly a derived and a dependent being as we are ourselves. On the question as to what time his existence commenced, Unitarians are not agreed; some believing that he pre-existed, interpreting literally the passages, "Before Abraham was, I am," and "the glory I had with the Father before the world was"; while others hold that these expressions refer only to his existence in the Divine counsels, and that his personality began when he was born of the Virgin Mary. These questions we do not regard as material. On the main point all, we believe, are united, that Christ is wholly a derived and dependent being, and of course is in no sense the proper object of supreme worship. He is the Son of the living God.

Trinitarianism goes further than this. We quote from an admitted authority:—"The Lord Jesus Christ possesses two natures,—a human nature and a divine nature. In his human nature he is truly and properly man; in his divine nature he is truly and properly God. By the mystical union of these two natures he is made our Saviour. When he says, 'I can of mine own self do nothing,' 'My Father is greater than I,' he speaks as a mere man: when he says, 'He that hath seen me hath seen the Father,' 'I and my Father are one,' he speaks as God. And being thus truly in his divine nature God, God the Son, God the second person in the Trinity, God equal with the Father, he is the object of prayer and supreme worship."

Such, then, are the Unitarian and such the Trinitarian views of the person of Christ. Why do we believe and defend the former?

1. We do this, in the first place, because on the vital point of the Trinitarian view, namely, the alleged union of the two natures in Christ, the Scriptures are wholly silent. Never has one passage been found, never has it been pretended that one has been found, which asserts that Christ is God and man both. The question how finite and infinite qualities could be united in the same person, how omniscience could exist with human ignorance, omnipotence with human weakness,—this question, fatal, as we think, to the scheme, we now wholly pass by. To the law and to the testimony we appeal. And we say it again, there is not one passage in which the advocates of this doctrine themselves pretend that it is affirmed that two natures exist in the person of Christ. The truth is, that this doctrine is altogether a matter of inference. Because Godlike titles and attributes are given to Christ, in one set of texts, and he is spoken of merely as a man in another set of texts, therefore

it is inferred that he is God and man both. We believe in all the texts, but not in the inference which fallible men draw from them. A doctrine so strange, and startling, and self-contradictory as this, that the attributes of God and man both were united in one person, would have been stated, in one passage at least, if it was a cardinal doctrine of the Christian religion. It would not have been left to be inferred. Before we can draw such an inference, we must ask, Is this the only way by which these two classes of texts can be reconciled? We believe they can be reconciled in a manner much more easy, natural, and credible.

2. We hold to the Unitarian views of the person of Christ, because, had we no other parts of the Bible but those very texts which are quoted to establish the Deity of Christ, we could from these alone prove that he is not God equal with the Father. We will try to show, in a few words, how the strongest texts, quoted in all treatises to prove the Deity of Christ, do in fact establish the Unitarian views of his person.

Is it said in Isaiah, "Unto us a child is born, and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace"? We reply, that, before this very same sentence is concluded, it adds, "The zeal of the Lord of hosts shall perform this." The distinction between the child that is born, and is called by these exalted titles, and the Lord of hosts who causes all this to be done, seems so clear, that it is a marvel that one of these persons should ever be confounded with the other.

Does it say, in Colossians, that Christ is before all things, that he created all things, that by him all things consist, that in all things he might have the pre-eminence? We reply, that the very next verse adds, "For it pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell." Whatever *all things* that he created means, whether the Christian ages or the

material world, the distinction between him and the Father, under whom he did it, and who gave him his fulness, is clearly marked.

Does it say, in Hebrews, when speaking of Christ, "Thy throne, O God, is for ever and for ever"? We reply, that, before the sentence is finished, it adds, "Therefore God, even *thy* God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above *thy fellows*." Of course, then, there is a God above Christ, and he who had fellows, or equals, was not the Infinite Jehovah.

Does it say, in Acts, that Stephen, when he was stoned, prayed to Jesus as if he was God, saying, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit"? We reply, that in the very same connection it is stated, that "the heavens were opened to Stephen, and he saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing *at the right hand of God*." Of course, this apostrophe to Jesus was not addressed to him as if he was the Supreme God.

Does it say, in Philippians, that "at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow, of things in heaven and things in earth"? We reply, the whole passage reads, "Wherefore God hath also highly exalted him, and hath *given* him a name which is above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow."

Does it say, in the Revelation, when speaking of Christ, "And all the churches shall know that I am he which searcheth the reins and hearts"? We reply, that, before the sentence is concluded, it is added, "even as I received of my Father."

Does it say, in John, "The word was with God, and the word was God, and the word was made flesh"? We reply, that the whole of the verse reads, "And the word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld its glory, the

glory as of the only begotten of the Father." Surely, then, the *word* could not have been the unbegotten Father himself.

Does it say, to take but one more example, in the same Gospel of John, that Christ is at last to judge the world? It adds, also, "The Father *committeth* all judgment unto the Son, and hath *given* him authority to execute judgment, because he is the Son of man."

Of course, these are not all the passages which are quoted to prove that Christ is God. But these are the prominent proof-texts. Undoubtedly, they do ascribe high power and honor, and great titles, to the Saviour. But high as they make him, these very passages themselves speak of one that is higher than he, even his God and our God, his Father and our Father. And the attentive reader of the Bible, who will carefully look at the whole of every passage which is quoted to prove that Christ is God, will, in all cases, find something in the connection which limits its signification, and establishes the Son's derivation *from* the Father, and dependence *upon* the Father. Putting, then, every other part of Scripture out of view, the doctrine that Christ is God is proved to be false by the very passages which are adduced in its support. If our readers wish to see all other Trinitarian texts explained, we refer them to Norton's "Statement of Reasons for not Believing the Doctrines of Trinitarianism," one of the series in the Theological Library published by the American Unitarian Association. In this learned work every Trinitarian text is carefully examined and explained.

3. We offer a third reason why we hold to the Unitarian view of the person of Christ. That theory of the two natures in Christ seems directly opposed to the language which fell most frequently from the Saviour's lips. The theory

is that God the Son, the second person in the Trinity, dwelt in the human nature of the man Jesus. But was it not the repeated declaration of Christ that the *Father* dwelt in him? "Believe me that I am in my Father, and the Father in me." "He that hath seen me, hath seen" — not God the Son, the second person of the Trinity, but — "the Father." If there were two natures in Christ, it was the union of God the Father with the man Jesus. As Unitarians, we indeed believe that the Father dwelt in Christ, and that he that hath seen Christ hath seen all of the Father which can be seen, that is, his moral attributes. But even the Father, we hold, did not dwell in Christ as a separate person, or separate nature. He dwelt in him as he dwells in all pure and holy spirits, only in a more full and perfect manner. At any rate, a theory which makes God the Son united to the man Jesus does by no means meet the repeated declarations of Scripture, and is plainly opposed to the clearest words of Christ.

4. We have still another objection to this theory. It supposes that God the Son, the second person of the Trinity, who was united to the human nature of Jesus, was equal to the Father. But there are several statements which fell from the lips of Jesus, which certainly seem to contradict that idea as directly as words can do it. We will quote one such statement: "I proceeded forth and came from God; neither came I of myself, but he sent me." Now, did Christ say this in his *human* nature, or in his *divine* nature? If in his human nature, then it was a mere man which proceeded forth and came from God. But this is not believed. It was his highest nature that came down from above. Does he then say this in his divine nature? Then in his divine nature he was *sent*, and of course distinct from and subject to him who did send. Take another passage.

"I came down from heaven, not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me." Here the being that came down from heaven was, of course, the highest nature of Christ. But even that came to do not its own will. How, then, could it be God equal with the Father? There are many texts of this description. Understand them of either of the supposed two natures in Christ, and they prove that, in his highest nature, he was distinct from and subject to the Father. We will not, however, quote them. One clear sentence from the lips of Jesus is enough.

5. In the fifth place, we hold to the Unitarian views of the person of Christ, because he himself denied that he had the attributes of Deity. He denied that he had *omniscience*: "Of that day and that hour knoweth no man; no, not the angels which are in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father." And this he did not say as a mere *man*. He speaks in his highest nature, in the nature which he had above the angels, in his Son's nature. In that nature he did not know all things, and of course was not God. He denied that he had *omnipotence*: "All power in heaven and on earth is committed unto me." He did not have it of himself. It was *given* unto him. He denied, also, that he had self-existence: "As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father." And this, likewise, he must have said in his highest nature. It was that which was *sent*, and that lived by the Father and of course, then, was not self-existent.

6. Unitarian views of the person of Christ are dear to us, because they give a simplicity and oneness to our Saviour's teaching which other views disturb. We can receive his words as coming from *one* mind, illumined by light from above. But to tell us that there were *two* natures in him, that sometimes one spoke and sometimes the other, sometimes the mere man and sometimes the God, this is to put

a puzzle upon his words. It is to open the door to uncertainty and doubt. How can we always tell in what nature he speaks? Not a word does he ever give to put us on our guard. He never says, I say this as a man, or, I say this as a God. What a strange mixture, then, of human ignorance and weakness with supernatural wisdom, does this theory suppose his words to be!—a mixture to which we have no explanation or clew whatever.

7. Unitarian views of the person of Christ stamp the same simplicity and oneness upon his nature and character. A teacher made like ourselves, gifted miraculously with light and power from above, and raised up to guide and bless the children of men,—this is intelligible; it accords with what we should beforehand expect the Father of lights to do. But the God of heaven and earth, coming down to this little speck of a planet, hiding himself in a human form, his own infinite knowledge, power, and greatness associated in the same person with the ignorance and weakness of a man, and then dying on a mount in Judæa,—what can we say of such a doctrine as this, but what an eminent Trinitarian once said, that “reason stands aghast”! It belongs essentially to the same class of doctrines as the mythology of the ancients, who held that Jupiter, Hercules, and other gods came down in the likeness of men. What wonder is it that a doctrine like this has made thousands and thousands of unbelievers!

8. Unitarian views of the person of Christ are dear, because they do not degrade the idea of God. The views which we are opposing seem to us to have this effect. It has been sometimes said of the Unitarian theology, that it degrades the Saviour. It does not take the glory of God and give it to another. But we think the Trinitarian theology does this. If it exalts the Saviour, it does it by robbing



God. And the ultimate effect is, not to carry the idea of the Saviour up above what we believe God to be, but to bring the idea of God down to what they believe the Saviour to be. We say, to bring down the idea of God. And are not frequent representations, put forth by the Trinitarian theology which have this effect? What ideas of the Infinite Jehovah of the Universe must men have, when they say it was he that was mocked, and scourged, and spit upon,—it was he that was nailed to a cross, and was laid in a tomb? To us the bare statement of this doctrine seems a profanation of the Infinite Majesty of Heaven. And yet this is what is said every Sabbath in many churches. We need but call to mind a few sentences in the Episcopal Prayer-Book. And we choose to take an illustration from that quarter, because, in the general moderation and propriety which prevail in the Episcopal Church, anything exaggerated or extravagant would hardly have a place there; and because, also, all that is there said is premeditated, and no abatement is to be made on the score of the fervor of extempore address. And yet, even there, in a solemn address to Almighty God, he is implored in these words: "By thine agony and bloody sweat, by thy death and burial." The death of God! the burial of God! the bloody sweat of God! What ideas are these of the Infinite Father of the Universe! While we are writing this paragraph, our eye rests on another evidence of the extent to which the Trinitarian theology obscures the pre-eminent lustre and glory of God. One of the most popular living defenders of that theology, Henry Ward Beecher, says, in a remarkable article in the *New York Independent*, that Christ is all of God that he knows, in comparison with whom the Father is only "a dim and shadowy effluence"! He goes on, in the next sentence, to confess that to him the Holy Spirit is a still more tenuous and un-

substantial efflux. Here we have, in the plainest words this writer can use, the acknowledgment that, after all the professions that the three persons of the Trinity make but one God, *there is a distinction between them which he cannot help recognizing.* This is as we supposed. The oneness of the three is verbal, and not real. But of the three objects in his polytheistic worship, Christ is the greatest God. The Father is only "a dim and shadowy effluence." Is this the teaching of the Bible, of creation, of all human history?

9. We have now suggested a few reasons for believing in the Unitarian views of the person of Christ. Many others might be named;—such, for example, as the natural meaning of the words Father and Son, no hint being given that we are to understand them differently from their usual signification; such, also, as the fact that the ground on which Christ demanded attention was, not that he was God himself, but that he was *sent* of God. But we have not space to enlarge. One consideration, however, must not be omitted. To us the Unitarian faith as to the person of Christ is precious, because it attaches as high authority to the Saviour as any *other* view of his person in which men have believed. He is an Almighty Saviour, because he has an Almighty Father to support him. Though not God himself, yet his words are as the words of God, because the Father commissioned him to utter them. The death of no other being could give us greater security, because, though not God himself, the Father *appointed* him to die for our salvation. The ambassador has all the power and authority of the government which sent him forth. By denying Christ to be God, we do not diminish his authority in the least. God was with him. His word, his promises, are as the word and promises of God, because God *anointed* him, and *sent* him to be the Saviour of the world. In other words, the efficacy,

sufficiency, and authority of Christ's mission depend, not upon our belief of his person, but upon the fact of his commission from God. This point is so clearly stated by a distinguished Trinitarian writer, that we shall close this article by a quotation from him. We refer to an eminent prelate of the English Church, the learned and candid Bishop Watson. "What need is there," says he, in a charge delivered to the clergy of the diocese of Llandaff,— "what need is there that we should calumniate and detest one another, because we cannot agree in our notions concerning the person of Christ? His authority as a teacher is the same, whether you suppose him to have been the Eternal God, or a Being inferior to him but commissioned by him; for the Gospel of Christ, whatever you may determine concerning the person of Christ, is certainly sealed with the finger of God. We are under the same obligation to obey the precepts of the Gospel, are incited to obedience by the same hopes, deterred from disobedience by the same fears, whether we believe Jesus of Nazareth to have been co-eternal with the first Source of all being, or to have been a man miraculously conceived, in whom all the fulness of the Godhead dwelt bodily. All depends upon the appointment of God; and if, instead of the death of a super-angelic, of an angelic, or of a human being, God had fixed on any other instrument as a medium of restoring man to immortality, it would have been highly improper in us to have quarrelled with the means which his goodness had appointed, merely because we could not see how they are fitted to attain the end."

## HOURS WITH THE OLD CHURCH LEGENDS.

## No. II.

WE remarked, in the last Journal, that many of the old legends of the Church were interesting, as illustrations of a broad and generous theology; and that such a theology must have been dear both to those with whom these ancient tales originated, and to those, in various ages, who have delighted to repeat them. We think that the legend we have selected for the present number of the Journal will place this thought in a striking point of view.

How may we secure an interest in Christ, and a well-grounded hope of salvation? Even in this enlightened age of the world, when this question is asked, there rise up to our minds at once certain articles of faith which must be believed, certain church ceremonies which must be performed, and certain traditional customs which must be religiously observed; for these things are supposed to be essential to all, and constitute the one exclusive door of entrance into the fold of Christ. A Congregationalist is apt to think that the only way of becoming a Christian is by joining the church, professing faith in its creed, partaking of the communion, giving money to missions, saying grace at the table, having family prayers, and being very intolerant of all mirth and pleasure. A Baptist insists upon the same essential points, only adding the indispensable matter of immersion. The Episcopalian enjoins confirmation by the hand of the bishop; the Roman Catholic insists upon entrance into the Church of the successors of St. Peter. It is no part of our purpose now to object to any of these doors of admission. They may all serve a very good purpose to those who pass through them.

But what we do object to is the idea that all *must* go through them; that these traditional and stereotyped forms are essential in every case; that no one can be joined to Christ in any other way. Such a notion is narrow. It overlooks the fact, that there may be those to whom all this machinery of profession and form is of no use. They may come to Christ, and love him, and serve him in manifold ways. Our nature is many-sided. There are other types of religious character than that which happens to be the orthodox one of the times. No doubt, God loves variety in our religious tastes, preferences, convictions, as much as he loves it in all other things. It is not the manner in which we come to Christ, but the fact that we do come to him, that is the one thing needful; and some may know him, and love him, and be bound to his service, though they refuse assent to all our religious traditions, and violate all the established customs of our church. We ought to have minds broad enough to see this; yet a liberality so comprehensive and generous is a rare thing in our day.

Was it known a thousand years ago? Yes; and, as a proof, we adduce the legend of St. Christopher. No doubt, the stiff churchmen, the narrow-minded priests, the stern orthodox of those ancient days, hated the story. Admit that men could be dear to Christ who would not believe the creed of the Church, nor use its prayers! Nothing can be more fatal, they would say, than such an admission. Our occupation is gone the moment it is made. All idea of fundamental articles of faith, of an orderly and established mode of entrance into the fold of Christ, of a church that can "bind and loose," is set aside. It is an anti-priest story, an anti-church story, this of St. Christopher, they would say.

And yet there is abundant evidence to show that few legends were more popular with the people. In many of

the cathedrals of the Old World it appears in altar-pieces, and on painted windows,—placed there, as we cannot help thinking, by other than sacerdotal influences, and as a sort of sly comment on the claim that there is no salvation out of the pale of the Church. Some of the most renowned artists have felt the inspiration of this story, like Titian in his wonderful picture in the Ducal Palace in Venice. How often was it told a thousand years ago, by gentle and loving hearts, who found in it comfort and hope! And, indeed, what a fine spirit of humanity runs through it! In what a winning light it represents the Saviour, as touched with a feeling for all our infirmities, and ever ready to receive just such service as we can bring! Reader, perhaps you have seen the legend of St. Christopher represented in shaded porcelain, and your eye may often rest on the design, as you sit at the centre-table in your parlor. That beautiful picture of the little child on the river's bank, and the strong man looking all round with his lantern to find it, taking it up tenderly in his arms, carrying it safely through the floods, and laying it gently down, not knowing that it was the infant Jesus himself that he bore over, — does not that picture suggest a great lesson to your heart? Know you not a place where you may go and labor for the good of others? Work patiently and kindly. Doing may precede believing. Doing will bring believing. Doing will make you dear to Christ; “for he that doeth the will of my Father in heaven,” saith the Saviour, “the same is my brother, and sister, and mother.”

#### LEGEND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER.

In the early ages of Christendom, there lived, in Palestine, a man of colossal stature, and of terrible aspect; and, being proud of his vast bulk and strength, he resolved that he would serve no

other than the most powerful monarch that existed. So he travelled far and wide to seek this greatest of kings. At length, he came to the court of a certain monarch, who was said to exceed, in power and riches, all the kings of the earth, and Christopher, for that was the name by which the strong man was known, offered to serve him. The king, seeing his great height and strength, was glad to have such a follower, and entertained him with joy.

Now, it happened one day, as Christopher stood by the king in the court, there came a minstrel who sang before the king, and in the minstrel's ode there was mention made of Satan ; but as soon as the evil spirit was named, the king made the sign of the cross. Then Christopher asked the reason of this gesture, but the king did not answer. "If thou tell me not," said Christopher, "then I leave thee." So the king told him, "I make that sign to preserve me from the power of Satan, for I fear lest he overcome me and slay me." "If thou fearest Satan," replied the strong man, "then thou art not the most powerful prince in the world. Thou hast deceived me. I will go to seek this Satan, and him will I serve, for he must be mightier than thou."

So Christopher departed ; and he travelled far and wide ; and, as he crossed a desert plain, he beheld a great crowd of armed men, and at their head marched a terrible and frightful being, with the air of a conqueror ; and he stopped Christopher on his path, saying, "Man, where goest thou ?" And Christopher answered, "I go to seek Satan, because he is the greatest prince in the world, and him would I serve." Then the other replied, "I am he ; seek no farther." So Christopher bowed down before him, and entered his service ; and they travelled on together.

Now, when they had journeyed a long way, they came to a place where four roads met, and there was a cross on the wayside. When the Evil One saw the cross, he was seized with fear, and trembled violently ; and he turned back, and made a great circuit to avoid it. When Christopher saw this, he was astonished, and inquired, "Why hast thou done so ?" But Satan answered not. Then said Christopher, "If thou tellest me not, I leave thee." So, being thus constrained, the fiend replied, "Upon that cross died Jesus Christ ; and when I behold it, I must tremble and fly, for I

hear him." Then Christopher was more and more astonished, and said, "Now, then, this Jesus whom thou fearest must be stronger than thou. I will go and seek him, and him will I serve."

So Christopher again travelled far and wide, seeking Christ; and after many days he came to the cell of a holy hermit. And Christopher told the hermit his story, and asked him where Christ could be found. Then the hermit began to instruct him diligently, and said, "This king whom thou seekest is indeed the greatest king, nor is there one on earth so mighty as he. But if thou wouldst serve him, he will impose many and hard duties on thee. Thou must pray." Then Christopher said, "I know nothing of prayers, and I will not be bound to such a service." "Thou must believe the doctrines of the Church," said the hermit. "I know nothing of the doctrines of the Church," said Christopher, "and I will not be bound to such a service." Then said the holy hermit, "Knowest thou a certain river, stony, and wide, and deep, and often swelled by the rains, and wherein many people perish who attempt to pass over?" And Christopher answered, "I know it." Then said the hermit, "Since thou wilt neither believe nor pray, go to that river, and use thy strength to aid and to save those who struggle with the stream, and those who are about to perish. It may be that this good work will prove acceptable to Jesus Christ, whom thou desirest to serve, and that he may manifest himself to thee." To which Christopher replied joyfully, "This I can do. It is a service that pleaseth me well." So he went as the hermit had directed, and he dwelt by the side of a great river; and having rooted up a palm-tree from the forest, — so strong he was and tall, — he used it for a staff to support and guide his steps, and he aided those who were about to sink, and the weak he carried on his shoulders across the stream; and by day and by night he was always ready for his task, and failed not, and was never weary of helping those who needed help.

Now, the thing that he did pleased the Lord, who, looking down upon him out of heaven, said within himself, "Behold, this strong man who knoweth not the way to worship me, yet hath found the way to serve me." And when Christopher had spent many days in this toil, it came to pass one night, as he rested him-



self in a hut he had built of branches of palm, he heard a voice which called to him from the shore. It was the plaintive voice of a child, and it seemed to say, "Christopher, come forth, and carry me over." And he arose forthwith, and looked out, but saw nothing. Then he lay down again; but the voice called to him again in the same words, a second and a third time. And at the third time, he looked all round with a lantern; and at length he beheld a little child sitting on the bank, who entreated him, saying, "Christopher, carry me over this night." And Christopher lifted the child on his strong shoulders, and took his staff, and entered the stream. And the waters rose higher and higher, and the waves roared, and the winds blew; and the infant on his shoulders became heavier and heavier, till it seemed to him that he must sink under that great burden. But taking courage, and staying his tottering steps with his palm-staff, he at length reached the opposite bank. And when he had laid the child down safely and gently, he looked upon him with astonishment and said, "Who art thou, child, that hath placed me in such peril? Had I carried the whole world on my shoulders, the burden had not been heavier." And the child replied, "Wonder not, Christopher, for thou *hast* not only borne the world, but him who died for the world, on thy shoulders. Me wouldst thou serve in this thy work of charity, and, behold, I have accepted thy service; and in witness that I have done so, plant thy staff in the ground, and it shall put forth leaves and fruit." Christopher did so, and the dry staff flourished as a palm-tree in the season, and was covered with clusters of dates; but the miraculous child had vanished. Then the strong man fell on his face and worshipped; and he who was called Offero before, that is, the bearer, was ever after called Christ-Offero, or Christopher, that is, one who had carried the Lord Jesus Christ.

## BORROMEIO.

CARLO BORROMEIO, count, cardinal, and saint, was born at Arona, on the border of Lago Maggiore, in 1538, of an illustrious and religious family, and of old Roman stock. As one of the best Romish saints, a great church-reformer, an originator of Sunday schools, above all, as a person of rare purity, unlimited self-sacrifice, and peculiarly fervent piety, he deserves to be familiarly known, even among Protestants. At twelve years of age, he was created an abbot; at twenty-two, his uncle, Pius IV., caused him to become, successively, grand penitentiary of Rome, arch-priest of St. Mary Major, protector of the Knights of Malta and of various religious orders, Archbishop of Milan, and finally Cardinal.

In the opening part of his public life, though distinguished by studious and devout habits, he lived in princely splendor; practising a regal hospitality, making his court hardly inferior to the Pope's, and surpassing the state of his renowned race. But when, upon the death of his only brother, they urged him to marry, that the name of Borrromeo might not become extinct, he replied by entering the priesthood at once, renounced all luxury, dismissed eighty domestics, sold his statuary, tapestry, and paintings for the benefit of the Church, relinquished the greater part of his immense income, and adopted St. Ambrose for a guide, and the desert hermits for a model. Thus his reform began with himself, where it is always hardest; with self-denials, which went so far as relinquishing his own bed during the plague, and austerities which unquestionably shortened his existence, — which changed his palace at once into a monastery, often gave his own back to the scourge, and prompted him to lead a procession through the streets of Milan with a halter around his neck and blood streaming from his naked feet.

His next and more perilous enterprise was to reform his diocese, then in frightful disorder, profligacy, and ignorance; according to Catholic accounts, the clergy were superstitious, sensual, stupid, and openly abandoned, so that the shortest cut to hell was said to be by *becoming a priest*. The nuns had exchanged devotion for dancing, and fasting for feasting. Some monasteries were kept vacant in order to fatten a lazy sinecurist; and the whole Milanese establishment was a model for profligacy, as under St. Charles it became a pattern of piety for the Catholic world. His resolute, radical, persevering renovation brought down upon him unremitting persecution. He was complained of to the Pope, misrepresented to King Philip II., calumniated as interfering in political affairs from worldly motives, and shot at by Fra John Farina as he was engaged in prayer, and the words, "Let not your hearts be troubled," were echoing through the hushed chapel. But the saint continued his devotions undisturbed, and the ball fell harmless to the ground. Three of these conspirators suffered capitally, and their order of "Humility" was suppressed. Borromeo's trials, however, continued till his life closed,—when enemies and friends hastened together to confess his sanctity and eulogize his character. His biographers claim the result of the Council of Trent as mainly due to Borromeo; who not only insisted upon the renewal of its session, but, as the revered representative of the Pope, dictated the course it took; and so "still lives" in the Church by the standard of doctrine there set up, and the ritual there inaugurated as Universal and Apostolic.

During the horrors of the plague in 1576, Borromeo's intrepid zeal became more conspicuous even than the suffering which gave it its direction. As the governor and nobles deserted the city, the saint returned to breast the enemy

from whom they fled. To supply food and clothing when all business was suspended, he stripped his own house of necessities, as well as luxuries; and, when this resource was exhausted, became himself a beggar for the sake of the destitute, deserted, and dying, as he exposed his life without hesitation to administer comfort to the sick body and hope to the departing spirit.

His services in the cause of education deserve to be everywhere named with reverence. He was interested in every department alike. Every kind of instruction, juvenile, classical, religious, missionary, sacerdotal, received equal attention, and was fostered with impartial generosity. Theological seminaries were the first necessity of his diocese, and his own fortune was poured out freely in their behalf. Having been himself benefited by classical studies, he was prompted to provide colleges in different parts of his diocese. But his characteristic scheme was furnishing all the young with systematic religious instruction on Sabbaths and festival days, the essential idea of what has since ripened into the noblest charity of modern times. His A B C schools embraced over forty thousand pupils, under seventeen hundred superintendents, in six hundred and forty establishments, all watched over unceasingly by himself. The education was chiefly in the Catechism; the attendance was voluntary, though the officers must have been remunerated; and among them I notice *nurses*, who took care of the smallest children, and *fishers*, whose occupation must have been gathering in the pupils from the hedges and highways. The influence of this excellent, thorough Christian training of his people was not to end with making Milan the best parish then to be found in Catholic Christendom, but has given to the people a superior intelligence, noticed by every traveller among the Milanese to-day.

For this rational preparation of his flock for a brighter future, as well as for the thorough purity of his own life, the energy of his reformatory spirit, the splendor of his marvelous self-sacrifice, Borromeo deserves richer honor than to rest in that gorgeous pile of jewels and gold beneath the high altar of the Milan Cathedral, a solemn mockery of his life and spirit,—or even that lofty statue of sixty-six feet in height at his birthplace, facing the Milan which his hands are extended to bless,—deserves to be had in universal reverence, as a genuine saint, a brave apostle, a wise friend of the young, and a whole-souled man.

H.

---

## RESULTS OF ASSOCIATED ACTION.

WHEN the fathers of the Unitarian body found themselves, in 1825, possessed of a common desire to give an interpretation of Christian doctrine and life differing from that which then almost everywhere prevailed, two courses of policy were before them. They might, in the first place, act solely as individuals. They could undoubtedly accomplish much in this way. Men of their gifts and spirit would make themselves felt in every circle they entered, and by their single and separate influence, they would help to detach from Christianity what had been put as a millstone about its neck, and win for it a more safe and honored place.

But in addition to all this, they might, in the second place, act together as one body. Their union would arrest public attention, place their views distinctively before the world, set people to thinking, call to their assistance those who agreed

with them, lead those who differed with them to re-examine, perhaps to modify, their conclusions, and, above all, enable them by their united means to carry on certain enterprises which no one individual could of himself alone undertake.

What are the enterprises which an association can sustain better than an individual? Let us look back upon the history of the Unitarian Association, and put together some of its results.

For more than thirty years a central institution has been sustained, with its office-room and officers, to which individuals and societies in all parts of the country, friendly to a liberal faith, may apply for information and aid.

A series of three hundred doctrinal and practical tracts has been published,—more than fifty millions of pages, embracing some of the ablest religious works of the age, which have been perused by thousands of readers, some of whom have found relief from views which darkened and perplexed their minds, others have been converted from an open and avowed infidelity, and others still have been strengthened and comforted and better prepared for that last trying hour which so many of them have met.

A country parish which has long sustained public worship finds itself crippled by frequent removals from the place, and the light on this ancient altar must go out through the lack of a few hundred dollars,—a lack which has been supplied in scores of cases through this Association.

A few families in some growing town or city feel the want of preaching that shall be in accordance with their profoundest convictions, and shall be a blessing to them and their children after them. But who shall go to make the experiment, for a few Sundays, of their interest and ability? A preacher sent by this Association. And when they build a church, and organize a parish, and need two or three hun-

dred dollars to give them a fair start in the world, whose hand shall be reached forth to meet the needs of this case? It is the hand of this Association. Some of the largest and wealthiest societies in our denomination, now contributing for others tenfold more than they ever received for themselves, have been fostered into life in this way.

Of late years, the business of publishing books has been undertaken. Thirty different works have been issued. Nearly one hundred thousand volumes have been sent forth into all parts of the land; copies have been placed in a large number of public libraries; colporters have been employed to go from house to house, and in this way many towns and sections of country have been perambulated by our agents; and years hence we may gratefully see the result of these labors in behalf of a pure faith and a consecrated life.

A stone church has been erected in Kansas, and a missionary sustained there, till the society to which he ministers grew into a self-sustaining position.

A missionary has been sustained in British India for four years, who has succeeded in producing a wide impression in one of the most discouraging fields of Christian labor, and set in operation influences which may work out something highly valuable and important in the coming day of India's regeneration.

To these hints, referring to what has been done for the enlargement and strength of our own body, may be added an influence exerted outside of our body. It is said that, when the English army was lately assaulting one of the rebellious towns in India, a banner, flying over a little company of their own soldiers, which, for its nationality or dress, was an object of much banter and ridicule, attracted all eyes, and provoked universal animation and zeal. We

are but a little company in the Church Militant. And, for some reason or other, we are objects of universal dislike; perhaps through some consciousness of the inherent strength of our principles. It is well to keep our little banner flying. If it attracts all eyes, it leads many to think who we are, and what we are, and why we are, and why they are opposed to us, and the extent and reasonableness of that opposition. And hence comes a modification of the old traditional theology. During the last twenty-five years, how great, how amazing, that modification has been! It would be absurd to claim this as exclusively the result of our agency. Providence works by more than one instrument. An improved education, a freer literature, a multiplied intercourse with the world, which rubs off rough corners as the waves smooth the pebbles of the beach, a liberal press, liberal arts, liberal institutions of government, the thousand liberal influences of the age,—all these are liberalizing theology, and setting it free from the hard and repelling forms of a darker day. But among these causes surely, and prominent among them, may be named the fresh and liberal thoughts proclaimed by the fathers of the Unitarian body, and extensively diffused by the Association they formed.

Influences, inconsiderable when seen only at one time, acquire some importance when, after the lapse of years, we look back upon them in the aggregate. During the period of its operations, the Association has collected more than two hundred thousand dollars. And what it has received with one hand it has paid out with the other, keeping not a cent for itself, as if it was an end in itself; it is only the churches' servant for their common good. The expenses of its administration have been, and still are, less than the average of similar organizations. It has been conducted by six successive Boards, consisting each of nine gentlemen, laymen



and clergymen, chosen at large from our body, who have met once a month to promote its interests; and, selected for their supposed wisdom and good judgment, they have brought high motives and faithful purposes to their unpaid service.

If it be inquired whether we can show anything worth all this expenditure, it may be said, in reply, that the men of this generation must ask their fathers what the freedom that has been conquered is worth. We must ask the church historian a hundred years hence, what was the worth of those influences diffused, in an inquiring and sceptical age, through thousands of the most intelligent minds, disentangling Christianity from its old scholastic and ecclesiastical corruptions, and giving it a fresh alliance with the literature and humanity of to-day. We must ask our hearts, what is our religion worth to ourselves,—its cheerful light, its gladsome hopes; and what sacrifice it is right and Christian we should make in order to impart it unto others.

We have sometimes heard the question discussed, whether there would not have been as great a diffusion of Unitarian ideas, if the Unitarian Association had not been formed; and as favoring an affirmative reply, it has been said that these ideas, made more progress in the half-dozen years prior to the formation of the Association, than in any like period since. We think there is a mistake as to the fact here referred to. Undoubtedly, there was a more frequent *declaration* of Unitarian opinions in the period named than in any half-dozen years since; but it does not appear that the *conversions* took place within that time. These conversions had quietly been going on for twenty years before; though, we believe, in cases no more numerous than in the twenty years following the formation of the Association. This was an event that gave, as it seems to us, an impulse to the dif-

fusion of Unitarianism, which was thus brought more distinctively before the public,—was made an institution, a power in the community, which else had been unrecognized and evanescent. For like reasons, nothing, we think, could be more disastrous to the prospects of Unitarian Christianity than the abandonment of that organization. While it is only too evident that it has not at present any strong hold upon the favor of the Unitarian body, it seems to be manifestly our duty to preserve and guard its life, in the hope that, in the changing feelings of the denomination, the time will come when this historical institution will be an object of a more general and hearty interest.

But, whatever the future may unfold, enough has already been accomplished to justify some grateful satisfaction. We are often talking about the great changes that are taking place in this age of the world. See the revolutions of the last thirty years, we frequently say, in our style of living, in the comforts of our civilization, in the ease and celerity of travel, in the rapidity with which we receive intelligence from all parts of the world. These changes are outward and visible; we can comprehend them fully, and those of us who are old enough to bring them into contrast with the facts of thirty years ago, feel like exclaiming, “It is marvellous in our eyes.” But there are other changes going on just as wonderful as these, and far more important,—changes in men’s *thoughts*. We do not see this internal revolution, and therefore it does not so much arrest our attention; but it exists. Men in general do not worship the same God now that was worshipped thirty years ago,—so much higher and better views have they of the Supreme Being. The conception of the future world, the idea of death, the philosophy of the relation between the Gospel and the nature of man, the notion of the true use and enjoyment of

the present life,— we say not that, on these and similar topics, crude and unworthy opinions are not now entertained; but what we say is, that the improvements already made amount to a revolution. And we are on the road of still further progress. It is something to have belonged to a denomination that has led this progress. It is more to be able to contribute something to help it on. And perhaps better than all is it if we can do anything to guide it. For a period of revolution of ideas is always a period of peril. In view of extremes of unbelief and denial into which, when once moved, the popular mind may easily run, we may be thankful that God has protected religion with a conservatism naturally stronger than is found anywhere else; while we should do what we can to set forth that view which shows that “the kingdom of God is not meat and drink,” — not something artificial, arbitrary, imposed outwardly by authority, — but is “love and a sound mind.” No words can adequately express the importance of stamping this conviction upon all minds; and no other denomination of Christians is in a condition to do this so effectually as that to which it is our privilege to belong.

---

PETER ARANZA. — Readers of Church history cannot fail to notice how frequently Unitarian opinions have reappeared, and this in the face of all persecution. In Maden’s history of Savonarola, Vol. II. p. 262, we read of Peter Aranza, private chamberlain of the Pope, who was thrown into prison January, 1501, and died Nov. 13, 1502, because he prayed in the name of the Father alone, and held that Christ could not suffer if he was God, and maintained that indulgences were of no avail, and were inventions for the sake of gain, and affirmed there was no hell or purgatory.

## FRENCH UNITARIAN PREACHING.

[We present to our readers a translation of a sermon by M. Colani, an eloquent preacher in Strasburg, France. It is taken from a volume of sermons he has published, and can hardly fail to awaken interest as a specimen of French Unitarian preaching. Colani, besides the eminent place he holds as a preacher, is editor of the *Revue de Théologie et de Philosophie Chrétienne*, published monthly in Strasburg. It was established in 1850, and is the highest-priced periodical among sixteen, in the interest of Protestantism, published in the empire. It is devoted to the defence of a liberal theology. Copies that have come to this country have awakened much interest, and subscribers for it have been procured. We are indebted for the following translation to Rev. C. H. Brigham, of Taunton. It will be observed that the text of the sermon is slightly varied from our common version. The reading which the preacher prefers is not without critical support.]

“The true light that lighteth every man is come into the world.” — JOHN 1. 9.

EVERY creature receives at its birth a natural light to guide it in the rough path of life. You know with what admirable instinct (for it comes from God) the smallest creature discerns its proper food, shelters itself from the dangers of the weather, makes a place of safe retreat from the enemy that it dreads, and provides for the needs of offspring which shall come after it. Such a light cannot be wanting to man. He even directs at his pleasure the rays of this lamp: instead of instinct, he has intelligence. Before undertaking an enterprise, we bring before ourselves the consequences, possible or inevitable, of our action, weigh the advantages and the disadvantages which it shows, and then decide, on a full acquaintance with our cause. Thanks to this precious light, we become masters of the earth, subjugating the elements, and creating the marvels of industrial force. This same light, in our relations with fellow-men,

enables us to avoid useless quarrels, and to join our interest with those of our neighbor. And this light, in fine, guides the scholar in his patient researches, whether he deciphers the hieroglyphic remains of ancient nations, or seeks to fathom the mysterious laws of nature.

Nevertheless, this calculating and observing *intelligence* stays, like blind instinct, bound to things finite. It tells us no word about our destiny. We need another light, a spiritual instinct to rescue us from these material prejudices, a superior sense to acquaint us with things divine. This celestial ray, without which man would not be made in God's image, is *conscience*. It brings us to distinguish good from evil; it teaches us that the only true realities are spiritual realities; it commands us to subordinate to these our pleasures and our interests; it thrills us alternately with admiration or with indignation at the sight of virtue or of crime; it gives us disgust for sin, throwing upon this that sinister glow which reveals its horror; it draws us toward holiness, showing how this fits to all the aspirations of our being; it goads us, as hunger goads the body, for this too is the cry of our nature. In a word, through conscience we are immortal beings, capable of knowing and of loving God.

Ah! if we should always follow this heavenly attraction, what more should we want? Here below, even, we should have eternal life, with its holiness, with its bliss. God would be present in all our thoughts, and, in the last analysis, none of our acts would have other motive than the love of the Father. Our life would move on in a peaceable and steady progress, without crisis, without storm.

Need I say to you, brethren, that it is not usually so? Alas! who will doubt that conscience is veiled, — not that it fails constantly to shine, but that its light does not pierce through the darkness of our souls, and that often we delib-

erately turn our eyes away from it? The same thing happens here which happens in the inferior province of *reason*. Every man, at every moment of his existence, is compelled to assent to axioms, which make the very laws of thought, — as that the whole is greater than a part, or that the cause goes before the effect; — nobody contests these. Yet, in practice, these indisputable laws are constantly neglected and violated. So every one admits that generosity is better than selfishness, that truth is better than falsehood, that all earthly goods should be sacrificed, without reserve, to the will of God. These are moral axioms; we cannot deny them more than we can deny our own existence, and whether we will or not, conscience declares to us that they are true. But its voice is smothered by the murmurs of the world.

Between the passions which allow us immediate pleasure, and conscience which preaches *renunciation*, we do not hesitate. Conscience is too austere. Why will it not compromise with us? We would willingly obey it, hard as it is, if after a while it would bring us to the end, and enable us then to live without care. But no; when we begin to obey it, it reveals to us some new duty. It presses us ever, — it is ever unsatisfied, it is ever commanding. No truce, no rest! — always it orders us to go on and on. How can we love this harsh conscience, — this fatal gift from heaven, which hinders us from any tranquil enjoyment?

Moreover, when we look around us, what ally do we find for conscience against our inward dislike of its commands? Perhaps, if we were breathing the atmosphere of holiness, and virtue were shining around us in its full splendor, it might be easy for us to suppress passions, and obey duty. The light within would gain intensity in mingling with the outer light. But the world and society, far from strengthening us against temptation, only nourish our sinful passions.

A body of men, each of whom is a sinner, cannot exercise a sanctifying influence. It is with evil as with all other things, — the mass creates fermentation.

Not only is conscience too weak to contend with passion, not only does it meet in society an enemy, but by its very nature it seems to us to fail in vitality. Its teaching seems to us true enough, but at the same time how cold, — only abstract idea, only philosophy! What! God, who wishes us to sacrifice for him every good and every joy, — shall God remain mere abstraction? To quench our burning thirst for happiness, shall we have only a shadow, — a shadow, perhaps, whose reality we cannot doubt, yet still a shadow? While Nature can be handled with the hands and seen with the eyes, while she intoxicates us with her perfumes, while the husbandman can find the visible fruits of his toil, while the miser can clutch his solid coin, shall we find in God only a phantom which escapes our hold? Friendship seems full only when we can press the friend to our heart; and shall the highest Friend, the sovereign Good, be for us ever a being of mere reason? What a disheartening thought!

I do not say, brethren, that this discouragement is well founded, any more than I would maintain that it is really impossible for us to obey conscience rather than passion. No; I believe that in proportion as we live in God, God will dwell in us, and by his spirit will make us feel his sure and palpable presence. But it is too certain that we do not commonly feel this presence of God. While conscience tells us of the Eternal One, we are in danger of having only a metaphysical notion of him. Now, we cannot live by metaphysics. We must have reality. It has often been remarked, that men who, in generous self-devotion, have given themselves to the worship of an idea, scholars,

thinkers, poets, come sooner or later to a dangerous crisis, when their idea is unable to satisfy them. "Vanity of vanities," they cry then with the Preacher, "all is vanity. I had resolved to seek and fathom by wisdom all things under the sun; but it is a vexatious labor, a waste of soul. Might I not better eat my bread with gladness, and drink my wine? Had I not better seek the pleasures which give life?" This temptation especially assails the intellectual leaders of mankind; but every one of us, my brethren, is called to meet it. We thirst too much for the pleasures of life, to climb willingly the cold and naked steep of perfection.

What, then, shall we do? Passion draws us toward things material, and yet we inwardly shrink from the world's grossness. Conscience opens for us a way to spiritual realities,—the true realities; but these are too distant,—the ray which they send to us is too weak: it only disgusts us with things finite, without making us seek the Infinite. What shall we do? Man can do nothing in this dilemma. From God alone salvation must come. "The light," says our text, "the true light, that enlighteneth every man, is come into the world." In other words, the truths which conscience reveals are visibly manifest, living, personal, in Jesus our Lord. The soul ceases to make of God an abstract idea,—it beholds him in beholding Christ.

Discussions about the person of the Lord are ancient and frequent in the Church. No Christian, indeed, has doubted that Jesus was at once his Master and his Brother, the express image of the Most High, and the truest type of humanity. But theology has undertaken to adjust this double character, and from the age which followed the death of the Apostles, divers theorists have tried to explain what is perhaps inexplicable. Unfortunately, in that age Chris-



tianity was exposed to the influence of the Greek philosophy, — a philosophy of sophists and rhetoricians, a Pagan philosophy, foreign to the seriousness of the Gospel. Instead of looking upon the Lord's person as a living personality, which must be studied in the story of his life, the Church Fathers too often regarded him as a metaphysical being, and applied to him their dead formulas, void of sense and full of subtilities. Let us not follow them. Let us not be drawn into scholastic discussions when we speak of the Saviour. This name, which our gratitude gives him, reminds us that Jesus Christ is not an object of mere curiosity, and that when we seek to know about him, it should be only that we may join ourselves to him. In general, in our day, when theological questions descend, or rather rise, from the schools to the Church, — in our day, when simple believers, as in Luther's day, are constantly chosen as judges in disputes of which heretofore they have not known the existence, — it is important to proclaim boldly this principle, *that there is no religious truth which does not directly bear upon the spiritual life*, and that, consequently, every theory which lacks this practical element, every theory with which you know not in your heart what to do, is not and cannot be a religious truth. It may be philosophy, but it is not religion, it is not the Gospel, it is not an object of faith; for faith, religious faith (I do not say, belief or opinion), — *faith gives life*. When, therefore, you hear from one person that God governs the world from the height of a heaven situated beyond the stars, or from another, that God is everywhere diffused, filling alike every atom of the universe, — let them go on discussing; say to yourselves that God is present here, around you, and that at the same time he is a living God; — then, for the rest of the matter, give it over to philosophers and astronomers. Or, again,

when you hear it said that, according to the doctrine of our fathers, the eternity of punishment is absolute, leaving no possibility of future conversion, while, according to certain other reasoners, every punishment which God inflicts, whether in this world or the other, has for its end the correction and the salvation of the sinner, who cannot be for ever reprobate, — let them go on discussing, keep for yourself only these two thoughts: first, that God is love, and, second, that your most precious interests require you to be converted to-day, and not to-morrow. Or still further, when you read that the theologians assign the origin of the evil that is in us, sometimes to a supernatural spirit, the dismal representative of infernal powers, sometimes to a fatal consequence of the fall of our first parents in the garden of Eden, sometimes to ourselves and our own liberty, — let them go on discussing; only detest the evil, confess yourselves to be sinners, and expect no good from your own heart if you separate yourselves from God. Finally, when speculative discussions about the personality of the Holy Spirit reach you with their echo, — let them dispute, only remember that the thing most important is not to distinguish or to reconcile the action of God and of the Holy Ghost, the Evangelical Spirit and the third person of the Trinity; but the one thing needful is *to have this Spirit*, to put ourselves under its influence, to submit to it our wills, and to be penetrated by its power.

It is so, it is so above all, with the person of Jesus. What must we think of the Gospel, if the very pivot of our faith were its least religious point? The true doctrine of the person of the Lord ought to be *edifying* in all its parts; it ought to lead, not to subtle abstractions and interminable controversies, but to piety and to practical religion.

This true doctrine upon Christ's person, St. John sums

up in a single line, "The true light that lighteth every man is come into the world"; — the same light which shines as a spark in our hearts, without being strong enough to pierce their shadows, shines in Jesus Christ with a pure and powerful blaze, which serves for a pharos to the sinful race of man.

We greatly err if we imagine that Jesus came only to make a commentary upon conscience, to explain this in his discourse, to utter its maxims in his teaching. Certainly no preacher or teacher is comparable to Jesus, yet Jesus is more than a teacher and preacher. *The word* has not force enough to save us. The admirable phrase which I have just used, "God is love," — compare this with an act of love like the sacrifice of Golgotha, and you will see how much more *the act* weighs than *the word*, were this word even most sublime. In Christ we have not only doctrine, but *acts*, and not only separate acts, but a personality which, in all that it says, does, thinks, wills, is the complete image of God revealed by conscience. While the saints, the apostles, the martyrs, lament their imperfection, and the sin that is in them, Jesus, to whom the sincere unbeliever cannot at least deny a great moral superiority, Jesus is the only one who says before all the world, "My Father and I are one." He claims the privilege of an absolute perfection, making himself like to the Eternal God, which (as the Jews said) would be a blasphemy inconsistent with the smallest measure of virtue, if it were not the most exact of truths. The testimony which Jesus bears of himself is then undeniable. There is nothing in him which is not conformed to the image which we make of God, and all the features of this image, *all* are reproduced in him in a living perfectness.

Is there any attribute of God which reason teaches us, that is not manifested in Christ? Yes, certainly. It says

to us that God is infinite, eternal, omnipotent, omniscient; and I remark that Jesus, far from filling the universe, occupied on this earth only such space as we occupy. I read that he was born in time, on a certain day, at Bethlehem; I see him suffering from hunger and fatigue; I notice him shedding tears and praying; I hear him tell us that he knows not the hour of the final judgment. He does not reveal to us God under every aspect, he is not the image of his Father in the qualities of immensity, eternity, omnipotence, or omniscience. But does man know fully what he means by these words? He means what is ineffable, what cannot be expressed. The most profound philosopher does not understand himself when he makes use of these expressions. In saying that God is *infinite*, we simply avow our ignorance; we acknowledge that he passes our understanding, that we can conceive him neither in the relation of time nor the relation of space, neither as power nor as wisdom. We confess that our highest ideas are infinitely below what he must be. And this ignorance is not accidental, but comes from the very constitution of our minds. While we remain men, we shall be, in regard to God's attributes, as one born blind is in regard to light and colors. If God had revealed by the mouth of Christ the mystery of these attributes, the revelation would have been for us as mysterious, as incomprehensible, as the attributes themselves. And if Christ had been endowed with omniscience, with omnipotence, he would not have been "in the world," he would not have been man, he would not have been our brother; we should lose all the profit of his coming, since this profit consists precisely in seeing God in a human form.

Now, God has been able, in fact, to show himself in this form; for, if divinity and humanity exclude each other in

the relations of which we have just spoken, the one being infinite, while the other is bounded by time and space, it remains not less true, brethren, that we are of a divine lineage. We are made in God's image, and we have a series of qualities, of attributes, in common with the Creator. Only he possesses them as belonging to his very nature, while for us they are an ideal to which we must tend, they constitute our duties such as conscience reveals them. God is true, and we ought to be true. God is just, and we ought to be just. God is love, and we ought to be love. God is perfect, and we ought to be perfect. God is holy, and we ought to be holy. Well, then, Jesus is the full manifestation of duty and of God. He shows us, by his example, what we ought to be, and by this therefore he shows us what God is. He is good, he is just, he is love, he is perfect, he is holy. He is then truly "the Son of Man," — that is to say, *the-man*, the man *par excellence*, the typical man; and he is therefore as truly the Son of God, the express image of the Eternal, for the fulness of divine sanctity dwells in him.

Thus, my brethren, the voice of conscience, which we so little obey, and the voice of Christ, which sounds to us so clear through eighteen centuries, are one and the same voice, the voice of God. God speaks *in us* by the sigh of our true nature, and he speaks *out of us* by the mouth of his only Son.

Do you ask, which of these two voices you ought in preference to hear? When we are accustomed to listen to the one, the other makes itself at once audible. Can a Christian consult the oracle within, without seeing the face of his beloved Master, who comes to utter the answer which had been expected from conscience? Can you read the Gospels without feeling in your hearts a chord vibrating to confirm

the words and the acts of Christ? If this chord should not vibrate, the word of the Lord would remain dead for you; you would not know how to seize or to accept it. What, for example, would that forgiveness, which Jesus declares in his preaching and by his death, be, if your conscience should refuse to this its sanction? Forgiveness would be, in your eyes, a weakness on the part of God, even an injustice; you could not believe in it. But, looking upon Calvary, your conscience speaks distinctly, and tells you that forgiveness is more beautiful than vengeance, that mercy is superior to justice, that love excels all things else, and you conclude from this that forgiveness is worthy of God, and you accept with a full confidence the good news which Christ brings. God does not contradict himself. In the thirsty heart of justice he allows no longing to arise which Jesus cannot satisfy, and he reveals nothing in Jesus which does not find an echo in the depths of the soul.

But what a wonderful difference between the soul given over to itself, and the soul sustained by the sight of the Lord! Here it is that the spiritual force of the Gospel shines in all its brightness!

You complain that your conscience has fed you with shadows, with abstractions. Christ now is there before you; always present by the Holy Book, he gives a form to the vague aspirations of our hearts. He offers us in his person, if I may dare so to speak, an authentic portrait of God. You have all had, in prayer, painful experience of this vague aspiring. Your souls would rise to the Eternal One, yet he would not be found of them. Because you were speaking to him, you imagined him before your eyes, and gave to him material, perhaps human features. Yet something within you protested against this infantile image. "It is not this," you said to yourselves; and your souls

sought to imagine the pure spirit which they knew they were addressing. But in vain. Always this image of God kept in some sort its opaque material form, so that you painfully hesitated, in the alternative, either of seeing the personality of God vanish in becoming spiritual, or of prostrating yourselves before a false image of the Creator. With Christ this trouble disappears. Your worship is at once worship in spirit and worship in truth. When you pray "in the name of Jesus," as the Scripture expresses it, you address indifferently your prayer to the Father or to Christ. If it is to the Father, it is in bringing before yourselves the features of his Son, who has revealed to us all of God that the human soul can take in. If it is to Christ, your worship does not address what is finite, terrestrial, transitory in his person, — does not address itself to Christ "according to the flesh"; but, through the form of man, you see shining the brightness of God, and it is this brightness that you adore. You worship God in Christ.

Your conscience was just now discouraged. Everything in the world led for you to a perpetual temptation. Wherever you turned your gaze, you met weakness and vice. You ended by exclaiming, "Virtue, thou art nothing but a name!" But now that Christ is before your eyes, you know that the Good is not a Utopia. Man is capable of holiness, for Jesus has been perfect, like the Father in heaven. Doubtless, if Jesus is not man, wholly man, his holiness is of no worth to us; if it is the product of his nature, as a pleasant fruit grows necessarily on a good tree, he is not our brother, our model, our surety. But he was tempted like each of us, — not only on that day when, beginning his Messianic work, he had to choose between a political kingdom founded on success, and a spiritual kingdom which must lead to an ignominious death; but he was

tempted as truly on the day when, lifted on the cross by obedience to his Father, and to prove to men his ineffable love, he saw his apostles, those whom he had chosen to be the witnesses of his devotion, flee from him in fear, deny him, and, it might be, annul his work. His reason said to him then, that all these sufferings were useless, and the most fearful of temptations came to assail him in the form of a doubt. But it is to his Father that he complains of being abandoned by the Father. "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" In doubting, he prayed, then he believed, and the very failing of his natural force makes us see all the better his virtue. If a man has been able to resist such a trial, there is none from which, by the grace of God, we may not come forth triumphant. The victorious energy of the soul is more than a supposition of faith, more than an idea, — it is an historical fact.

Lastly, conscience, left to itself alone, was a rough and wearying schoolmaster, whose incessant reproaches gave you a kind of repugnance for the good. Christ, on the contrary, in whom the moral law was made flesh, in whom the light of conscience became personal, — Christ makes us love him, and makes us thus love the moral law, conscience, and, above all, God, whom he teaches us to call "our Father." How sweet and majestic, how august and tender, this form of the Saviour! In his burning indignation, he will drive the traffickers from the temple; yet he takes the little ones in his arms. He has scourged the Pharisees in words ringing with a bitter irony; yet he consoles the robber, whom, in his torture, they have joined with him as a vile companion. Force and mildness, all that can win our souls, we find in him. How can we refrain from longing to be like him, — how from striving to imitate him, — how resist so much affection?



Ah! my brethren, leave, leave abstract dogmas, and read the four Gospels. In these you will see how shines the love of God in Christ, you will breathe this air of sanctity which heals sin and gives eternal life, you will see the heavens open, for you will see here "the will of God done on earth as it is done in heaven." If Christendom is sick, if at times it seems not to know well what it believes or what it wants, it is because it has neglected its great treasure. Instead of bathing itself in the story of the Lord, it has preferred to venture in one knows not how many difficult subtilties. Thus, while some have made of Christianity a thorny and scholastic system, others have come to despise it, substituting for it a cold admiration of reason and nature. Let us wish to look only upon the light incarnate in Christ, the real Christ, the Christ of history and not of speculation, the Christ of the Gospels and not the Christ of theologians. Brought into his presence, our conscience exclaims, like the Apostle, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life."

---

#### REV. BARZILLAI FROST.

WE have stated in former numbers of this Journal, that, in consequence of failing health, Mr. Frost had resigned his office as pastor of the First Church in Concord, had returned from a voyage to the Western Islands without any hope of recovery, and had gone to the scene of his labors to breathe out his earthly life amidst those by whom he was beloved. His decline was gentle and protracted. Early on the morning of December 8, 1858, he departed.

He was born in Effingham, N. H., June 18, 1804. He was fitted for college at Exeter, N. H., entered the Sophomore Class in Harvard University in 1827, and graduated in 1830. He was Preceptor of Framingham Academy for the two following years, and was subsequently Acting Professor of Mathematics in Harvard University, in place of Professor Farrar, then in Europe. In 1835, he completed his studies at the Cambridge Divinity School. He was ordained over the First Parish Church in Concord, as colleague pastor with Rev. Ezra Ripley, D.D., February 1, 1837. The spring of 1856, and the winter of 1856 – 57, he passed at the islands of St. Thomas and St. Croix. His pastoral relation ceased October 3, 1857. He sailed for Fayal November 24, 1857, and returned in the following August. He died, as we have already stated, December 8, 1858. At the funeral, December 10, the church was thronged by his late parishioners, and fellow-citizens of other religious societies. A sermon was preached by the editor of this Journal, who had been requested by the departed to render this service. The discourse has since been published, at the request of hearers, and we hope we may be pardoned for reprinting the following extracts.

“In college he was distinguished for proficiency in mathematical studies, and these gave a peculiar bias and shape to his mind. Through life he concerned himself with those thoughts which he could apprehend with clearness and certainty. He knew exactly the point where any subject shaded off into poetry, or sentiment, or mysticism, and at that point he dropped it. And yet what he saw in the white light of truth was never to him a mere abstraction; it was a living reality, clothed with flesh and blood, and vital with precious interests. Logic to prove the exact truth, and conscience to defend the exact right, — these were his tools, and he loved to use them. There are other passes like that ‘North Bridge’ which has made this town so famous. They may be

found in all questions of polemics, and morals, and social reform. Our friend had the courage of the grandsires of this village. With his single but effective weapon he was ready to meet all the 'regulars,' armed against the true and the right, that chose to oppose him; and hardly ever less certain was it, than in the historical example of your local annals, which party had to beat a retreat."

"It is now nearly twenty-two years since he was here ordained to the Gospel ministry, as colleague with the Rev. Dr. Ripley; and the hand that is now scattering these leaves on his grave offered to him the Fellowship of the Churches. Time would fail me were I to take up in order all the topics which a review of his labors suggests; but I should be false to your expectations and wishes, and to the claims of this occasion, if I did not name a few points which call for special notice.

"Doubtless you all early felt that there was neither flexibility of voice, nor play of imagination, nor gush of emotion, to give him, as a preacher, that power to which other endowments fairly entitled him. But there was among you all, from the first, that discriminating good-sense which knew what were really the best things in a parish minister; and when you saw that it was a true man that stood in this pulpit, and brought to you the carefully prepared thoughts of a well-ordered and well-furnished mind,—one who through the week was diligent in your service, a guide of your schools, a counsellor at your firesides, a comforter at your sick and dying beds,—a man whom you always knew just where to find, on whose honor and good-sense you could rely, whose frank and decided convictions commanded respect, and whose strong character was daily lifting up this community to a higher tone,—you felt how much better were all these solid and admirable qualities, than those flashy and showy elements of mere popular eloquence.

"His preaching was remarkable for a feature which so uniformly and prominently appeared, that any notice of his public ministrations would be signally deficient if it omitted allusion to it. He spoke as one having authority. The historical argument

for Christianity, and that drawn from miracles, so completely convinced and satisfied his mind, that he was never like a judge who gives a doubtful and timid decision, but rather like one who knows what he affirms, and therefore utters himself with confidence. Time and time again had he reviewed these arguments, carefully examining one by one the multitude of points which they embrace, turning them over in a variety of lights, striking them all round to find if there was anywhere a flaw, or whether they would give the ring of sound metal; and the result had made him sure that here was a trustworthy reliance, here was solid ground, away from which everything to him was vague, shadowy, uncertain, and divested of authority. Thus his positiveness was not of dogmatism, but of conviction, fortified on all sides, and resting on the everlasting rock. It imparted a tone to all his preaching. The watchman here gave no uncertain sound. If some did not sympathize fully with his way of stating the case, — if they felt that God had other methods also of commending his truth to human souls, and that it is the reception of that truth, and not the channel through which it comes, that is the one thing needful, — at least they could not but mark his faithfulness to his view of duty, and feel it to be a new argument for the divinity of the Word, that the more it is studied, in any of its aspects, the deeper and fuller is the tide of satisfaction and certainty which it brings into the soul.

“One service which he rendered to this Society can hardly be understood until we survey the distracted condition of many other parishes. The last twenty years have been singularly fruitful in questions in theology, politics, and reform, which have divided every village into zealous and contending parties, giving an emphasized meaning, beyond almost any former controversies, to the words of the Saviour, — ‘The father shall be divided against the son, and the son against the father, and a man’s foes shall be of his own household.’ We must accept the evil of the first-fruits of our quickened efforts at popular education, especially of the lectures and discussions of lyceums, that we may have the overbalancing good, while we hope that by and by more comprehensive ways of thinking will prevail. The immediate effect has

been to unsettle everything. What subject is there, hitherto regarded as established and sacred, that has not been up for debate, perhaps been assailed and denounced? The period referred to has offered the greatest trial which our New England parishes have met. Every wind of doctrine has swept over them, tossing their tranquil surface into an angry sea, in which thousands concerning faith and conscience have made shipwreck. It was our friend's care to secure for this parish a peaceful and safe anchorage; and when we saw him breasting these billows, and beating them back, protecting the ark of God your fathers built here, that it might not be shaken to pieces, but might ride in safety through the storm, how have we wished that other troubled waters had a like defence to break the surging waves! It was not a time to criticise the form or curve of the pier; you wanted first of all the immovable granite; and years hence you will thank God that you had it, in the time of your need.

"No small part of his sturdy influence was wielded in other places than the pulpit; he was ready everywhere for an earnest talk,—in the streets, in the fields; and few had more ability or more relish for an improvised discussion. And when he entered it, what a fire sparkled in his eyes, what energy of emphasis and gesticulation stamped his manner, and how immediately did his opponent see that there was nothing petty, narrow, or selfish in the end he was aiming at, but something allied to great principles of truth and of right! His readiness and skill were early revealed to me by a little incident which I may name. In 1835 he visited the valley of the Kennebec, where I was then living, and, taking him in my chaise, we rode to Waterville, to attend a college commencement. There had been some recent insubordination among the students, and fifteen or twenty of them were on the Green, addressing each other in loud and exciting words. Our friend immediately went among them, and replied to the first question he heard asked; a circle gathered around, a discussion ensued, in the course of which he gave the most direct, pointed lecture on the duties of college life. It was more salutary advice than the literary festivities of the week supplied, and all this within half an hour after he entered the village a perfect stranger, I doubt

not that, if we were to explore these road-sides and field-sides of Concord, we might find many places which had served as extempore pulpits, where he had argued for the right, and expostulated against the wrong, and pleaded for the good, and thus proved himself to be a disciple of the Great Teacher by *always* being 'about his Father's business.'

"In all this he was greatly aided by an unfailing cheerfulness and healthiness of mind. He was not one of the gloomy, complaining, and mentally morbid ministers. It would, doubtless, be unkind to reflect upon those to whom the cup of life is not the cheering draught that it was to him. We must remember how many things there are to oppress a minister's spirits. The continual and wearing demand for intellectual exertion is not the hardest thing, even with him who maintains uninterrupted scholarly habits. Much more trying is the strain upon his sensibilities; — the daily walk by dying beds and open graves; the necessity of sympathizing with the feelings of a hundred families, among whom the allotments of Providence are sending in ever-changing succession the sunshine and the cloud, and of making their joy or grief his own; and the perpetual consciousness of sustaining a relation involving the vast and momentous interests implied in those old-fashioned words which describe his office, — 'the care of souls.' No wonder that so many ministers are first sad, then diseased, and then broken down. Few can stand in this lot, and meet fully its exposures and claims, and yet keep up good heart and courage. Only they can do this who, while they see with clearness their responsibilities, see with equal clearness the limitations of those responsibilities, — the more difficult thing of the two. And yet this is indispensable to that mental health for which our friend was remarkable. He felt that, much as God had required of him, it was no more than he could do with a glad heart, and thus go on his course, as the Apostle says in the text, 'with joy.' Everybody who approached him knew that his presence would reflect, not gloom, sadness, despondency, but light, hope, courage. It was good to be with him, and to work with him. There was something contagious in his cheering spirit, and, if all ministers of the Gospel exhibited such an ex-

ample, would not many be attracted to a profession from which they are now repelled?

“Still more remarkable is it that his zeal in reforms never appeared to sour the sweet current of his feelings. Against intemperance and slavery few were more warmly enlisted; but he saw that it is with the faculties of the soul as with those of the body, those grow strong which are most exercised; and if execration and scorn can prove us to be good, one might wonder why the Sermon on the Mount did not read, ‘Cursed are those that covet; cursed are those who quarrel; cursed are those who oppress.’ In an age when the world was full of such sinners, Jesus would not to them direct the thoughts of his disciples, but to others,—‘Blessed are the poor in spirit, blessed are the peacemakers, blessed are the merciful’; and he did this because to love is greater than to hate. I say not that our friend never showed indignation. His eye kindled, and his temper warmed, in the sharp reproof of wrong. But detestation had not worn in his soul one of those deep and broad channels in which are gathered all the juices of one’s nature, the waters of malignity flowing under the name of philanthropy. If his scorn for selfishness and oppression ever stirred up bitter waters in his soul, he soon cast into them a branch from the tree of Christian love; for he knew where the grace was that could repeat the old miracle of Marah.”

“To the events in the closing chapter of his life I can do no more than briefly allude. His voyage to the Western Islands, taking with him his wife and younger son; his rapid decline in a climate which, during the last year, was unusually cold and damp; the awful cloud that suddenly crossed his path, dropping the most bitter anguish that had ever been mingled in his cup; the embarkation for the return voyage, with its two coffins, one containing all that was mortal of the bright and loved boy, the other thoughtfully provided for his own daily expected end; the arrival in Boston, under a prostration which seemed to preclude all hope of his ever seeing his own loved Concord again; the subsequent rallying of strength, permitting him to come here to greet once more those he loved, to get sight of this church, to rejoice that

the work he laid down had been successfully taken up, to select a spot for his burial, and to make his sick-room, at the house of his beloved physician, a scene of the tenderest and holiest lessons ; — on these points I must not dwell. I must remember the feelings of some who are listening to my words. For their and for our comfort and strength, let us not forget the spirit with which he went through all, and submitted to all, and bore up under all, and amid all had courage and hope. It is so easy to speak words about belief in God, and God's goodness, and God's kind and providential care, and about a Saviour's sweet and heavenly promises, and ministers have so many words to say on these subjects, that it is sometimes asked, Do they know more than the words? are they acquainted with the things themselves? You all know whether he was acquainted with the things themselves, — whether God's presence was a mere phrase, or was to his soul a reality, — whether submission, and trust, and the hope of heaven through the mercy that is in Christ Jesus, and the peace of God that passeth all understanding, were to him names only, or the most assured and vital facts. Day by day, as his strength waned, you saw in those dark and deep-set eyes a light shining brighter and brighter, — a foregleam, as you knew, of that world on which his faith serenely rested. A short time since, in my last interview with him, when I spoke to him of a common friend who I said would love him as long as he lived, 'I hope so, for I am to live for ever,' said he, with a smile as of one who had already passed from death unto life. It was the privilege of his decline to be, for the most part, free from pain, and to possess the undisturbed exercise of his faculties, so that, to the very last, he manifested his characteristic thoughtfulness for others, his desire to leave good impressions on the minds of all whom he could influence, and his gratitude for innumerable kindnesses, both from his former people and from those of other parishes and of other towns. Thus all his appointed time he waited, patiently and hopefully, till his change came."



## REV. ICHABOD NICHOLS, D.D.

THE gradually failing health of this accomplished divine, and venerated father, had for some time foreshadowed an event which took place on the second day of January last, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. He was permitted to welcome the light of the year in which, had he lived a few months longer, he would have celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination; but on the first Sabbath of that year he was taken to that eternal Sabbath which remains for the people of God.

For many years, by his learning, eloquence, rich and inspiring conversation, and high personal character, he stood in the front rank of the liberal clergy of New England. He would have exerted a more widely acknowledged influence, but for a modesty which shrank from any exercise of his powers save in his own pulpit. Probably no other instance can be named where a preacher of his gifts appeared so seldom on public occasions. Invitations of all kinds crowded around him, till frequent and decided refusals made it evident that he could not be drawn from his one chosen walk of duty. For the same reason, but few of his manuscripts were ever given to the press. An occasional sermon or two, and his little school treatise on Natural Theology, comprise the brief list of his publications. It is understood that he left a more elaborate work in an advanced state of preparation, indeed partly printed; and under the title of "*Horæ Evangelicæ*" we may expect a work of rare affluence of thought, and of the profoundest religious spirit.

Young clergymen who never met Dr. Nichols find it difficult to account for the enthusiasm with which their elder brethren often spoke of him. The best explanation they

could have received would have been the privilege of a chance interview with that venerated man. We have occasionally conversed with those who have enjoyed such an interview. We remember one who told us that he passed a day with him at Nahant, and that, as they walked back and forth on the corridors, he was talking all the while about St. Paul, with a beauty of diction, a richness of thought, an animation and sweetness of manner, which seemed more like inspiration than any human attainment. We remember another, who told us that he once spent an evening with him at his house, and the conversation fell upon architecture; and the admiration of the listener was divided between the stores of vast learning and evidences of the highest cultivated taste that were opened to him, and the unaffected simplicity and modesty with which they were disclosed. So we might speak of many other interviews, for some of which we might draw on our own personal recollections. To a noble form and commanding presence, Dr. Nichols added courtly manners, unusually varied attainments in learning, a quick sympathy with most objects of scientific, literary, and artistic interest, a profound religious sensibility, and conversational powers which have rarely ever been more winning and instructive. His preaching rose at times to the loftiest height of eloquence, but was frequently metaphysical and obscure.

His name has been a tower of strength to the denomination to which he was allied. Years ago it fell to our lot to visit most of the towns and backwoods settlements in the State of Maine; and we could not but mark what a character was at once everywhere given to any proposed Unitarian movement, by a reference to the name of Dr. Nichols of Portland. For eight years, beginning with 1837, he was President of the American Unitarian Association, succeed-

ing Rev. Dr. Channing in that office, which he resigned to Judge Story. We shall not soon forget words of encouragement which he addressed to us not long ago, designed to cheer us on in our labors, for objects which, he said, had long been near his heart; and among the great number of distinguished minds that have held our Unitarian faith clearly, strongly, and with a growing attachment to the end, must now be added that of this honored servant of God.

For the convenience of future reference, we insert the chief dates in the events of his life. He was born in Portsmouth, N. H., July 5, 1784; graduated at Harvard College in 1802; was a tutor in the same from 1805 to 1809; was ordained pastor of the First Church, Portland, June 7, 1809; was the sole pastor of the church till the settlement of a colleague, Rev. Horatio Stebbins, in 1855; and died at Cambridge, January 2, 1859.

Several beautiful and touching discourses have been delivered upon his death: — one by his colleague, on the Sunday following that event, showing the highest appreciation of the many and rare excellences of one with whom it was his privilege to be associated; another by Rev. Mr. Bartol of Boston, a son of the First Church in Portland, who has always cherished the profoundest gratitude for the invaluable influences which Dr. Nichols has exerted over his mind; and still a third by Rev. Dr. Peabody of Portsmouth, who preached the sermon at the obsequies in Portland.

Dr. Peabody's sermon has been published, and we quote from it the following paragraphs, relating to the mental and ministerial characteristics of the departed.

“ Our departed friend and father was rarely endowed by nature. His mind was unsurpassed in vigor, penetration, and working power. His childhood and youth were grave, studious, and re-

flective. In a college class numbering an unusual array of eminent names, he was second to none in grasp of intellect, and in the successful pursuit of the higher branches of a liberal education. He distinguished himself as a mathematician: as a tutor in that department, he spent several years in the University; and he retained ever afterward a strong interest in the subjects and processes of mathematical investigation. But the realm of metaphysical and ethical truth possessed a superior attraction for him; and, in this elevated region of thought, he moved through life with a keen vision and a firm tread, most familiar with the profoundest themes, most at home where ordinary minds are strangers and aliens. While this was his favorite field of study and reflection, it is hard to say in what department of liberal culture he was not among the foremost. A diligent student for his lifetime, with a mind always open and hospitable, with a vividness of apprehension which years had not impaired, with a love of learning as enthusiastic in age as in youth, and with a memory of marvellous capacity, he permitted no branch of knowledge to elude his research. You could hardly name a subject in which he seemed not an adept, a new discovery or speculation with whose processes and details he was not conversant, or a phasis of scientific thought which had not passed under his cognizance.

“But we most love to dwell upon the unreserved, life-long religious consecration of his noble intellect, and his large and varied attainments. The religious element in his character seemed to absorb and assimilate all else into its own substance. He was devout with all his mind, no less than with all his heart. No man ever shrank more than he did from the ostentation of piety; yet no one could have heard him converse on any topic of science, art, or literature, without perceiving that its Godward aspects and relations were uppermost in his mind; that, whatever might be the theme of his inquiry, he was tracking the footprints or searching into the thoughts of the Most High; that his meditations on a mathematical law, or a fine picture, or a new fact in natural history, or a dark problem in intellectual philosophy, were but a varied form of adoration, praise, or prayer. Never have I known one who seemed so constantly filled, energized, and elevat-

ed by vast and glowing views of the majesty, power, wisdom, and love of the Creator. In listening to his eloquent discourse on some topic of what is called secular learning, it has often seemed to me as if I were hearing some grand cathedral anthem, every note laden with the incense of worship.

“ With such a mind and such resources thus sanctified, he could not but have been an efficient and impressive preacher. In weight and depth of thought, in the range of subjects and illustrations, in the mastery of fitting words, in the command of rich and vivid imagery, in profound seriousness and earnestness, in the power of arousing the vigorous action of the strongest minds, of instructing the wisest, and of furthering simultaneously the intellectual and the spiritual culture of the ingenuous and truth-loving, he can have had few equals, no superiors. His sermons were, indeed, too full of condensed thought and of closely riveted chains of argument for the careless hearer. He demanded, and he richly rewarded, unintermitted and rapt attention. His style has often reminded me of St. Paul’s, in its union of cogent logic and fervent devotion, in its power of vitalizing argument by appeal to the heart and conscience, in its aiming with the same stroke at the intellect and the affections, and in those wonderful digressions in which the main subject is not departed from, but is opened out in new and unexpected bearings and relations, and from which the return is made with more than redoubled force of conviction to the leading head of discourse.

“ All who knew him must have remarked in his preaching, and equally in his conversation, the union — in our times too seldom witnessed — of bold thought and lowly reverence ; of free speculation and childlike docility ; of the independence which could call no man master, and implicit trust in the infallibility of the Teacher from heaven ; of the commanding intellect which made all within its influence his pupils, and the simple, open-hearted receptivity with which he loved to sit at the feet of Jesus. In his mind, and his treatment of truth in every department, all science and learning, like the wise men from the East, brought gifts and paid tribute to the child of Bethlehem ; while revelation shed light from the throne of God on all else that could be

known or reasoned upon, enunciated the comprehensive laws and underlying principles of science, struck the key-note of hopeful speculation, opened the path of successful research, and was the source and sum of all wisdom. It was thus that he saw and preached Christ in all, and all in Christ.

"The traits which I have named as belonging to his sermons were no less manifest in his social intercourse, in which he preached at least as eloquently and powerfully as from the pulpit. His sacred commission from his divine Master was never forgotten, or, I would rather say, never thought of, so naturally and with so modest grace sat the priestly robes upon him; but they were never laid aside. No man could have been less willing to assume aught on the score of his profession; but the characteristics of the Christian minister were ingrained, and constituted his personality: he could not but preach Christ. In the ordinary flow of his conversation, how often have we seen his countenance illumined with a light not of earth, eye and brow radiant with the glory of the great thoughts to which he gave utterance, while to us who listened it was as if an angel spake!"

We cannot withhold one other quotation, descriptive of the last days of the life of Dr. Nichols.

"Our friend's last days were in beautiful harmony with his life. Except at rare and brief intervals, his mind retained to the close its unabated vigor, and its undiminished clearness of vision. It was but a few days before his departure that he spoke of the consciousness of a spiritual nature entire in all its powers, affections, and memories, while its frail tenement was so wasted and shattered, as a fresh and glorious confirmation to him of the soul's independence on things seen, and its essential immortality. On Christmas morning, though unable to rise from his bed, he led, for the last time, the worship of his family; and those present can never forget the blended lowliness and grandeur, the deep self-abasement and glowing gratitude, with which he poured forth thanks and praises for the divine love made incarnate in Bethlehem, and for the hope, so soon to be realized for him, of going to the Saviour who had first come down to us. The last

weeks of his life were a period of unintermitted and severe suffering, but of entire resignation and sweet peace. Christ and redeeming mercy were his perpetual themes. Pictures of the Saviour that he had long loved to look upon were constantly at his side; and the dear name was ever on his lips. With that humility which had always been his, but which seemed to deepen as he drew nearer the throne of the Eternal, he disclaimed the kind expressions with which friends alluded to his influence and services in the cause of his divine Master, and would say, 'Oh! I have done nothing but through Christ; it is all his love; my dependence is on him alone.' Thus sustained, hand in hand with Him who hath abolished death, he trod with unfaltering step the valley of the shadow; murmured, with the last movement of his lips, 'It is all well'; and fell asleep in Jesus."

---

#### REV. ABIEL ABBOT, D. D.

WE have to record still another death which has taken place in the Unitarian ministry during the last quarter. Rev. Dr. Abbot died at West Cambridge, at the house of his grandson, Rev. Samuel Abbot Smith, on the 31st of January last, in the ninety-fourth year of his age.

Remarkable through his whole life for his quiet tastes and simple habits, his later years especially have been passed altogether withdrawn from the world, and hardly was his existence known save by the little circle that revered him as one of the best examples of a sincere and truthful man, and as a patriarch who connected us with those who acted their part two and three generations ago.

He was born in Wilton, N. H., December 14, 1765. He graduated at Harvard University in 1787, with the honor of distinguished scholarship in a class of which John Quincy

Adams, Judges Cranch and Putnam, and Rev. Dr. T. M. Harris, were members. While a teacher in Phillips Academy at Andover, and a Tutor in Harvard University, he was pursuing his studies for the ministry, and was ordained in Coventry, Connecticut, October 28th, 1795. His ministry here was remarkable for his connection with two young men, whose talents he discerned, and whose education he encouraged, one of whom, graduating at Yale in 1815, has since distinguished himself as the Rev. Dr. Sprague of Albany, while the other, graduating from Harvard the same year, has rendered the important services to the public which are associated with the name of President Sparks. Both gentlemen retained the most affectionate veneration for the Coventry minister to the day of his death.

For fifteen years he was pastor of a society that lived in great harmony and peace, and "he conducted himself," as was stated by a committee of the society, "with such prudence, affection, honesty, and fidelity among us, as greatly to endear himself to us and to our families." In 1811 he was summoned before the Consociation of Tolland County, to answer to the following charges: "That he, the Rev. Abiel Abbot, does neither preach nor believe the doctrine of the sacred Trinity of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost in the Godhead;—that he does neither preach nor believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ, that he is both God and man united in the person of Mediator;—that he does neither preach nor believe the doctrine of the atonement made for sin by the blood of Christ, and of the justification of sinners by the righteousness of Christ imputed to them, and received by faith in him."

In a paper drawn up with signal ability and most admirable calmness and courtesy, the pastor declared "his sincere persuasion that he was not amenable to the Consociation;



and therefore, in the presence of God, he solemnly protested against the authority of this council to sit in judgment upon the complaint of this church." The grounds upon which he based his decision were these three:—that no offer of a mutual council had been tendered to him, which in all ecclesiastical usage was the first step to be taken; that the society of which he was pastor was an independent body, and had no record or memory of the slightest connection with the Consociation; and that councils had no authority in matters of faith, the Lord Jesus Christ being the sole head of his Church, and all his disciples brethren. The society also sent in a separate and urgent protest, solemnly denying the right of any body assuming to be the Consociation of Tolland County to meddle in their affairs.

The Consociation, however, proceeded to declare that they felt "themselves required by Jesus Christ, the great God and Saviour, on the peril of being judged unfaithful to him, to his Church, and the best interest of the Society in this place, to declare, and they hereby declare, that the ministerial relation between the Rev. Abiel Abbot and the First Church of Christ in Coventry ought to be, and is, dissolved. And they do hereby also revoke the commission given to him by his ordination to preach the Gospel and administer the ordinances of the same."

Mr. Abbot regarded himself as unaffected by this decision, and held that the Consociation clearly had no power to revoke a commission which it never gave. He accordingly continued to minister to the Society. But believing that its best interests would be promoted by a reference of the whole case to a mutual council, the Society and the pastor agreed upon a list of churches that should be invited to counsel them by pastors and delegates.

The names of the members of this mutual council bring

up to our minds some of the most honored men of a former day, — Dr. Lathrop of Boston, Dr. Reed of Bridgewater, Dr. Porter of Roxbury, Dr. Bancroft of Worcester, Dr. Thayer of Lancaster. In the result they published, we mark the expression of "the extreme reluctance with which they are constrained to give an opinion which will militate with the result of the venerable council composed of elders and messengers of the churches of Tolland County," and their declaration that they "did not cross the line of their State with an inclination to oppose themselves to their Christian brethren in Connecticut, but, as they trust, in the spirit of that Gospel which has made charity the distinguishing mark of its disciples." They proceed to approve and substantiate all the positions taken by the pastor in his paper submitted to the pretended Consociation; but inasmuch as the existing divisions "render it highly improbable that the end of the Christian ministry can in future be promoted by the official labors of Mr. Abbot" in that place, they recommend a dissolution of the relation, in "the hope that this act of Christian condescension of the majority to the ardent wishes of the minority, will be the means to restore their former harmony and love, and that in the spirit of mutual forbearance and charity they will be united in a minister by whom they may all be edified."

Mr. Abbot's relation to the society in Coventry was terminated. We do not know what effect this had upon the religious interests of that town; the effect it had upon Mr. Abbot is described by Dr. Morison, in his brief address at Dr. Abbot's funeral: "The most tender and sacred associations were broken up. The hopes and labors of a lifetime were suddenly disappointed. This was the one bitter trial which he was called to bear, and which he could never speak of without emotion."

We have given more space than we intended to this incident in the life of Mr. Abbot; but we have thought that it is not without instruction, if it reminds us of those struggles by which our right of free inquiry and private judgment was asserted and maintained.

In the September following his dismissal, Mr. Abbot was appointed Principal of Dummer Academy in Newbury, an office he held for several years. In 1827 he was installed pastor of the Unitarian Society in Peterborough, N. H. In 1829 he published a history of the town of Andover. The honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on him by Harvard College in 1838. When the infirmities of age increased upon him, he resigned his pastoral charge, and the last years of his life were passed in the quiet parsonage of his grandson. A more serene and happy old age is rarely witnessed, and those who beheld it will not soon forget his clear mind, his well-supplied stores of information, his quiet humor, and his firm and cheerful religious trust. At the time of his death he was the only survivor of his Class, and the oldest living graduate of Harvard College. His funeral was largely attended by those advanced in life, who had honored him as an aged man when they were young; and a beautiful and just tribute to his memory was paid by Rev. Dr. Morison of Milton, to which we have already referred, with whose words we will close this notice:—

“The gracious, the benignant, the saintly old man,—how bravely he bore himself! how he rejoiced in his old age! How he wore it as a crown of thankfulness, while to us it seemed a crown of virtue and of honor! How he felt, not its consolations or its comforts, but its pleasures and its mercies, to the last,—never losing his relish for the simple enjoyments of nature, or his taste for the studies which had

been the delight of his youth, and which unfolded to him, with ever-increasing beauty, the promises, the character, and the love of God in Jesus Christ."

---

### ORTHODOX INTERPRETERS. — BARNES.

OUR brethren who bear the name of "Orthodox" will not blame, but thank us, for making known their interpretations of Scripture, whether from our pulpits or through our periodicals. Would it not be well, in all justice and fairness, to offer our readers occasionally some of these interpretations which differ most from our own, that we may know not only what others believe, but on what authority they build it? For we all acknowledge the authority of the Scriptures. Or, if in these days of difference and enormous individualism I must speak for myself and for no other, I regard as absolute authority, in matters of religion, the Christian Scriptures. Whatever they clearly teach, according to the best lights I can bring to them, or bring out of them, that I accept and believe as far as God has given me the capacity of believing. He has not given me the capacity of believing that he ever contradicts himself, nor the power of accepting two opposite statements, nor yet the power of doing violence to the reason and affections which he has created within me. But I admit that my reason and affections, being necessarily fashioned in part by education and life, may not be all that God made them or designed them to be, and therefore may mislead me in my interpretation of his word; and if that word, fairly construed, does teach even that which I cannot wholly com-

prehend, or reconcile with all other teaching and truth, I will not *reject* the word, or force it to say what I believe: I will rather suspend judgment, and wait for further light. You must not ask me, however, to say I "*believe*" that which I do not understand at all, for that would be a lie; which a God of truth will neither require nor accept. Men deceive themselves, or deceive others, when they declare their belief of an unintelligible proposition. They may say what they will about it, the thing is simply impossible. The old Fathers may cry, "*Credo, quia impossibile est*"; and Dr. Adams may quote, as in his Pitts Street Chapel lecture, the witty Bishop, who told the man his creed would be very short, if he believed no more than he could understand. It is playing with words, and our friends should stop such play, unless in sport. Neither the Fathers, nor Dr. Adams, nor anybody else, ever *believed* a proposition of which they did not know the meaning. They may accept such a proposition, i. e. they may not disbelieve or reject it, but admit that it may be true. This we all do. We all believe there are mysteries, as the very being of God and the life of man; but to say we believe that which constitutes the mystery, is to say it is no mystery. Why will Christian teachers trifle with their own minds, or those of their hearers?

The trite charge, that we as a denomination exalt reason above revelation, has little foundation, and less sense. If they who bring the charge will tell us how we are to know what is revelation, except by the exercise of reason, — how we are to read it, understand it, apply it, or render in return that which God asks, a "*reasonable service*," — we shall be better able to comprehend their own view of the office of that faculty, which the inspiration of the Almighty has given, and without which man is not man, — not sane, free, or accountable. We confess our surprise and sorrow,

not as sectarians, but as Christians, to see the manner in which many, if we may not say most, of the orthodox commentators and interpreters of Scripture use their own reason, and that of their readers or hearers. And we will frankly show what we mean by citing a few illustrations.

Take, first, Barnes's Commentary. Its eleven volumes have stood upon our shelves since their first appearance, and have been frequently consulted, often with pleasure and profit. They evince great labor, carefulness, intelligent reverence, and for the most part a spirit of moderation and fairness, on dark and disputed passages. Where our common version is clearly wrong, Barnes admits it, even if it takes from Trinitarians an argument used by many. Thus, in two passages, Acts vii. 45 and Hebrews iv. 8, he says that the word "Jesus," connected with the ancient Israelites, should be "Joshua." And in that same chapter of the Acts, where the martyr Stephen is described in our version as "calling upon *God*," this interpreter says distinctly, "The word *God* is not in the original, and should not have been in the translation." To be sure, no great credit is due to any one for admitting that our italicized words are no part of the true text, as they are so marked purposely to indicate it. Yet we fear that this common honesty is not universal among religious interpreters and teachers. We are compelled by facts to doubt whether all Sunday-school classes, or all congregations, are told of this essential rule in reading the Scriptures. That excessive fear of impairing the respect for the Bible comes in to prevent the admission of known facts and fundamental principles of interpretation.

There is another case in the book of Acts, where Barnes alters the common version, and substitutes another, to the loss of an argument or proof-text often used. Instead of

the rendering, "the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood," it is here frankly stated that "the most ancient manuscripts, and the best, read the church of the *Lord*, and this probably was the genuine text." This, again, is not a great admission, in view of the numerous authorities for it, but very recent controversies show us that it is still a concession.

There are other instances in which this commentator throws out controverted passages, which many of his name still strive to retain, — as the famous text of the three heavenly witnesses, 1 John v. 7, which is here rejected altogether, as "not a genuine portion of the inspired writings." It makes one sad to think, that even in this case, with all the accumulated weight of testimony against this verse, it is still read and defended by some professed scholars, and most ordinary preachers. It would be sadder to find, as possibly we should find, that very few parents in any orthodox society, perhaps no teachers in any of their Sunday schools, tell their children that this passage is spurious, or correct them if they hear it quoted. Of course we do not know the fact, and may be unjust in expressing the suspicion. But such are the baneful effects of an hereditary belief in the verbal infallibility of the Scriptures, and such the blind, mistaken reverence for the letter, beside the attachment to doctrine and system, that it seems almost impossible for the indoctrinated to let go of anything which is to them a part of a revered whole. This seems to us the most charitable construction of that which would otherwise be virtual infidelity to the Word of God and the cause of truth. Barnes has said in one connection, and we wish his friends would carry out the sentiment: "There is no one thing in which the theology of the books needs a more thorough reformation, than in adaptation to the maxims of common sense."

But we are constrained, in justice to truth, to turn to a less favorable aspect of Barnes's logic, if we may not say his fairness as an interpreter. We have not the slightest idea that he would consciously, or without great regret, argue unfairly, or lead a single mind to false constructions of the divine word. But system and habit have a power over the very faculties of the mind and clearness of vision. We all say and know it is so in the case of unbelievers; and we can hardly hope to escape a similar influence, in matters of faith, and anxiety to set ourselves right.

What better explanation can be given of the fact, that, in commenting on the similar passages in the fifth and tenth chapters of John's Gospel, pertaining to the charge of "blasphemy" against our Saviour, Mr. Barnes alleges that Christ does not disclaim, but owns and confirms, the allegation of making himself God, or equal with God! We need not adduce the particulars, but we ask our readers to study the passages again (John v. 18, 19, x. 30-36), and say, first, whether Christ does not simply call himself the "Son of God" in both instances, and, secondly, does not repel the charge of making himself "equal with God," in terms as explicit and absolute as any that the language contains. We are ashamed to argue the matter, or quote the familiar, indisputable words. It passes our comprehension, how any man of intelligence and known honesty, any one, especially, assuming the responsibility, as a minister of Christ, of interpreting his words to the world, can say that in the tenth chapter of the Gospel of John there is anything authorizing the assertion that the name "Son of God," as Christ used it, implies "equality with God," "and shows conclusively that he *meant* to be understood as claiming to be equal with God." The power of system and prepossession may modify our accountableness in the sight of God; alas for us, if it do not!



In the Epistle to the Hebrews there is a passage which has been often quoted, and is still very confidently cited, in proof of the Calvinistic view of the Atonement, — “Without shedding of blood there is no remission.” Paying little regard to the connection, it is assumed that this passage refers to Christ’s sacrifice, and sustains a special view of that sacrifice; and every reader or hearer who holds that view is left to infer, by the manner in which commentators and preachers use the passage, that it not only favors, but proves, this same doctrine. Just as when it is said, “Who-soever believeth not shall be damned,” it is inferred, and men are emboldened in the inference, that the word “believeth” refers to their own belief, and no other. Of this kind of interpreting and teaching, there has been too much; and we are always sorry to find it, especially in those whose culture and general fairness lead us to expect a higher and broader style of exposition. To our great surprise, Mr. Barnes carries it to an extreme. Any one who reads even the one verse in which the language occurs (Heb. ix. 22), must see that it is a description of a part of the Mosaic ritual: “Almost all things are by the law purged with blood; and without shedding of blood is no remission.” Now, to assume that this refers, typically and literally too, to the actual blood of Christ, — to assert that, except by the application of that blood to the sinner, and also to God’s eternal law, no man ever was, ever will be, ever *can* be, purged and saved, — seems to us the height at once of boldness and fallacy. Hear our commentator, who speaks thus in *italics*, as laying down a universal and unalterable law: “It is universally true, that sin never has been and never will be forgiven, except in connection with, and in virtue of, the shedding of blood.” And again: “There is not the slightest evidence that any man has ever been pardoned,

except through the blood shed for the remission of sins." How can mortal man bring himself to venture such assertions? Is he omniscient? Does he see the heart of God and the heart of every man whom God has forgiven? It is monstrous, even as logic. How would he proceed to *prove* that no single member of the human family "has ever had the slightest evidence of pardoned sin, except through the blood of expiation"? The ignorant or careless reader is left to infer that it is all taught, and sufficiently proved, by the passage quoted: "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission." Most firmly do we believe, as is said in that same chapter, that the blood of Christ, shed freely for the sinner, is to "purge the conscience from dead works to serve the living God," showing that it is a *moral power*, a spiritual cleansing in man himself, instead of a change in God.

We adduce but one other case of singular commentary. Remarking on the question of the Jews in Matthew xiii. 55, "Is not this the carpenter's son?" Mr. Barnes thus writes and italicizes: "The infidel sneers at the idea, that *He that made the worlds* should live thirty years in humble life, as a poor and unknown mechanic. Yet the same infidel will loudly praise Peter the Great of Russia, because he laid aside his imperial dignity, and entered the British service as a *ship-carpenter*, that he might learn the art of building a navy. Was the purpose of *Peter* of more importance than that of the Son of God? If Peter, the heir to the throne of the Czars, might leave his elevated rank, and descend to a humble employment, and secure by it the applause of the world, why might not the King of kings for an infinitely higher object?" When we first read this, we could scarcely believe our own eyes. Such a parallel, such a conception of God, and such argument, may be left without remark.

Let none suppose that we offer these instances as fair exponents of Mr. Barnes's Commentary. They are exceptions rather, and serve only to show to what dangers the mind is subjected by the force of system. Possibly the same or similar weaknesses could be found in writers of our own. This does not lessen the evil. Let it be exposed, wherever it exists. We may attempt hereafter to show indications of it in other men,—aiming only to elucidate sound principles of interpretation.

H.

---

### EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

As we had no room in the last Journal for extracts from the letters of our missionary in India, we have a large package from which to cull our selections for this number. A more faithful correspondent cannot be found. It is now more than four years since he sailed from Boston, and his letters have arrived nearly one for every fortnight. They have scarcely ever been less than two sheets each, and have been a transcript of what has daily passed under his eyes. No doubt all our readers feel under many obligations to him for much valuable information he has supplied. For ourselves, we have been aware from the first that no small share of the favor which our little periodical has met has been in consequence of the interest in this correspondence. To ourselves individually it has been a pleasure we have highly enjoyed, to be in the receipt of communications which have always brought expressions of kindly fraternal affection. We reciprocate all such feelings with the utmost sincerity; and if we never have another opportunity to thank

our brother publicly for his faithfulness and kindness, we may here assure him that these four years' correspondence have created ties which will not soon be forgotten.

In one of his late letters he writes as follows, about the Mahometan population of India :—

“ Our friends and yourself may have thought it strange that I have so seldom spoken of the Mahometans. It is sad indeed to find how little they care for knowledge, or for progress of any kind. Their name for a high school is ‘ Madriassa ’ ; and ‘ *The Madriassa* ’ is closed which government opened for them, years ago, in Calcutta, side by side with the ‘ Hindoo College ’ — now ‘ Presidency College ’ — for Hindoos. They so strenuously refused that instruction at the hands of Christians which the Hindoos eagerly accept, that the Hindoos are decidedly in advance of the Moslems all over India. Happily, there are a few exceptions to this fact, and these show a strength of character to which the Hindoos will hardly attain for some generations.

“ We are now at the height of the greatest of the annual religious celebrations of the disciples of Mahomet. It bears the name (‘ Muharrem ’) of the month in which it occurs. Its chief element is mourning. Its business is weeping and sorrow. We are too apt to set down the Asiatic as cruel and destitute of feeling. I early received this impression from the Asian custom of hiring mourners to weep at a funeral, as illustrated in our Saviour’s being ‘ laughed to scorn,’ in presence of a corpse, by ‘ mourners,’ for saying, ‘ The maiden is not dead, but sleepeth.’ How anybody could laugh at such a time was always a puzzle to me. It painfully confounded the house of mourning with the house of feasting. Deep feeling does not, in fact, exist here. Three years’ residence in Asia is time enough to convince one that the Asians are but children in the bodies of men. Men with beards, in this region, not only fly kites and spin tops and play marbles in the street, as school-boys do in Boston, but they balance both sides of that market-place picture in the Gospel, — ‘ We piped to you, and you have not danced ; *we have mourned to you, and you have not lamented.*’ The enjoyment of lamentation is

the luxury of the Muharrem. While I write, 'the mourners' go about the streets by hundreds and thousands. Booths, sweet-meats, toys, showy banners, and gayly-decked 'weepers,' with drum and cymbals in 'sadly' lengthened processions, clog every avenue which the city police allow them to enter. I see them on their winding way, turn which way I will. Every here and there one meets, in the 'Dead March' processions, riderless steeds, caparisoned with barbaric pearl and gold, emerald and silver, ribbons and rubies, to the value of thousands of dollars, for the gear of a single beast. O the melancholy waste of wealth, in this infantine portion of the earth! Following Dhul-Dhull (for so is named the horse of the martyred Hosein), one sees squads of stout fellows with bared breasts, which they slap in practised unison to the tune, and cry, 'Hai Hassan! Hai Hosein!' till the ear wearies of the sound. Remembering how far the best 'Good Friday' celebrations of the Roman Catholics of Baltimore, and even of Rome, fall behind their ideal of the *Stabat Mater* and the *Via Dolorosa*, I naturally pardon something, nay, a great deal, to the *spirit of mourning* which our Mahometan brothers, as we see, 'can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.' Let us believe that there are souls here and there among them who are the better for it, — certainly less selfish than they would be without it, though so far, far away from the consummation implied in the sacred words, 'Blessed are they that mourn.' If not in *all* the Mussulman festivals, yet surely in this of the Muharrem, we may see elements which shall one day be turned to holy and happy account, i. e. if we do our duty. Jews, Mahometans, Liberal Hindoos, Parsees, and Christians meet here in Calcutta. I have met all these in one party; and we all profess to worship the same God, — the only One, 'the Most Merciful,' the Most High. As Unitarians, our business should be instant prayer and constant effort to bring this doctrinal unity into practical expression. Our common Father desires it, whether we desire it or not. For one, I cannot doubt that, if we ask perseveringly, we shall obtain help of God to accomplish it some day.

"But to return to the festival, which, as I said, is the great festival of the Mahometan year. You perceive that it is not a

feast tainted by any idolatrous abominations. It is a ten days' bewailing, not exactly for the protomartyrs of Islam, but for the two sons of Ali, the husband of Fatima, the daughter of Mahomet. It is so rare to meet with a really intelligent Mahometan, that you can hardly rely on what the best of them say of their own history. No two of them will give you the same account; and for the sober history of the Koran (as is also true of the Vedas, and other *Hindoo* scriptures) you have to go to Germany and the West. I see that our own Washington Irving's 'Life of Mahomet and his Successors' differs, over and over again, from the accounts of Mahometan matters which find publication in our Calcutta journals.

"I am surprised at the tone of indiscriminate eulogy with which I hear some Christians speak of Mahomet. A great general no doubt he was, and the fiercely successful propagator of a single truth, — a truth which stands second to none, in or out of the Bible. Yet was he a sensual man, and a man of blood; whose wide success is perhaps best accounted for in the low maxim, that, 'to succeed in this world, a man must not be too good.'

"Two Mahometan gentlemen come to our Mission-Room, and one of them has been a regular worshipper with us for several Sundays past. I get less time than I could wish for the study of the Koran; but I see clearly there such unequivocal testimony in honor of Jesus, as being a true prophet, and one of God's greatest and best, that I long to have 'The Koran's Testimony for Christ' drawn out and printed in tract form. It would do great good. It would be soon translated, and reach, who shall say how many a weary Moslem soul now sitting in darkness?"

We have received the Sixth Semiannual Report, to which the following letter alludes. It occupies two entire pages of a large newspaper, and is drawn up in the faithful and business-like manner in which everything is done by our missionary. Want of room forbids our presenting this document to our readers. It abounds in minute details of the operations of the mission during the preceding six months.

"I am happy to be able to send you by this mail our Sixth Half-yearly Report. It seems as if you should have had it before this, but you will be good enough to remember that it has had to be prepared and printed in Calcutta, and not in Boston. In the case of the Fifth Report, issued in February, 1858, the Committee's comments were given in a brief 'Addendum,' wherein they expressed their hope that the work would be sustained and pressed forward, in spite of any disappointments as to immediate and visible results. I had endeavored to declare what I had seen and heard. The Committee, without doubting a word of it, felt that friends at a distance might hope for too much of a harvest from my good seed, and they accordingly warned our distant helpers, as they felt in duty bound to warn them, that manhood, especially in Asia, does not grow as fast even as an oak-tree, and that they must not expect to see India Christianized in one generation.

"The Committee offered a frank and honest warning to our distant helpers. They dissented, 'not from my facts,' but from such extremely hopeful conclusions as they feared some might found upon them. With the present, the Sixth Report, a different course has been taken. After it went to the Committee, they voted to have 'it printed first in proofs' only. Ten copies of this Report were accordingly distributed to the members of the Committee (present in Calcutta) for marginal notes, corrections, and suggestions. After the necessary delay, a majority of the proof copies were returned without comment, as being in every way satisfactory, and a minority of them with comments few and far between. These were gratefully used by me in the preparation of the copy which went finally to press, and which now comes to you and our home friends as my Report, not exactly revised by the Committee, but fully considered and approved by the gentlemen whose names stand toward the close of this Report, as the 'Names of the Committee of the Unitarian Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in India, as organized in August of the year 1858.' Of that list of names, one, Mr. Thomas Brown, a Eurasian gentleman, was then on his way to Benares, whence he has just written us of the disposal of the specimen Unitarian

works which he took with him. The books are getting read, he says, in the large hospital with which he is connected.

“ I received yesterday from the press one thousand copies of our first instalment of the republication of the Works of Rammohun Roy. Closely and neatly printed, it makes a pamphlet of seventy pages; and we count it very cheaply done for us at three hundred rupees. I have the promise from several Hindoo friends of Rammohun Roy, that they will meet the cost of it, and I have just sent a dozen copies of it to his son, who expresses great satisfaction at its appearance, and wishes it to go into as many schools as possible. The book of which I speak consists entirely, excepting a few pages of preface, of direct and unaltered quotations from the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. Rammohun Roy printed it (as you may have noticed in our New England editions of his largest work) without marking the verses. For the sake of convenient reference, I have paragraphed it throughout (and attached the numbers) according to subjects; and it makes no less than *a hundred and seventy-five paragraphs*. A good Bengali translation of this synopsis of the Gospel message is nearly finished, and I hope the means will not be wanting to print it promptly. That Hindoos should be forward, as they are, to print and circulate the Gospel of Christ, or so large a portion of it, (according to King James’s translation,) without note or comment, should surely be a matter for rejoicing to every Christian. All who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity should thank God for it. You all will, of course, be rejoicing in our joy.

“ Let me add, that Channing’s Works are in greater demand than ever, and beg you to send us a fresh supply as soon as may be. I need not remind you, that whatever income we receive from the sale of books (every publication of my own included) goes to the printing fund; but that our means of publication still lag far behind the demand for tracts and pamphlets and lectures, which, after delivery, are frequently inquired for.”

We have been interested in some facts which Mr. Dall communicates in one of his letters in regard to longevity in India.



“The recent death of the Church of England Bishop of Calcutta, at the age of seventy-six, after being in active Indian service here for full thirty-five years, moves me to say, that a temperate and careful laborer may expect as extended a term of Gospel service in India as in any other part of the world. Before coming here, my impression was quite otherwise. The Biography of Adoniram Judson, I think, gave statistical information showing that the average term of life granted to Englishmen or Americans in India was from five to seven years. I now feel that, for one, I can do twice the amount of work in Calcutta that I should accomplish in the round year at Toronto. It seems, too, as if one, placed as I am, might live out twice as long a period of time in India as in Canada. To be sure, I speak only after an experience of three years. Let me therefore give you a few facts bearing on the point of longevity in India. A friend who sits near me has had forty years of good health and hard work in India. The dear old Bishop, Daniel Wilson, of whom I was just speaking, has died at the ripe age of seventy-six; and an old lady, who has lived in India from girlhood, and who has been a sort of sisterly housekeeper to the Bishop for I know not how long, died shortly after her friend, ‘Daniel Calcutta,’ aged eighty-three. She lived in Calcutta eighty years. Mr. John French died about two years ago, aged eighty-four, at Mozufferpore in Bengal. An Englishman, he had seen sixty-five years’ service in India, with ‘any amount’ of exposure to the weather, and he had nine sons and daughters, four or five of whom are alive. Mr. Charles Oman died in 1854, aged seventy-six. He came to India when quite a boy, acting (a friend informs me) as ‘Jemmy Dux,’ or butcher’s mate, his duty being to feed the live stock on board one of the East India Company’s ships, which at that time were all men-of-war. Mr. David Andrew, now seventy-five years old, has been an indigo-planter, always ‘knocking about’ in the sun, from the time he first came to this country from Scotland, when he was fifteen years of age. He is as hale and hearty as man could well be at threescore and fifteen. There is a Mr. Coles, now seventy-five years old, who is still working, with a clear head, as accountant and bill-keeper at the Exchange in Calcutta. He has some

Asiatic blood in his veins, but was educated in England. I could mention other testimonies to the possibility of long life in India, but I will only add the name of a woman who died three or four months ago, in Calcutta, aged eighty-four. She had spent nearly her whole life in this country, if indeed she was not born here. She was of pure English blood; and at one of her evening parties in Chowringhee (our Beacon Street), not very long ago, gathered around her table eighty persons of her own family and relatives. One might expect a *Wellington* party of eighty or more at Lexington, Mass., but hardly so in the 'deadly' region of British India. A fact, they say, is worth many theories. May not our thoughtful friends draw something valuable out of such facts as those now given?"

The idols alluded to in the following letter have arrived, and may be seen at the rooms of the Association. We shall have a *pandemonium*, if receipts of this kind continue. We only wish we could as easily ship off some of the idols worshipped in *our* country.

"I have just had the pleasure of receiving acknowledgments from our missionaries in Madras and Salem, expressing their thanks for timely aid from us of Calcutta; 10 rupees in the latter case, and 108 in the former. I am very glad to find that our co-operators, the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, have raised their annual (!) grant to Madras from £30 to £40. It was so appropriated this year, by letter from London, that nothing was left for the bearer of the chief burden of the work,—I mean William Roberts,—after he had paid his colleagues, and met certain 'repairs' for which the little church was in debt. William Roberts owed 100 rupees or more, for food for himself and family; and, as in one or two former instances, found himself cut off with a penny or less. In their distress, both he and his wife wrote to me; and I at once took round the subscription-book to our people, and found no difficulty in raising an amount that has brought him nearly to his feet again. I had 'heard afar' that Calcutta was famed for its liberality to every good cause, and it is even so. I never

march to the attack with my subscription list presented, heading it of course myself, but I find the silver fruit, or 'loot,' abundant.

"A devoted missionary of 'The Church Mission' here, the Rev. J. Long, who is a fine Oriental linguist, showed me yesterday a work which he is preparing, to aid in the introduction of the familiar sciences from the West. One object is to present to translators the most readily descriptive and happy terms for those technic words of botany, chemistry, &c., which have been known to damp the courage even of New England boys and girls. He has Bengali words for peduncles and petioles, sepals, petals, and corollas, as easy and natural as the German 'sour-stuff' (*Sauerstoff*) for oxygen. It will be an encouragement to Philip, if his work is to be that of a translator, and a deliverer of his people from the grossest absurdities, follies, and lies, to know that a glossary is in preparation which will give him, in physiology, for instance, for the vertebral column, 'the bamboo of the back,' and otherwise provide him with words which his readers will at once receive and comprehend, and, by the fact of comprehension, instantly convict their idol-loving Brahminee teachers of being blind leaders of the blind. Speaking of idols, I have sent you several by a ship just leaving port, 'The Harry of the West.' Three of them are Buddas, — one gilt and the other two of marble. One of the latter is carved and finished in the highest style of Burmese art. Being of stone, they may fare roughly in the pitching of the 'Harry' at sea, so heavy are they, though not larger than children of one or two months old. You are doubtless aware that in all Burmah you meet with but one idol, that of Gautama Budda, the ninth incarnation of Vishnu. The size of this idol, whose uniform altitude (that of contemplation) you discover in these marbles, varies from half an inch to one hundred feet in height. Some hill-sides are almost literally covered with them, and many large caves are almost filled with them. Great honor attaches to the bare act of making an idol, and the dignity of titles is graded by it; corresponding to our city esquires and country captains, colonels, &c. According to the *Bedagat*, the Burmese Bible (so they tell me), the chief business of intelligent worshippers of Budda is to commit to memory all that he has to say of his

feelings and experiences in the almost endless stages of his me-tempsychois, and so remember how Budda felt as a dog, as a horse, as a hen, &c.

“Our work goes on as happily as ever. I have felt that some days of late have been as richly filled (with right influences, brought well to bear) as any that I have spent in India. Health good, but needs a little resting and nursing these fiercely sunny days. Nights a little restless and headachy from over-fatigue. The great holidays of the year, ‘The twenty days of *Doorga*,’ are just begun. Calcutta is to be all on fire with illuminations a few nights hence, with Victoria! Victoria! Victoria! everywhere.”

The following letter, giving an account of the great Hindoo carnival, must be printed entire:—

“The great festival of the Hindoo year is come. We are now in the very heart of it. What the Passover week was to the Jews; what the Muharrem is to the Mahometans; what the Saturnalia was to ancient and the Carnival is to modern Italy; what to the English are the Christmas and New-Year’s holidays, on to Twelfth Night; what to the Americans would be Christmas and New Year, with (if that were possible) Thanksgiving week included;—such is the festival of the *Doorga Poojah* to the Hindoos. As Hindoos constitute from three fifths to three fourths of the entire community in this part of the world, everything gives way to this occasion as a matter of course. The courts are dismissed, the colleges and schools are empty, mercantile life is at a stand-still, ships that cannot ‘clear’ before the Poojah must rot till the holidays are over. Hardly an office except the Post remains open, unless we add that of the Police, whose work may never be suspended in a city like Calcutta. The cry over the whole land is as it was among the conflicting hosts at Ramoth Gilead, only in just the opposite spirit, i. e. not of disaster, but of tumultuous merriment: ‘Every man to his city, every man to his own country.’ Every Hindoo at least seeks to return to his village; and Home, hie home! sweet home! is the song of the hour. Would that they could know what *we* mean by that song!

" Oct. 25th. — Two days have passed since I wrote the foregoing. I then had it in mind to give you a full account of the great feast of the Doorga Poojah. Idol-worship, as you know, though partly performed in temples, is mainly a domestic thing, but little exposed to the gaze of strangers. That which is public in this region is, so far as I have seen, decent in act, though in the Juggernaut festivities at Serampore, the voice of the occasion was decidedly otherwise. The account of the Doorga festival which appears in the English papers here (quoted, I see, from the 'New Calcutta Directory') makes the matter much more 'foul' and 'horrible' than I am convinced it is. God is truth, and no lie can please him; so we are bound to hear idolatry's best plea for itself, as well as the indignant cry of its enemies. Thus bent, I took the English account of the Doorga in my hand, and asked the comments of the Rajah Radakant Deb, who, though himself a worshipper, as he says, of *Poromeshwar*, the Most High, is as sincere an approver of idols for the multitude as ever mother was sincere in providing toys and dolls for her nursery, and allowing her children to talk to them as if they were alive. I took the 'horrible' narrative of the Poojah to the old rajah, — who, though not a Brahmin, but a Sudra, has gained all the influence of a Brahmin, and bears the name of Deb or Deva, God, — and he thought it unfair. His first remark upon it was, 'It is written perhaps by some native convert.' On my begging him to put me right, and tell me so that I might tell my friends only the truth about Bengal and her institutions, he said, 'I will prepare you a true account of it.' 'Our Doorga Poojah is neither horrible nor impure. You and your American friends shall know what it really is'; — or words to that effect. We must allow the kind old man at least a fortnight to prepare his justification of Doorga worship and its attendant ceremonies.

" Philip, I dare say, is helping you to conceive what idolatry really is, with its crushing thralldom and its fascinations. It is abject spiritual slavery, no more, no less; though a fair education helps the mind out of it as inevitably as the 'peach-meat' bursts its stony prison when spring comes, and 'God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him,' — the body of a tree whose sweetness

it is beyond the wealth of India to produce. True views of man, such as Channing is beginning to scatter richly here, seem even more necessary to the removal of idolatry and its fetters, than true views of God, though both are essential. You find everywhere in Asia the masses of men religiously regarded as babes and imbeciles. They even regard themselves as such; and thus, excepting a small leaven of new-school Hindoos, religion is held and expected to be one thing to the few thinkers, priests, and rulers, and an entirely different thing to the myriad no-thinkers and ruled. 'Idolatry for the people, but not for the priest,' seems to have been the cry, the secret cry, for ages here; and if we do our duty, and show that even children can worship God in spirit, men will rise out of idolatry by millions, as surely and as joyfully as insects full of young winged life rise from the moist soil where their larvæ have been deposited, and walk the air in due course of nature. I meet hundreds of young men, in and about Calcutta, whose spirits are thus beginning to take wing, thanks to the schools and colleges quite as much as to the preaching, with which they have been brought in contact! Sometimes a single conversation with a young man will substitute, once and for ever in his mind, St. Paul's glorious spiritual Pantheism for that most degrading material Pantheism which is essential feticism and idolatry. Once let him perceive that God is *above* all, while he is through all and *in* all, and you have liberated a prisoner,—not a body merely, but a soul. No baptism is visibly accomplished, no conversion is heralded; but you have 'come to the sick and in prison,' and let the oppressed go free. He will never again attempt to bow himself beneath what is essentially beneath him; nor say, as a most devout and really intelligent Hindoo said to me the other day, when a couple of ring-doves flew from the garden into our veranda: 'There, there! You see your God, do you not? You worship these, do you not? Holy Ghost! Holy Ghost!' The man in this case was between seventy and eighty years of age, and his views of Pantheism, held from infancy, had become a second nature; but with hundreds of young men around me it is not so. They clap their hands and lift up their hearts and bless God for a truth which emancipates them from miseries we cannot understand.

“ With regard to the pacification of the country under the triumphs of British power and the direct rule of Queen Victoria, there can be but one opinion. The English are again complete masters of the country, and, with the exception of one or two localities like Oude, the whole people are glad of it. As I judge, there is nowhere a settled hatred of the British power. There is no deep-seated ill-will in the Asiatic mind, nothing hidden and rankling, and waiting to burst into flame, like the concealed energies of a volcano. Of this I am quite sure, as every new day's observation shows me that the Asiatic is more of a child than a man. A single glance at Asiatic history shows that there is as yet no manhood in Asia ; though there are a few savages in the hills and mountains, where something like force, though of course not complete manhood, has been developed ; and though her mercantile cities do show you, once in a while, a man. It seems as if a Divine Providence was just opening this Eastern continent to the cultivation of men, out of seedling and defeated humanity, as the pioneer on our Missouri or Kansas border opens a bit of close forest for his log-cabin, and finds the trees nearly all tap-rooted and feeble, from over-crowding and deprivation of the sun. There is scarcely a well-developed tree among them : and so of men in India. You cannot live a year in Asia without feeling that it is clearly written in the irresistible purposes of God, that the Sun of Wisdom and Righteousness should shine in among the people here, and that God will — he *must* — open Asia to education, commerce, and true religion. If the instrument which he takes in his hand wherewith to do this necessary work prove unfaithful or unfit, he will doubtless break the instrument, cast it away, and find another that shall do only his high and holy will. That God's will is to be done here, that God's kingdom is to come here, as elsewhere, in knowledge and power and truth, and ultimate peace and fraternal freedom, who can doubt ? I believe the Parliament of England is God's instrument now on trial for India's good, or say the popular will of England, finding expression through the Cabinet and Secretary who speak for the Queen.

“ I see the hour for closing the mail is near, or I would give you the interesting and brilliant details of an occasion on which

I was lately a guest, when, in the person of her leading native scholar and patriarch, the Rajah Radakant, Bengal gave a hearty welcome to the gracious Christian Queen. It was a happy attempt to express the heaven-ordained union of the East and West. There was in the chief saloon a gorgeous throne surmounted by the English crown, above which floated the banners of England, America, and France. Upon the crown itself the Rajah's entire regalia was expanded in gold-embroidered velvet and emeralds, with a diamond cross—the cross of Jesus—sparkling above it! The signs of the times are for progress, education, true religion, above all the din of carnal weapons. Thank God ! ”

One of our last letters from Mr. Dall relates to the prospects of India under its new governmental rule, and closes with extracts from a letter from Sir John Bowring. We feel sure that both will be read with much interest.

“ Since I last wrote you, a great public event has transpired, and been formally inaugurated in all the chief cities of India. The greatest corporation of merchant princes the world ever saw, has yielded up its life. The East India Company has deceased, and the places that knew it, sadly or gladly, shall know it no more for ever. ‘ God save the Queen ! ’ is now the cry, written on every flag, stamped on every coin, heard first and loudest in every lawful assembly. Silently, and not with much observation, but surely and inevitably, great changes must succeed to this new arrangement. ‘ The popular will is ultimately supreme in England,’ and that is henceforth to legislate for India, and really dispose of her vast and complicated interests and destiny. Some say despondingly, raven-fashion, that India is now to be made a football of factions there, a shuttlecock of party, and to be tossed by old John Bull, dangerously, from horn to horn, the Radical and the Conservative. I dare not hope that no harm will come from vile contentions among selfish men for India's vast loaves and fishes. Serious mischief may thus arise. Yet I think the chances are, on the whole, the other way. There has been heretofore prevalent in England, Parliament included, an Egyptian ignorance of Indian



matters ; but this was natural while India was the inheritance of others, and had not been passed over to the people. I miss my guess if they do not look after the property, now they have fairly got it. What I most rejoice in is the general humanity of the English nation, at least in any matter which the *whole* people are called to pronounce upon. Indeed, I have more fear — beginning, as I do, to know Asiatics, and to lament their almost inability to understand or appreciate what is frank and generous — more fear that England will be unwisely and weakly lenient and yielding, than that she will be over-forceful and too steadily hard, stern, and decided. Man in India, especially since this bloody quarrel with his overseers, and attempted barring-out of his teachers, must be treated like a naughty boy who has made similar attempts on his preceptor in a country school. I do not say that the master should ‘beat the boy to within an inch of his life,’ or ‘try what virtue there is in stones,’ but I see clearly that the fellow who fears not the true God, neither regards man, must be made to know that there is an arm which can hold him, and a reserved force which, if he yield not to reason, can be effectively brought to bear upon him. So, for the present year or two, England should carry about her and display the signs of force in India, as an ox does his horns, as resolutely, and if possible as gently. Such is my present feeling, and I must say that it is growing on me. I do want to see the Anglo-Saxon in the Orient, — whether in India, China, or Japan, — showing, not flattery and cunning (the old policy), but generosity and strength. The Queen’s Proclamation of Sovereignty, which has just reached the people here, is, on the whole, a noble document, though the eighth clause disappoints me. The Queen’s counsellors have written some insincere words for her, but I do not count them hers : I cannot think that she has no ‘*desire*’ to Christianize India, ‘to *interfere*’ with the foul practices of her devil-worship, or to ‘*disquiet*’ her from hugging of her idols, and their necessary slavery and degradation. The writers of her Proclamation, which should be a *Magna Charta* here for centuries to come, might at least have practised the wisdom of silence, or have spoken of the prohibition of all *unlawful* interference, &c. They should not have involved the Queen’s

'desire' and 'pleasure' in the fact of India's being turned to her idols and let alone. I hope I am mistaken in supposing that English bravery and honesty have in that eighth clause fallen a little short of their usually lofty aim and attainment."

Extracts from a letter from Sir J. Bowring to Mr. Dall :—

" *Government-House, Hong Kong, 25th Sept., 1858.*

"I am glad to find that Rammohun Roy's example has been followed by the visit of the Brahmin priest to the United States. Travel is the best solvent of prejudice, the most irresistible teacher of knowledge. The echoes of your doings have reached us from both sides of the Atlantic, and I have been indeed happy to see your labors exercised in so wide, so fertile, so attractive a field. . . . . I quite concur in your opinion, that the *charitable* spirit of Unitarianism is as recommendatory of its principles as its reasonable nature; and, in so far as my experience and reflection aid me, I conclude that where love is not, truth is not, and that the absence of candor is the absence of Christianity. I shrink more and more from the 'tyranny of creeds,' except such creeds as the Sermon on the Mount, or the sweet consolations and beautiful counsels of Jesus, as they are found in many parts of John's Gospel especially. . . . . The conversions, sincere or not, of ignorant multitudes, are a very different matter from the results of thoughtful investigation, a love of and a search after truth as the jewel of great price.

"Ever, my dear Sir, very truly and faithfully yours,

"JOHN BOWRING."

## MEETINGS OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

*December 13, 1858.* — Present, Messrs. Hall, Stebbins, Hedge, Clark, Brigham, Rogers, Alger, and the Secretary.

The Board heard with pleasure that there is a prospect of the publication of a new edition of Dr. Noyes's translations

of the Old Testament, with additions by the learned author. It was voted to encourage this measure, by agreeing to take a considerable number of copies. It is not now known when this new edition will appear; but Biblical scholars will be glad to know that all the fruits of the critical studies of the author in his later years will thus be preserved.

An application for our publications was received from the "Christian Union of Harvard University." This is a society of undergraduates, formed for religious inquiry and discussion; and it was voted to give to it copies of all our books, and the Secretary was directed to forward them.

A letter from Rev. Mr. Dall was laid before the Board, asking advice in relation to a visit to Australia. The Unitarian churches in Australia had signified to Mr. Dall a desire that he should visit them, as this would strengthen the ties of sympathy and co-operation among the outposts of our common faith in that remote quarter of the world. But considering how long an absence from his missionary field such a visit would necessarily require, the Board judged it inadvisable, and the Secretary was directed to inform Mr. Dall of this conclusion.

*January 10, 1859.* — Present, Messrs. Hall, Stebbins, Hedge, Clark, Lincoln, Rogers, and the Secretary.

The Secretary reported that he had received from the Unitarian Society in Lawrence, Kansas, notes to the amount of five thousand dollars, secured by mortgage and policy of insurance, and asked whether a deed of the Unitarian Church in that town should be transmitted. It was voted that all these papers be referred to the Business Committee, who were directed to send a properly executed deed if the securities are in due and satisfactory form. It afterwards appeared that the papers referred to are all properly drawn, and the deed was accordingly sent.

The Secretary offered some suggestions in regard to the preservation of feeble rural societies. Many such are found in various parts of the State, where public worship was formerly maintained regularly; but now, in consequence of death or emigration, the light on these ancient altars is almost extinguished. If a society finds itself unable to support a minister, it immediately concludes that public worship must be suspended. Is this inference necessary? May not two feeble societies, if contiguous, unite in supporting a pastor? If their attention was called to this plan, and some assistance proffered in carrying it into effect, might not the blessings of religious instruction and worship be, in many cases, preserved? Contiguous towns are learning to act together in political affairs, by electing one representative; why not act together in electing one pastor? It is well known that in many instances in England one minister officiates for two neighboring societies; would it not be well to recommend a like plan among us, and offer help to have it fairly tried?

In the course of the discussion that followed, it was stated that this plan is still more common in Germany; but there the churches are oftentimes much nearer together than in our rural districts. It was also suggested that town jealousies, and questions as to the residence of the minister, would naturally interpose difficulties. Still it was believed that there are religious societies which, in their strong desire to secure the benefits of public worship, would rise above all obstacles of this kind, and the following vote was passed:—

*“ Voted, That the plan of settling a minister over two contiguous societies, where practicable, appears to this Board an important measure, looking to the preservation of many feeble societies; and that the Secretary be instructed to recommend its introduction in all places where it can be*

adopted, and to render such counsel and encouragement as he can bestow."

Not long after the adoption of the above vote, the Secretary prepared and published in the Register and Inquirer a short notice, which, as it may reach the eyes of some who have not yet seen it, and who may avail themselves of the assistance offered, is here reprinted. It is addressed to *Reduced and Feeble Societies*, and is as follows:—

"The Executive Committee of the American Unitarian Association have had before them for many years the claims of small and weakened parishes, and have considered what can be done to prevent the abandonment of religious services in fifteen or twenty of our New England towns. By a recent vote of the Board, it has been made the duty of the undersigned to recommend the following plan, and to aid in its adoption.

"Wherever there are two reduced Unitarian societies within a distance of each other of ten miles, it is suggested that one minister might be settled over both; preaching to one in the forenoon, and to the other in the afternoon. In this way many societies now unable to support a minister might easily furnish half of his salary, and secure for themselves and families a pastor, and one religious service every Sunday. To their minister the additional labor of pastoral visiting, by reason of the greater distance of parishioners, would have as an offset the demand for fewer sermons; and other inconveniences would be balanced by the greater ease and cheerfulness with which his support would be paid. Settlements over double parishes are not uncommon in England and Germany, and the necessities of many rural societies seem to require the adoption of a like plan among us.

"Beside this suggestion of the plan, two contiguous societies

need a common friend to communicate with both, and make arrangements for the consummation here alluded to. The subscriber will immediately and most gladly attend to all communications addressed to him, and either by correspondence or personal visits afford all the assistance he can bestow.

“HENRY A. MILES,  
*Secretary American Unitarian Association.*”

The Secretary takes this opportunity to repeat the assurance of his willingness to afford all the aid in his power, and at the same time to express his pleasure that there are societies which have already conferred with him in regard to the above-named subject.

*January 24, 1859.*—A special meeting of the Committee was held this day, and there were present Messrs. Hall, Stebbins, Brigham, Hedge, Bellows, Rogers, Lincoln, Clark, Alger, and the Secretary.

The chief subject of consideration was the rights of the Association in the Van Polanen Chapel, in Bridgeport, Conn. In consideration of the interest on four thousand dollars paid to her during her lifetime by the Association, Madame Van Polanen gave a trust-deed of the Chapel to the American Unitarian Association, which provided that, if the Unitarian Society then worshipping in it ceased to maintain regular public services, or was “not prosperous,” the property should revert to the Association, to be sold, and the proceeds applied to the diffusion of Unitarian Christianity. It is now more than three years since regular services were held in the Chapel by the Unitarian Society. Meanwhile the Chapel has been let to another denomination, and is at present suffering for want of repairs. The whole subject was referred to a special committee, consisting of Messrs. Rogers and

Miles, with instructions to consult legal counsel, and to report at the next meeting.

*February* 14, 1859. — Present, Messrs. Hall, Stebbins, Brigham, Rogers, Clark, and the Secretary.

The special committee appointed at the last meeting reported that they had conferred with an eminent legal adviser, and, following his counsel, they recommended the adoption of measures which were unanimously approved.

Some conversation arose in regard to the importance of a thorough discussion of the interests of the Association at the coming Annual Meeting. It was regarded as highly necessary that there should be more time for a *business* meeting than the arrangements of the Anniversary week have usually allowed. An extended and minute survey of the interests, opportunities, and hopes of the Association would lead, as was believed, to a wider and heartier sympathy, and perhaps to efforts that would place its prosperity above the pressure of the exigencies which have this year borne it down so heavily. It was thought by some that an entire reconstruction of the working arrangements of the Association might lead to a more economical administration of its affairs, and to greater efficiency in its results. Perhaps the cost of clerk-hire might be saved, less expensive rooms might be secured, or the business of its chief officer might be shared by standing committees, and thus the largest expenditure be saved. On all sides the hope was expressed that the entire Unitarian body would mould the Association into any form which would make it the best exponent of their wishes and views. On motion, the whole subject was referred to a special committee, consisting of Messrs. Stebbins, Rogers, and Brigham, to prepare a plan for the future operations of the Association, to be submitted to the next Annual Meeting, and to report at the next meeting of the Board.

## RECORD OF EVENTS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

DECEMBER 8, 1858. — Mr. Edward Barker, a graduate of the Meadville Theological School, was ordained as colleague with Rev. Dr. Sanger in the pastoral care of the First Congregational Unitarian Society in Dover, Mass. Sermon by Rev. Dr. Gannett, of Boston.

---

DECEMBER 29, 1858. — The large and beautiful church, erected by the First Unitarian Society in Quincy, Illinois, was dedicated to the public worship of God. It is the largest Protestant church in that city, measuring in extreme length over one hundred feet, is valued at \$25,000, and is free from debt. The dedication called out the largest gathering of any similar occasion in the history of that city. The spacious church was filled to every corner, and hundreds who went were unable to enter. The sermon gave great satisfaction, and was marked by the careful preparation and decided ability characteristic of the preacher.

---

JANUARY 5, 1859. — Mr. Edward H. Hall, a graduate of the Theological School in Cambridge, was ordained as colleague with Rev. Dr. Kendall in the pastoral care of the First Church in Plymouth, Mass. This is the church that was formed by the Pilgrim Fathers on board of the Mayflower, and shares with the First Church in Salem the honor of being the venerable mother of all the Congregational churches in the United States. The sermon was preached by the father of the young minister, Rev. Dr. Hall of Providence. The ordaining prayer was offered by the senior pastor, then in the sixtieth year of his ministry.

---

JANUARY 23, 1859. — Rev. Josiah K. Waite, late of Fall River, assumed the pastoral charge of the First Unitarian Society in Malden. The services instituting the relation were conducted by the pastor and the committee of the Society. After many adverse experiences, the experiment of building up a vigorous and



permanent Society in this place has promise, as we are truly glad to record, of gratifying success. We would commend the few earnest friends of this movement to the sympathy of the neighboring Societies, who, we are sure, will encourage in his new field the labors of this persevering and hopeful pastor.

---

FEBRUARY 2, 1859. — Rev. John Murray was installed pastor of the Unitarian Society in Northfield, Mass. Sermon by Rev. James Freeman Clarke, of Boston. The occasion received additional interest from the presence and co-operation in the services of two former ministers of the Society, — Rev. Dr. Hosmer of Buffalo, N. Y., and Rev. O. C. Everett of Charlestown.

---

FEBRUARY 20, 1859. — Rev. C. B. Thomas of Chelsea closed his relation to the Unitarian Society in that place. He has entered upon the duties of temporary pastor of the Unitarian Society in Charleston, S. C.

---

FEBRUARY 24, 1859. — The property belonging to the Federal Street Society, Boston, of which Rev. Dr. Gannett is pastor, was this day sold at auction. This step is preparatory to the erection, on the Back Bay lands, of a new and commodious house of worship. This church in Federal Street has been one of the most honored shrines in the eyes of all Unitarians. It was here, for a long series of years, that the annual meetings of our body were held. It is perhaps without a parallel that a Society has been favored with two such pastors in succession as Drs. Channing and Gannett. We hope, hereafter, to be able to state some of the historical reminiscences connected with this church.

---

OBITUARIES. — We are pained to record the death of Rev. George Bradford of Watertown. Just as he was coming to see that his ministry in this place was no longer an experiment, but had promise of sure and abundant fruit, he has been summoned to leave the studies and pastoral walks he so much loved, and in which he had endeared himself to a united but now mourning flock. Mr. Bradford graduated at Harvard College in 1851, and from the

Divinity School in Cambridge in 1856. In November of the latter year he was ordained pastor of the Society in Watertown. The funeral services took place on Saturday, February 19, and a brief, but appropriate and touching address, was delivered by Rev. Thomas Hill.

We have still another death among our younger clergy to record. Rev. Frederic Augustus Tenney, after a long decline, departed this life, February 2, 1859, at the home of his father, in Gill, Mass. Mr. Tenney graduated at the Divinity School in Cambridge in 1853. He had a short ministry in Gloucester, in Milwaukee, and in Newport. In the latter place he temporarily supplied the pulpit of Rev. Charles T. Brooks, and won for himself a high place in the affections of his parishioners by his able and faithful ministrations. The death of this young brother makes five instances of mortality, during the last quarter, in the circle of the Unitarian ministry.

---

\*.\* We are pleased to hear that the attempt to establish a Unitarian Society in Farmington, Me. is attended with encouraging success. Rev. Thomas Weston is at present laboring in that town, and his services give promise of great usefulness. — A meeting has been held in New York city with reference to the formation of a third Unitarian Society in that city. There is a spirit and determination at the bottom of this movement which insures ultimate success. It is said that never were the prospects of our cause in New York city more full of encouragement and hope than now. — Rev. Samuel J. May of Syracuse, N. Y., and Rev. Samuel F. Clark of Ware, Mass., have sailed for Europe, to be absent for a few months in foreign travel.

---

\*.\* The next Anniversary of the American Unitarian Association will be held before the issue of another number of this Journal. Many of our readers will remember the gratifying success of the annual meeting of 1858. We believe it was the result, in a great measure, of the most careful preparation in the way of securing speakers, and of advertisement of plans. Everybody knew just what to expect, and all the promises were fully made good. We

may assure our friends that no pains will be spared this year to insure even a greater success. There are plans in consideration, which, if carried into effect, will make the anniversary of 1859 the most memorable event of the kind in our history. A much more commodious place of gathering will be engaged, and speakers provided whom all will be eager to hear. We hope our country friends, on all sides, will remember the occasion, — Tuesday, May 24th, — and that large delegations from all our rural Societies will be present. Of the time and place of meeting, due notice will be given in the papers. We would repeat the expression of our hope that the *business* meeting of the Association will be largely attended. There are important matters to be then considered, which ought not to be disposed of by a thin minority.

### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

In the months of December, January, and February the following sums were received:—

Dec.	1.	From a friend, to purchase books for distribution,	\$ 13.00
"	2.	From Mr. William Taylor, Jr., to make himself a Life-Member,	30.00
"	4.	From Dr. Miles Goodyear, as his second payment towards Life-Membership,	10.00
"	6.	Books sold by Rev. J. G. Forman,	5.00
"	7.	From Society in Concord, for Philip Gangooly, in addition,	5.00
"	"	From a friend, for India Mission,	10.00
"	8.	Interest on Graham Fund,	227.25
"	11.	From Society in Saco, Me.,	37.45
"	16.	" Rev. J. F. W. Ware's Society, Cambridgeport,	100.00
"	"	Books sold by Rev. W. A. Fuller, in Barre,	15.00
"	"	From Mrs. L. L. Walker, as a donation,	10.00
"	20.	Quarterly Journals in Brunswick, Me.,	4.00
"	"	From Federal St. Society, for use of Rooms,	68.00
"	"	" Mr. A. W. Buttrick, as his first payment towards Life-Membership,	5.00

Dec.	23.	Books sold by Mr. Levi Holt, in Ware, . . .	\$ 5.00
"	"	From Society in West Bridgewater, . . .	17.00
"	"	" First Society, Lowell, including \$ 30 to make Rev. F. Hinckley a Life-Member, . .	90.00
"	23.	Books sold by Rev. T. J. Mumford, in De- troit, Mich., . . . . .	10.89
"	"	From Society in Fall River, . . . . .	40.00
"	"	" a friend, for Philip Gangooly, . . . .	1.00
"	24.	Books sold by Rev. T. C. Moulton, . . . .	16.85
"	"	A donation from Miss A. B. Taliaferro, . .	20.00
"	28.	From Society in Waltham, . . . . .	103.04
"	"	Books sold in Waltham, . . . . .	6.60
"	"	Quarterly Journals in Syracuse, N. Y., . .	24.00
"	"	Books sold by Rev. S. J. May, in Syracuse, .	8.00
"	"	From Society in Dover, N. H., for Rev. Daniel Foster, Kansas, . . . . .	35.00
"	29.	From Church of the Disciples, Boston, to make their pastor and his wife, Rev. James Freeman Clarke and Mrs. Anna H. Clarke, Life-Members, . . . . .	60.00
"	31.	Books sold by Mr. Otis Clapp, Boston, . . .	17.20
"	"	" " at Rooms in December, . . . . .	103.64
"	"	From Subscribers to Quarterly Journal, . .	38.50
1859.			
Jan.	3.	Books sold by Miss S. H. Anderson, . . . .	3.50
"	4.	" " " Rev. G. S. Ball, . . . . .	5.00
"	5.	From Society at Newton Corner, in addition, .	1.00
"	6.	Quarterly Journals in Baltimore, Md., . . .	10.00
"	8.	From Society in Templeton, . . . . .	55.00
"	"	" Mrs. Persis Parkhurst Templeton, to- wards Life-Membership, . . . . .	5.00
"	"	From Miss Abigail Locke Templeton, towards Life-Membership, . . . . .	15.00
"	"	From a lady in Cambridge, through Rev. Dr. Newell, for India Mission \$ 10, Book Fund \$ 10, and general purposes \$ 20, . . . .	40.00
"	9.	A donation from Mrs. C. Jones, . . . . .	2.00
"	"	From Mrs. Hannah Lyon, to make herself a Life-Member, . . . . .	30.00
"	11.	Books sold by Rev. Joshua Young, in Bur- lington, Vt., . . . . .	11.12
"	"	A donation from Miss Rebecca Conant, . . .	5.00
"	"	Books sold by Rev. Seth Saltmarsh, in Peter- sham, . . . . .	18.06
"	12.	From New North Church, Boston, for Philip Gangooly, . . . . .	20.00
"	"	From Society in Grafton, . . . . .	19.62

Jan.	13.	From Ladies' Auxiliary Society, Marblehead,	\$ 23.00
"	"	A donation from Thomas A. Adams, Esq.,	10.00
"	14.	From Mrs. W. O. Fay, to complete Life-Membership,	6 00
"	"	Books sold by Mrs. W. O. Fay,	6.48
"	15.	" " " Rev. R. Jacobs, in Vinton, Ohio,	3.00
"	18.	From Mr. Cyrus Cleveland, towards Life-Membership,	10.00
"	"	From Society in Walpole, Mass.,	25.00
"	"	" " " Leominster,	48.78
"	20.	" a friend, for India Mission,	1.00
"	21.	" Society in Cincinnati, Ohio,	44.00
"	"	" " " Alton, Ill.,	35.00
"	"	Books sold to Crosby, Nichols, & Co.,	84.49
"	22.	Quarterly Journals in Ashby,	5.00
"	25	" " " Dublin, N. H.,	7.00
"	"	From a friend in Troy, N. Y.,	1.00
"	26.	Books sold to A. K. Loring & Co., Boston,	23.23
"	"	" " " Brown, Taggard, & Chase,	9.56
"	27.	" " " Phillips, Sampson, & Co.,	7.00
"	31.	From Miss Margaret Newman, for India Mission \$ 5, and for general purposes \$ 5,	10.00
"	"	Books sold at Rooms in January,	72.87
"	"	From Subscribers to Quarterly Journal,	73.10
Feb.	1.	Quarterly Journals in North Danvers,	5.00
"	2.	Books sold to John Bartlett, Cambridge,	13.88
"	5.	From the Second Society, Rev. Dr. Robbins's, Boston,	513.06
"	8.	Books sold by Rev. J. H. Heywood, in Louisville, Ky.,	17.85
"	"	From friends in Champlain, N. Y.,	2.00
"	9.	Books sold by Rev. A. A. Livermore, in New York,	69.23
"	11.	Books sold by Rev. J. Orrell, in Sandwich,	8.97
"	"	From a friend in Portsmouth, N. H., for Kansas Mission \$ 4, and for India Mission \$ 4,	8.00
"	14.	From a friend, for Philip Gangooly,	3.00
"	17.	" the West Society, Rev. C. A. Bartol's, Boston,	260.00
"	19.	Books sold by Rev. F. McIntire, in Grafton,	13.74
"	25.	From Society in Peterborough, N. H.,	45.00
"	"	" " " Northborough,	27.00
"	"	" " " Barre,	14.00
"	26.	Books sold by Rev. W. A. Fuller, in Barre,	7.87
"	28.	From Society in Petersham,	36.21
"	"	Books sold at Rooms in February,	60.14
"	"	From Subscribers to Quarterly Journal,.	24.00

The following works are for sale at the Rooms of the American Unitarian Association, 21 Bromfield Street. Any work will be forwarded by mail, on receipt, in bills or postage-stamps, of the price annexed.

### **Theological Library.**

Vol. 1. Channing's Select Theological Writings. . .	\$0.60
" 2. Wilson's Unitarian Principles confirmed. . .	1.00
" 3. Norton's Statement of Reasons. . . . .	1.00
" 4. Theological Essays. Edited by Dr. Noyes. . .	1.00
" 5. Martineau's Studies of Christianity. . . . .	1.00

### **Devotional Library.**

Vol. 1. The Altar at Home. . . . .	.50
" 2. The Christian Doctrine of Prayer. By J. F. Clarke. . . . .	.50
" 3. The Rod and the Staff. By T. T. Stone. . .	.60
" 4. The Harp and the Cross. By S. G. Bulfinch. .	.60
" 5. Foregleams of Immortality. By E. H. Sears. .	.60
" 6. Seven Stormy Sundays. . . . .	.60

### **Miscellaneous.**

Complete Works of W. E. Channing, D. D. 3 vols. .	2.00
Genuineness of the Gospels. By A. Norton. 3 vols. .	4.00
People's Bible Dictionary. By Dr. Beard. 2 vols. .	
English Edition. . . . .	3.00
Tracts of the A. U. A. complete. 26 vols. . . .	12.00
Regeneration. By E. H. Sears. . . . .	.36
Doctrinal Lectures. By W. G. Eliot. . . . .	.25
Gospel Narratives. By Henry A. Miles. . . . .	.25
The Discipline of Sorrow. By W. G. Eliot. . . .	.30
History of the Cross of Christ. By W. R. Alger. .	.15
Early Piety: or, Recollections of Harriet B—. . .	.16
Artistic Illustrations of the Trinity. . . . .	1.00
Grains of Gold. From the Writings of C. A. Bartol. .	.20
Sunday-School Liturgy. . . . .	.25

## STUDIES OF CHRISTIANITY.

By PROF. JAMES MARTINEAU.

FIFTEEN HUNDRED copies of this book have been printed, and the last five hundred are now on sale.

## SEVEN STORMY SUNDAYS.

Of this the *London Inquirer* says:—

"Our sister Church in America is growing rich in its devotional literature. It seems to have passed through the controversial warfare in which we are, unfortunately, still engaged, and is developing the more spiritual and practical aspects of our faith. Under happier influences than we are yet favoured with, our American brethren are building up a true and noble branch of the Christian Church,—the Broad Church of the future, combining a manly and rational faith with a rich devotional fervor and a lofty spiritual philosophy.

"The book before us consists of a series of religious services for the use of those who are kept at home on Sundays by those blinding snow-storms which in the country districts of New England often block up the streets and houses, and render it impossible for women and children, and heavily-laden even for persons of harder frame, to venture out of doors. But although it contains frequent references to an American winter, this charming book is equally adapted to any meridian, and contains religious meditations and lessons for those who are prevented by sickness, infirmity, or any other cause, from attending the sacred service of the Church.

"For each Sunday there is a complete service, opening with a meditation or pleasant conversation between the various members of a family, proceeding with devotional service, sermon, and religious poetry. The prayers are singularly choice and beautiful, far less stilted and artificial than those we have met in most of the American manuals of devotion. There are fine selections from the works of Arnold, Mazzini, Theobald, and Bunsen; and two unpublished sermons by W. B. O. Peabody, together with two original ones, which it is high praise to say will safely bear comparison with those taken from the admirable writers we have mentioned. There are poetic extracts from Keble, and others of our religious poets, interspersed with appropriate thoughts of Francis de Sales, A. Kempis, Pascal, and Ciceridge.

"The book is full of beauties of the highest order, and does great credit to the taste of the compiler. We are glad to see that Dr. Beard includes it in the 'Unitarian Library.'"

THE 176998  
QUARTERLY JOURNAL  
OF THE  
AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

VOL. VI.

JULY, 1859.

No. 4.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Thirty-Fourth Anniversary of the American Unitarian As- sociation . . . . .	301	A Deductive Theology, by Hen- ry W. Bellows, D.D. . . .	363
Dr. Holmes at the Post-Office . . . .	356	Lessons for Mankind from the Life and Death of Humboldt . .	378
Circles . . . . .	362	Acknowledgments . . . .	402

BOSTON:  
WALKER, WISE, AND COMPANY,  
PUBLISHERS FOR THE  
AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION,  
21 CORNHILL STREET.  
1859.



OFFICERS  
OF THE  
AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

---

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

REV. FREDERICK H. HEDGE, D.D., *President.*

“ ORVILLE DEWEY, D.D., }  
HON. BENJ. F. THOMAS, LL.D., } *Vice-Presidents.*

REV. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, *Secretary.*

CALVIN W. CLARK, ESQ., *Treasurer.*

REV. HENRY A. MILES, D.D.

“ WILLIAM R. ALGER.

“ CHARLES H. BRIGHAM.

GEORGE B. EMERSON, ESQ.

REV. THOMAS HILL.

“ HENRY W. BELLOWES, D.D.

“ GEORGE W. HOSMER, D.D.

“ WILLIAM G. ELIOT, D.D.

“ CAZNEAU PALFREY, D.D.

---

\* \* The Office of the Association is at 21 Bromfield Street, Boston. The Secretary will usually be there every day from 12 to 2 o'clock.

The Office of the Treasurer is likewise in the Rooms of the Association, and remittances of money may be made to him there. Subscriptions received for the Quarterly Journal,—price only one dollar per annum.

THE

# QUARTERLY JOURNAL.

VOL. VI.

BOSTON, JULY 1, 1859.

No. 4.

## THIRTY-FOURTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

THE Thirty-fourth Anniversary of the Association was celebrated in the church in Hollis Street, Boston, on Tuesday, May 24th, 1859. The beautiful church was filled with a large and attentive audience, and the splendor of the day, and the graceful arrangements made for the reception of the Association, conspired to render the occasion one of deep interest.

The President of the Association, Rev. Dr. Hall, took the chair, at half past nine o'clock, and prayer was offered by Rev. John H. Morison, D. D., of Milton.

The Secretary of the Association, Rev. Dr. Miles, then read the Annual Report of the Executive Committee. It is as follows:—

### THIRTY-FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT.

The perpetuation of an institution like this, amid the changes of successive years and generations, reminds us

how enduring are those great interests of freedom, progress, and truth, which this Association was designed to defend; and although, when we extend our survey over so short a period as a twelvemonth, we can perhaps discern but few advances in the direction of our hopes and efforts, we have many reasons to bless the good Providence of God for tokens of encouraging success visible upon larger dial-plates of time. Both at home and abroad, in our own circle of believers, and in other Christian fellowships, we may hail signs of a growing spirit of earnest and generous inquiry, and may believe that theology, in becoming less traditional and prescriptive, is taking its true place as one of the vital interests of the individual mind.

Assembled in this our annual fraternal gathering, we are forced to reflect how much death has recently thinned our ranks. The oldest clergyman in our denomination, who, before most of us were born, made a pioneer defence of Liberal Christianity in a neighboring State, as also the oldest settled minister in our denomination, the venerable pastor of the First Congregational Church in America, likewise a former President of this Association, honored and beloved wherever he was known, as one of the most accomplished divines of his age, and, in addition to these, four younger brethren, who had made good proof of their calling, and were examples of earnest, laborious faithfulness, have all passed from the scenes of their ministry here, to be ministering spirits in other spheres of duty. To us, surviving them, it is a joy to repeat their names,—Abiel Abbot, James Kendall, Ichabod Nichols, Barzillai Frost, Frederic Augustus Tenney, James Robert McFarland, and George P. Bradford. And if we feel that a fellowship so small as ours mourns the great draft death has made upon it in one year, we may at least be grateful that they are all ima-

ges of brave manliness, and sweet Christian graces, which death now holds up to our view.

Looking, generally, to the willingness of our churches to co-operate with the Association, the Committee are glad to report, that they think they have discerned less backwardness the past year than has been shown in preceding years. The Secretary has held himself ready, as always, to preach in any pulpit where he can find a willing hearing in behalf of the Association, and has, during the past year, addressed many of our congregations. There seemed to be less call for his visits this year, in consequence of the responses to the Circular sent out last autumn by the Executive Committee. Returns have been received from a much larger number of societies than have usually heretofore contributed to the support of the Association, and the *amount* of their contributions for our general purposes has never in any one year, in all the history of the Association, been so large as in the year just now closed.

The mission established five years ago in Kansas has ceased to demand our fostering aid. The Society in Lawrence, of which Rev. Ephraim Nute, Jr. is pastor, has become sufficiently strong to sustain itself. The tie connecting it financially with this body was severed a few months ago; but the tie connecting it with our sympathies and prayers, and with our best wishes for the health and success of its pastor, will, we feel assured, long survive. It is pleasant to the Committee to look back upon all the thought and effort they have given in aid of that distant outpost of our faith, while they hope that for many years the enduring stone church there erected will be a centre from which will go forth, far and wide in that region, influences in favor of freedom, righteousness, and truth.

---

In regard to our mission in India the Committee have nothing to report in addition to the full information published in the successive numbers of the Quarterly Journal. It has been known to your Committee from the first, that the number of persons attending the ministry of Mr. Dall in Calcutta is very small; but a like fact is true of all missionary preachers, the extent of whose influence is not to be measured by the number of their hearers. It has also, from the outset, been known that few fields of missionary labor seem at first more discouraging. Still, the fitness of our missionary for the work he is doing, and the fitness of the field for the work of a Unitarian missionary, have led the Committee to continue yet longer an experiment which we believe is regarded with deep interest by many in our churches, and which appears to wear an aspect of too much promise and hope to justify a withdrawal of aid.

It is a point that deserves serious consideration, whether the formation of a separate organization for the management of this India mission would not be attended with many advantages. It would attract to itself those who feel a special interest in this work, and, by the single object which it would hold up to public notice, would make a more effective appeal for sympathy and aid. Meanwhile, beside the pecuniary support accorded to our missionary in India, there is a moral support which we ought not to be backward to extend to him. A most diligent and faithful laborer on the other side of the globe, our brother has a claim upon our affectionate remembrance and fervent prayers.

When, five years ago, the Committee undertook the publication of books, at their Rooms in Bromfield Street, it was with the expectation that the business would ere long require the management of hands that could bring to it a previous business training, and give it a better chance of

success. The Committee have judged that the present is a favorable time to make a change at first contemplated, and have accordingly placed the publication of their books in the hands of a new publishing firm, which, to a varied experience in the book business, will bring an undivided and special interest in the general objects of the Association. The Committee feel sure that the gentlemen referred to will do all in their power to merit success, and we commend their efforts to the good wishes and hearty co-operation of all the friends of our cause.

Completing, then, at this time, one stage in the history of the Association, it may be well to look back upon the operations of the Committee during the period when the publishing of books has been directly in their hands. Such a survey will furnish answers to the questions, how much was raised for the Book Fund, and to what use it has been applied.

From the Treasurer's books it appears that the sum of \$27,000 was raised for the book-publishing business, which sum was to be used as a working capital. From the first generous welcome which was given to this movement, it was not doubted that the entire sum of fifty thousand dollars would ultimately be contributed. Had it not been for financial embarrassments in the country, which for a time put a stop to all appeals for charity, efforts would have been made before now towards obtaining a sum nearer that at first named as our aim. If experience should prove that the book business of the Association, as it is henceforth to be carried on, will be more certain than before of usefulness, it is hoped that the favor of our churches will again be drawn to a measure which has, as yet, untried capacity of good results in the promotion of a liberal faith. This renewed favor of our churches will naturally depend upon

the results of a scrutiny of the past, to which, accordingly, we are now called.

In the tabular statement which we are about to give, we leave out of view what has been paid for missionary operations and salaries, for these expenditures have, on an average of years, been very nearly met by the proceeds of the Quarterly Journal, and the funds given for the general purposes of the Association. It will, accordingly, simplify our view to confine it to the Book Fund alone. We may add, that in the following computation we have aimed only at a near approximation to the truth, omitting the calculation of cents.

The Treasurer's books show that, since the first attempt to raise a Book Fund, there have been paid by the Treasurer, under the votes of the Executive Committee, the following sums, to wit:—

For all the published matter and publishing apparatus in the possession of the Association in 1853, including all its tracts, the stereotype plates of a large number of them, the printed volumes, sheet-stock, stereotype plates, and copyright of such books as the Association had already published, together with all its furniture and other property, excepting stocks,—the whole estimated at \$6,279; that is to say, this amount was taken from the Book Fund in consideration of making over this property to the Book Fund account; and it was appropriated to pay claims against the Association to that amount, due before the Book Fund was raised. All these plates, books, tracts, and furniture were needed to carry on the business upon which the Association entered, and these represented this portion of the Book Fund, instead of so much cash.

The Treasurer has also paid for books the sum of \$8,056. This purchase included an edition of Channing's Select Vol-

ume, 5,000 copies; an edition of Channing's Works; an edition of Osgood's *Hearthstone*; an edition of Hall's *Memoir of Mary Ware*; an edition of Alger's *History of the Cross of Christ*; also about 500 copies of Norton's *Genuineness of the Gospels*; together with a large number of copies of Norton's *Translation of the Gospels*, Ware's *Formation of the Christian Character*, and other books, not printed by the Association, which have been kept on sale at its Rooms.

The Treasurer has also paid the bills for stereotyping and printing all the books published by the Association, including the two series; first, the *Devotional Library*, in six volumes; and second, the more expensive series of the *Theological Library*, containing four volumes (beside Channing's *Select Volume*, above referred to). In addition to this expenditure, there have been printed numerous editions of the following books, not embraced in the above series: *Sears's Regeneration*, *Eliot's Doctrinal Lectures*, *Miles's Gospel Narratives*, *Early Piety*, *The Discipline of Sorrow*, *Channing's Thoughts*, *Grains of Gold*, *Sunday-School Liturgy*;—and in this same bill is also included the stereotyping of a large number of our *Tracts*, many of which had for years been out of print. The entire bill paid for printing has been \$11,362. There has been paid for the paper on which all this printing has been done, \$7,559. The binding has cost \$4,834.

We may here bring these sums together:—

Paid for the property of the Association previous		
to the possession of the Book Fund,	.	\$ 6,279
Books,	.	8,056
Printing,	.	11,362
Amount carried forward,		\$ 25,697



Amount brought forward,	. \$25,697
Paper,	. . . . . 7,559
Binding,	. . . . . 4,834
Rent and clerk-hire, made necessary by the publishing business, about \$1,000 per year, say	. 5,000
The entire amount is	. . . . . <u>\$43,090</u>

To meet this expenditure we have received as follows:—

The amount collected for Book Fund,	. . . \$27,000
From sales of books,	. . . . . 13,720
	. <u>\$40,720</u>

To pay this balance against the Association, a loan was some time ago effected of \$2,000.

A statement of the present property of the Association may now be given, not including the stereotype plates of all our tracts and books, together with the sheet-stock and books now on hand, on which no estimate is here made, as the value of the same will depend upon the use to which they are applied. Beside these the Association has the following:—

Money loaned to the Kansas Church, and secured by mortgage,	. . . . . \$2,000
Property in the Bridgeport Church, say,	. . . 4,000
The Graham Fund,	. . . . . 10,000
Stocks owned by the Association, par value,	. . . 6,500
Outstanding accounts, regarded as good, for books consigned on sale to about 150 agents,	. . . 4,755
Cash now in the Treasurer's hands, say,	. . . <u>1,400</u>
Giving a sum-total of	. . . . . \$28,655

Deducting from this the debt of the Association referred to above as the sum loaned, there is left as the present clear property of the Association, the sum of \$26,655.

It is by abstaining from the publication of new books, the suspension of the Year-Book, the reduction of the size of the Quarterly Journal, the termination of the Kansas mission,—in short, by a very careful administration of the affairs of the Association during the past year,—as well as through the liberality of our friends, that the Committee are able to report these gratifying facts.

In regard to the sales of books, it will be noticed that these have amounted to nearly fourteen thousand dollars. Eight of our books have more than paid for themselves. The Committee are of opinion, that the prices of books were originally fixed too low, and this mistake they have recently rectified. The proceeds of the Book Fund would have appeared much larger had not so many books been given away. The libraries of colleges and theological schools in all parts of our land have been supplied. Several hundred volumes have been sent to distinguished scholars, and libraries of public institutions in Germany. In many instances, also, our books have been used to do missionary work, and have been sent, instead of preachers, to places where there has appeared an earnest inquiry for the truth. In all these cases the Committee have felt that it was their duty to look less to a good commercial transaction, and more to the moral and spiritual results that might be wrought out. They are thankful that they have had such means of diffusing a broad and generous faith placed in their hands, and they think the friends of the Association have reason to look upon the results of this book-publication measure as an incentive to more strenuous exertions in this direction for time to come.

Accordingly, in this glance at the future, we have cer-

tainly much to encourage us. With our popular series of books all paid for, with the arrangements recently made for a more enlarged circulation of them through the agency of a young and enterprising publishing firm, and standing on that footing of reduced expense on which the Association will hereafter be carried on, we have every reason to believe that there may be a more prosperous future before it than it could reasonably anticipate at any past point in its history. But one thing seems necessary for this result, namely, that the favor of our churches should be drawn to this organization in a more genial and hearty spirit. The Committee believe the Association has not been in times past, and they trust it will not be in times to come, the exponent of any one wing or section of our body. If it has not magnanimity enough to be just and trusting to all sides of our broad and generous faith, it will signally fail of the great purpose for which alone it is of any worth.

During the past year the Executive Committee have unfailingly held their usual monthly meetings, and among the subjects which have earnestly engaged their attention has been a plan of reorganizing the Association, — a plan to be submitted for discussion at the approaching business meeting. It is alluded to here in order to direct to it the attention of all the friends of this institution. The plan is briefly this, — to employ a Secretary only on a mere nominal salary, and to divide the duties which that officer has hitherto performed among different standing committees of the Board. A saving of ten or twelve hundred dollars yearly would be secured. This is not all that is urged in its favor. Appeals for charity might be more effective where nothing is given to paid agents. Something might be gained, likewise, in requiring the members of the Executive Board to share not only in the deliberations, but in the official labors

of the Association. On the other hand, it has been thought that more than could here be saved might be lost in a series of years, in the absence of single responsibility and continuity of watchfulness and care, from the fact that affairs would fall behindhand and become irregular if voluntarily in the hands of gentlemen overburdened in their respective professions, and from the loss of a recognized, acting hand, visible before the community, as the official representative of the Association. It is not a question about persons. We are to look to what, in the long run, will be for the best good of this institution. After all, the point here alluded to is one of mere detail. More important subjects will connect themselves with it. For the sake of general confidence and good feeling, they ought not to be passed upon by a few. A large attendance, and a free utterance, should attest the interest of all. On one point the Executive Committee are unanimous, that if the present range of duties of the Secretary be not enlarged, his compensation should be considerably reduced; as, in consequence of the abridgment of his labors by the transfer of a share of them to the firm, which, by the payment to the Association of a fixed per cent, have now the sole responsibility and care of the publication and sale of all our books, the office-demands upon the Secretary's time will be much less.

The Committee, in conclusion, repeat the expression of their belief, that we may be now entering upon a more successful career. It cannot reasonably be doubted that the steps taken within the last few years for the advancement of the Association,—such as the distinctive and independent position which its removal to its present Rooms gave it, the publication of a now well-established Journal, the possession of the copyright and plates of a valuable and popular series of books, and the present prosperous condition of its

finances,—all derive their chief importance from the more enlarged and effective measures in which these may issue. To insure such results, it is hoped that all the friends of this institution will unitedly and cordially co-operate. Those of us who have labored for it, for years, in good faith and hope, will, amid all the changes of the future, still give it our best wishes and prayers.

---

### ADDRESSES.

IMMEDIATELY after the reading of the Report, the President said:—

The subjects and the speakers for this meeting have been announced in the papers, and are probably known to all who are present. The topics will be taken up in the order previously arranged. Before attending to them, I hope I may be indulged in a few words, if only to congratulate this large audience upon the auspicious circumstances of this Anniversary.

A bright sun in the natural sky is shining over our heads, and clouds in our moral firmament, which a year ago had gathered around our way, have all been dissipated. I doubt if there are many societies which have recovered from the embarrassments of the times more speedily than we have. Our coming together here is an expression of our desire for Christian co-operation. Christianity presupposes co-operation as distinctly as it presupposes churches or ordained missions. Christianity takes for granted that there is such a thing as revealed truth distinctly given, distinctly attested, and worthy of being received and being diffused,—essential truth, saving truth. Are we to doubt this? Are we to be convinced of it at this day? Are we in any doubt whether the mind which the Creator and Inspirer has given us was made and fitted for his own truth,—that it is capable of discerning truth, and bound manfully to hold it and generously to spread it, as the grandest position and power in the universe? .

The only difficulty worth speaking of which our denomination or Association, as such, has had to encounter, has been nothing outward, no pressure or hostility from abroad,—for everything of that kind always does us good,—but a tremendous individualism, as the word is. And yet that individualism, though often running to excess, is the product of our principles, belongs to our right hand, ay, belongs to our religion, rightly viewed and used.

What is there grander or more Christian than individual freedom, a sense of single and personal responsibility, — irresponsibility to every other, but stern and deep and high responsibility to God and the Master? Who can respect the disciple of any faith, the man of any creed, who would barter this for party and merge the man in the multitude? It is the glory, as I hold it, of this Association, perhaps peculiarly, certainly positively, that from the first it has recognized this principle of Christian independence to God alone, and has endeavored to encourage that sense in others and in all.

We are trying the experiment, perhaps never yet thoroughly fairly tried, of seeing whether Christian men can combine and yet remain separate, bearing every man his own burden, yet willing and glad to bear one another's. And he who thinks these incompatible can hardly have opened his eyes upon Christianity, nor seen humanity when lifted up and perfected by Christianity. To disregard this principle, to condemn this individual Christian independence, and to break it down into a common mass, seems to me nearly as childish and unchristian as the other extreme, — to object to Christian union and co-operation, lest it should be sectarian and intolerant.

One of the earliest members of this body, a man to whom the sentiment might now sound strange, Orestes A. Brownson, said in an address, "I am one who believe that all sects hold some truth, and no one the whole truth." We smile, perhaps laugh, at his subsequent action and interpretation in regard to that truth. But we may be laughed at for holding the truth, and repeating it *ad nauseam*, should we infer from the fact, that, because all sects hold

some truth, it is of little consequence what truth is held ; that the measure and quality of the truth is of no importance ; that it is spread so broadly over the whole earth as to be very thin in any particular spot, and may remain so, for all us.

Not so did the founders of this Association think or declare, in their first statement of its purpose. It is a proposition which I think should be repeated year after year, that the best and the only definition we need of the object of the Unitarian Association is in these words, viz. : "It shall be to diffuse the knowledge and promote the interests of pure Christianity." There is a two-fold object alike distinct and grand. Christianity, mark you, first of all, — a distinct and well-defined religion, the religion of Christ, the religion of the Gospel ; and next, it is to be held and diffused in its purity, looking to Christ himself as we always profess to look, and I trust always do look, — Christianity, not as presented by any man or any leader, but as offered by Christ himself, in its purity and integrity, as Christ himself preached, as the Almighty bore marvellous witness to it, as man the sinner and the sufferer needed it fearfully then, needs it now and always, all over the world, to rescue him from the thralldom of error and sin and the darkest death.

Who that holds such a religion can be indifferent either to its worth or its diffusion ? And is it not verily childish to talk of holding it, and yet not attempt to give it out, or to give it out in any other form than as we hold it ?

Friends and brethren, let us be willing to be children indeed, in humility and docility, but in no other relation or way ; let us be men in understanding, and men in declaration and in action. Let us here, now and always, acquit ourselves like men, strong in God and the power of his might. Let us be the freemen of the Lord ; slaves to no other, but loyal to him. Let us, as I believe in my soul we can, combine the two principles of which I have spoken, of absolute individual liberty and irresponsibility save only to God and the Master, with the recognition and holding and spreading of a distinctive, positive, substantive Christianity, — yes, a Unitarian Christianity, as our fathers here held it and

declared it,—that we believe in one only supreme God, the Father, and one Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, in whom it pleased the Father that all fulness should dwell. God grant that that fulness, so far as we can receive it, may dwell in us always, and satisfy us, and move us singly and together, here and everywhere, so long as we breathe the breath of life, and in death, if we may, to speak and spread pure Christianity.

The first speaker called upon was Rev. A. WOODBURY, of Providence, who said :—

The subject upon which I am to speak this morning is, "*The Relation between Liberal Christianity and American Life.*" I am to endeavor to show how the one is adapted to the other; how each affects, and is affected by, the other. The term American Life is somewhat comprehensive, involving, as it does, the tendencies of thought, principles of conduct, modes of being, and religious faith of the heterogeneous, multifarious, multilingual, and multipatrilial mass of men that we call the American people. The term Liberal Christianity is somewhat more simple, inasmuch as it is confined to those principles of religion which the broadest intellectual, moral, and spiritual culture ascribes to Christianity. The analysis of these two terms, as fully as the time allowed me will permit, will enable us to understand the relation existing between them, and their reciprocal influence.

I. If we observe American Life in its most obvious aspects, we notice, first, its complexity. Men of almost every nation under heaven are found among our varied population. Every continent, every race, has its representative. The Asiatic, the European, the African, the Caucasian, the Mongolian, the Malay, are to be met in the streets of our large cities, while occasionally, like a shadow of the past, wrapping the mantle of a departed glory around him, stalks gloomily along the ways, so strange to his sight, the red man of the wilderness. Besides these different races of men, each with its own personality of life, are the different peculiarities of the different sections of the land. The North and the South, New England and the Middle States and the



great West, have each their own habits of thought and conduct. Sections also have their subdivisions, with local prejudices and opinions strongly marked. Among the older States, it is found that even the progress of two centuries and the vicissitudes of history have not been sufficient to obliterate the influence of the circumstances in which the early settlements were formed. Ancient prejudices, gathered around certain localities, have not died out, while the great principles which moved the souls of the fathers have developed into stronger and more vigorous life in the children. Among the new States, formed by a fusion of the elements of the other States and the multifarious characteristics of European life, as the crowded population of the Old World seeks a place of asylum among the communities of the West, there is a more unstable condition of affairs. There is less independence and individuality. There is consequently a less amount of class antagonism, for there is little to keep it alive. Each emigrant finds himself dependent upon every other for companionship and help. The social joys of established neighborhood are unknown in the new settlements. Each settler must therefore contribute something to their growth. As a consequence, the man from New England, the man from the South, the French, German, English, and Swede, soon find themselves approaching each other, and combining to found and form out of the various materials in their hands a new and sovereign State.

From this complex condition of life arise those differences of thought and action and those different degrees of civilization which are to be observed in different localities. The country is not all civilized equally. The old States are in advance of the new, whose danger is that which threatens all new communities, — a lapse into barbarism. The settler is in danger of forgetting that mutual dependence enjoins mutual help. Border warfare is possible in the West and South at almost any moment, but is not possible in the North and East. Lynch law has its congenial dwelling-place among people of a warmer clime than this of New England. Vigilance committees belong to an untried system of government. Civil strife — if we except the bloodless war which

raged in Rhode Island, fifteen or twenty years ago—cannot take place in stable society. Slavery lives in communities where ignorance, unskilled industry, disregard of law, insecurity of life, and the right of the strongest, with other evils of barbarism, exist. In the settled and more consolidated communities, these things are not to be found. There is a higher civilization; there is greater skill; there is a wider range and a more powerful grasp of thought; there is a profounder regard for the invisible power of the law; there is a deeper religious principle. New England is the brain and the soul of the Union. As the brain gives skill to the fingers and power to the arm, so this New England brain gives skill and power to the country. It works in the commerce of New Orleans and New York. It speaks from New York pulpits in the thunder of invective or the silvery eloquence of persuasion. It drives the plough afield in the prairies of the West. It climbs the Rocky Mountains and builds a rival empire upon the Pacific coast.

New England liberality in all intellectual and religious enterprise; her honesty in trade; her unequalled skill in productive industry; her affluent means of culture, increased just now by the munificence of the State of Massachusetts; her magnificent system of free popular education,—all betoken a community in which American civilization wins its brightest triumphs. It is true that we have not here a fertile soil, a genial climate, or extended territory. But we have demonstrated to the whole civilized world, that a manly and brave people—a powerful state—is not created by such means, but rather by intellectual energy, by faith in ideas, by love of liberty, by trust in God. I know it is sometimes said that New England is “penurious,” is “calculating in temper,” and that her “piety is a cold intellectualism.” If generosity means a squandering of other people’s money; if warmth of disposition is unbridled recklessness; if piety is a fervent heated zeal without knowledge,—then are the statements true. But in reality nothing is wider from the truth. New England pays her honest debts, and has enough left to visit the most distant places of the globe with her benefactions. She

is cool and deliberate in action, but she has never yet failed to do her duty when liberty and truth were in danger. She has outgrown the excesses of her early history; she has learned that a rational religion is better than form or fanaticism; and now in no place under the wide heaven are there more liberality, a greater freedom, a wider toleration of thought and opinion, joined with a sincere loyalty to the truth, than amid the "cold intellectualism" of New England piety.

There is another thought which belongs to this portion of the discussion, though at first sight the connection may not be so obvious. We all know that the ideal of our fathers was the foundation of a theocracy upon the Western Continent. Here was the place for the successful experiment of a theocratic system of government. The institutions of Moses were the model for the structure of the new State. The earliest New England Colonies were to be governed by the laws of the Hebrews. The State was to be made subservient to the Church. But the necessity of their position made the early settlers a democracy, and it was soon found that a conflict between the two elements was inevitable. Roger Williams, a man who looked far beyond his age, and in point of ability and statesmanship was, to say the least, unsurpassed by any man in America of his time, became the champion of the democratic principle as opposed to the theocratic. The contest was between the Church and the people. Williams took the side of the people. On the great principle of individual freedom in matters of religion, and a pure democracy in matters of government, the Colony of Rhode Island was founded. The contest is not yet ended. It has come down to our own day. It does not appear so much in political as in religious life, though the stragglers of the retreating army of the Church are to be found still disputing for her prerogatives in the State. But it is in theology that its effects are most clearly discerned. Calvinism, with its doctrines of the Absolute Sovereignty of God, Election, and Irresistible Grace, has always been the representative of the theocratic element in New England history. Arminianism, with its virtual denial of the dogma of Original Sin, and its declaration

of the Paternity of God and the Freedom of the Human Will, has from the very beginning been "identified with the cause of popular liberty." Whatever modifications our theological life has been subjected to, the old contest is continually renewed between the opponents and advocates of Liberal Christianity. Calvinism to-day is theocratic; Liberal Christianity is democratic. I believe that one portion of our work — and that by no means a small portion — in American life, is to show that the true Divine Sovereignty consists with the most entire human liberty, and that in the best and highest sense the voice of the people is the voice of God!

Notwithstanding the differences that appear upon the surface of American life, there is an interior character, which is full of hope and encouragement. There is a unity of aim in our life. Aberrations there may be, as disordering forces exist in our social life, but the secret fidelity to great principles still remains. The compass may suffer variation, as it is affected by the presence of disturbing influences, but the needle still struggles toward the pole. There is unity of aim in American life. There is faith in principles which underlie our civilization. Distrust and scepticism are temporary and transient. I believe that Massachusetts and Georgia are as firmly united now in the pursuit of that aim, and faith in those principles, as when together they fought the battles of the Revolution. The time will come — for the progress of ideas cannot be stopped — when our American life will make itself true to the traditions of its history and the principles of its being.

There is also a concentration to these principles now actually existing, and growing more powerful through every day of our continued life. Intellectual freedom, religious toleration, liberty of judgment, democracy in religion as in politics, are facts among us, and cannot possibly be put out of existence. If there be but a suspicion that any church, grown powerful by sufferance, is aiming to diminish the liberty of thought, and to dominate our political affairs, men of all opinions find themselves suddenly drawn together by a common purpose, to strike down her pretensions, and destroy her supremacy. It is one indication out

of many, that the American people, even in their excesses and extremes of thought and action, are still true and loyal to the American name.

There is, too, a similarity of ideal. In the North and the South, in the East and the West, there are forces at work which assure us that the ideal of genuine republicanism in matters of theology and politics, is the ideal of our life. There may be reactionary influences also at work, but their power is comparatively feeble. There, high above us, — the eyes of earnest, truthful men in all sections of the land never losing sight of its fair proportions, — shines the ideal of the American soul. Our life is lifted up, slowly, it may be, but irresistibly, in the struggle to realize it. We are making progress toward the result of actualization. Whatever may be our fears, — nay, whatever may be our disappointments, — we are still encouraged to believe that progress is making toward that end, which every American must wish and pray and work for, — physical, intellectual, and religious liberty for every child of God that breathes upon American soil. Our country

“ Shall own, at last, untrod  
By sect, or caste, or clan,  
The fatherhood of God,  
The brotherhood of man.”

II. Directing our thoughts now to an examination of Liberal Christianity, we find its progress closely connected with the development of our national life. It is not a thing of a day. It is coeval, in America, with the settlement of the country. It is true, that, in the first place, it did not assume any such form as it now wears. But the principle, as opposed to the Calvinistic element of theocracy, to which I have alluded, is essentially the same. When an army marches into a hostile country, it has its scouts and videttes far forward of the main body, even forward of the vanguard, to ascertain the existence of danger, or to discover the most practicable road. When a road is to be made, there are pioneers sent out to cut down the trees, to remove obstructions,

and make the way easy. So the great army of Liberal Christianity had its scouts and videttes, its pioneers forward of our time and of our body, — had its vanguard, who valiantly commenced the battle which is now nearly fought, for intellectual freedom and religious toleration. Intellectual freedom and religious toleration, — these are the first principles which our system of faith has to propound. It is easy to speak those words now. But two centuries ago, men and women were hanged, in Massachusetts, for speaking them and asserting their claims. If not hanged, they were banished beyond her limits. Every great movement of Social Reform commences with apparently slight modifications of existing institutions. All literature and scholarship commences with the alphabet. The Protestant Reformation began with a thesis against indulgences. But the beginning once made, the work continually goes forward. The first movement toward the Liberal Christianity of our day was made by the Baptists and Quakers in the earliest period of the settlement of New England. They demanded religious toleration. They demanded freedom of opinion. They assailed the exclusive right of the Calvinists of Plymouth, of Massachusetts Bay, of Connecticut, to declare the truth of God. They assailed it successfully. Some among those brave pioneers of our cause sealed their testimony with their blood. They were martyrs to the great principle of freedom of opinion which we uphold to-day. If there are any men and women among the fathers and mothers of the Republic, whom we should especially honor, they are those who dared brave the authority of the Puritan churches, and were willing to suffer for their faith. We now stand in their places, and have entered into their labors. If we ever feel like making a cowardly compromise of our principles, let us think of their fidelity, and take fresh courage on!

If these were the pioneers of our army, the Arminians and Methodists may be called the vanguard. Both these parties in the Church have greatly modified New England theology. Indeed, that theology has been constantly subject to modifications, as the popular element contested with the ecclesiastical element. I have no less an authority than President Sears of Brown Uni-

versity for saying that "the theology of the Congregationalists of New England is never so perfectly settled as that of some other denominations. Every half-century and every important locality has had its school of theology." The reason is obvious. In every conflict between the authority of the Church and the authority of the individual conscience, ecclesiasticism has been defeated, and in the treaty of peace to which it was compelled to agree, it has modified its pretensions, and softened its roughnesses. It has become, in a word, liberalized. Not the least effect of the late revival will be the liberalization of the prevailing theology. The introduction of new men and new ideas will modify, in a great degree, the opinions now held upon religious subjects. The popular Church has been obliged to acknowledge the sects, which once it persecuted, as equally Evangelical with itself. The dogmas of Original Sin, of Election, of the Perseverance of the Saints, of the Eternity of Hell torments, have gradually given way before the advance of liberal ideas. It is simply a question of time with the other doctrines, of the Trinity and the Vicarious Atonement. The time is coming when the ecclesiasticism of the Calvinistic churches will be forced to acknowledge even those sects to be Evangelical which now it thrusts beyond its pale. We cannot be too mindful of the great services which our allies, the Universalists and Christians, have rendered in the great conflict through which we have passed. A closer union and a nearer fellowship will produce larger results still, for the cause which is dear to all our hearts.

Liberal Christianity contends for freedom and toleration in the spirit of a sincere loyalty to the truth. It is not a mere matter of doubt, of negation, of scepticism, of infidelity. It is not a cold rationalism. It does not question, investigate, and criticise in the spirit of irreverence. In the most sceptical of our body, I am glad to believe, there are the sweetest spiritual graces, the profoundest reverence for the truth of God, the bravest fidelity to their own convictions, which would reach to martyrdom itself, if martyrdom were necessary. Let us not patronizingly talk of tolerating such men. Their truthfulness demands our esteem. Through all our churches, the same loyal spirit breathes. We do

not consider ourselves as having already attained. "We count not ourselves as having apprehended," but we struggle forward. We "press toward the mark." Nothing below the truth satisfies our aspirations. Nothing less than the truth can suffice for our wants. We believe, with Robinson, that there is more light yet to break forth to illuminate the word of God. Liberal Christianity occupies, as no other system of Christian faith does to so great a degree, the attitude of discipleship. It is always learning. Men say, "Its theology is unsettled, vague, indefinite. It has no creed." If it is so, it is because, as I believe, the Liberal Church does not dare to define the infinite truth of God. It cannot be so presumptuous as to assume that that truth can be wholly declared in the language of any human creed or system. It cannot, therefore, be confined to any definite statement or formal expression of belief, any more than the principle of life in the acorn can be confined within its shell. The truth of to-day is but a step to the larger truth of to-morrow. Creeds are the exterior parts of truth. They are the bark of the tree, and must enlarge as the tree grows, or fall off broken and worthless. They are the husks of the grain, and must decay as the grain ripens.

So I say that Liberal Christianity insists upon principles more than doctrines. There are certain great principles respecting God, Christ, man, human duty, and human destiny, which are essential, permanent, and unchangeable. The doctrines respecting these are various, numerous, and continually subject to change. Doctrine belongs to the knowledge of principles, rather than to the principles themselves. As man makes progress in such knowledge, the doctrine must necessarily vary. Thus there are the principles of God's Being, — His unity, His providence, His love for His creatures, His care over the work of His hands. These principles are always the same. Yet how diverse the doctrines respecting God! I need not mention the mythology of Heathenism, the philosophical theories of Brahminism, or Buddhism, the Zoroastrian or Confucian system, for we are thinking now of Christianity. The theology of Christendom, with its Trinity, its Mariolatry, its Election, Predestination, its Divine authority amounting to a Divine despotism, and other declarations of a simi-



lar nature, are sufficient evidence of the diversity of doctrine. The great principle of the Christ's life is his Messiahship, his consecration as the prophet of our humanity, — not so much a Jewish Messiah as a Universal Messiah, sent by the Father and anointed by the Spirit for the work of saving the human race from sin. But the doctrines respecting Christ are almost as diverse as the believers are numerous. He is the second person in the Trinity; he is of the same nature, or of a similar nature, with God; he is God himself; he is the Redeemer, — his life a great scheme of salvation; he is the Divine man; he is essentially human; he is like ourselves. How numerous are the declarations respecting him! The principle respecting Man is, that he is the Child of God, with spiritual faculties to appreciate, to worship, and to love his Father. Human duty is based upon the recognition of the truth of human brotherhood in the family of God. But the dogmatist teaches us of natural depravity, of total disability for any good thing or right knowledge, of the curse of God blasting human hope and quenching human aspiration. Human duty, upon such theories, has no real foundation, and no true system of ethics can be built upon them. There can be no such thing as human brotherhood. The principle respecting Human Destiny is the Immortality of the Human Soul. If the soul is immortal, it must expand and grow eternally. It is a necessary truth. But the doctrines representing Human Destiny fill the whole line between the extremes of universal salvation and almost universal annihilation. Heaven, hell, purgatory, transmigration, intermediate unconsciousness, a final judgment and eternal separation, the torments of the lost the augmentation of the bliss of the saved, are all manifestations of the differences which appear around the truth of immortality. The Liberal Church prefer to rest upon the solid basis of truths, and not upon the shifting sands of human speculation. It affirms the unity of God, his loving-kindness, his equal providence; the Messiahship of Jesus Christ, which implies his subordination to the Father; the natural Childhood of Man to God, which is the only true basis of human duty; the Immortality of the Human Soul, which bears, as its necessary fruit, man's eternal progress in goodness. I am a Unitarian, because Unitarian-

ism appears to me nearest the essential truths of God's Being, man's nature, and man's destiny, as revealed in the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and my own highest aspirations and hopes. I advocate Liberal Christianity, because I am convinced that it is the best—though necessarily inadequate—expression yet given, in human language, of the divine and eternal truth!

III. How is Liberal Christianity adapted to American life? By its clear statement of the principles which I have mentioned, it is the system of religion best fitted to raise our national life to what we feel it ought to be. It declares God's personal unity as distinct from his manifestations. It declares God's Fatherhood as distinct from his Sovereignty. It declares man's equality before God as separate from, and opposed to, any arbitrary classification of saints and sinners, with the inevitable pharisaism and oppression of such classification. It is democratic, not theocratic. It looks with large and cheerful vision into the future, and boldly declares the progress of mankind, both here and hereafter. Thus it tends to homogenize the different races of men. It unites the varieties of human opinion and belief, by allowing toleration and freedom in the spirit of loyalty to the truth. It carries forward the true civilization, by pronouncing its theories of progressive life. It holds up the highest ideal of human conduct, in its proclamation of the possibilities of human perfection. It strikes down slavery, both of body and mind, by its principle of human equality before God. The slave is the child of God, and is immortal. You call it a truism. But if once it were accepted and acted upon as a truth by master and slave, not a fetter would be found longer in the land, nor a slave-whip be known. Let Liberal Christianity be preached and be received in its fulness through the length and breadth of our country, and the institution of slavery could not stand a day. The true complement of republicanism in politics is our system of faith in theology. If faithfully preached and faithfully practised, it would raise here an empire of freemen such as has had as yet no parallel in history. The country would rise to its ideal. It would reach its aim. But it would be to rise higher still, and reach forth to still larger attainments.

What hope have we that such a consummation will ever be ac-

complished? The tendency of American thought and American life is toward this end. Napoleon once made the remark, that "Europe was to be either Republican or Cossack." I believe that we may apply the remark to America in a theological sense. America must either be Liberal or Roman Catholic. Either the authority of the Roman Church or the authority of the individual conscience must govern America. "Rome or Reason," as it has been happily expressed, is the alternative. The tendencies of our thought, by whatever name we call ourselves, are in one of these directions. There is no half-way house between them where we may stop and stay.

There is no possibility of a consistent compromise between them. If I am not a member of the Liberal Church, I feel that I cannot consistently be aught but a member of the Roman Church. If I am a Protestant, I feel that I cannot consistently be aught but a member of the Liberal Church. Liberal Christianity, Unitarianism if you will, for it is well to be explicit, is the logical consequence of Protestantism.

The Roman Church is the only genuine representative of authority. The Liberal Church is the only genuine representative of freedom. If I acknowledge the authority of the Church at all, I must find that which has upon it the sanction of legitimacy.

Consider, in this connection, the analogy which is presented by our political system. The constitution of the country has for its object the establishment of the union of the several States under one central government. But while this is the object, the rights of the several States are jealously guarded. Each State is sovereign within its borders. The central government exists as the instrument of the people's will, not its ruler. See how the resemblance appears in our system of faith. The Church exists not as the director of the people's conscience, but as the means of the people's culture. We jealously guard the rights of the individual. We affirm that the Church exists for the individual soul. We cannot allow it to have the supreme direction in religious matters, as that direction would be a usurpation. Thus does our system in religion correspond with the American democratic system in our politics, and as that system has been found to be most ef-

fectual in uniting the heterogeneous masses of our population, so must our system of faith be adapted to unite the different religious systems in our land, by making the Church subordinate to the individual conscience.

There is much superficial talk just now about the failure of Unitarianism. Never could there be any statement more unphilosophical and absurd. When Republicanism shall fail; when the principle of Human Freedom shall fail; when Protestantism shall fail; when Civilization shall fail; when Christianity shall fail, and the truth of God become a lie, — then, and not till then, will be the time to pronounce Unitarianism a failure. When despotism and human slavery and Romanism and Barbarism and Heathenism shall have crushed out human liberty and human progress, then, and not till then, will be the time to strike our colors and acknowledge ourselves defeated. Our failure can only come from our timidity and our unfaithfulness to our principles. When a few timid disciples, who are not willing to accept the conclusions of their own reasoning, and are afraid to trust their own convictions and their own thoughts, flee from us to find in authority a refuge where they will be saved from the inconvenience of thought and from the dangers of freedom, there are some who begin to feel that we are losing ground, and say that we fail, and that our religion leads to irreverence and irreligion. There were in the early times, doubtless, some timid disciples, who thought that Christianity was a failure, as they saw how small the number of the Christians was; or supposed that it was leading to irreverence and irreligion, as it struck the fetters from those who were suffering under the bondage of the Jewish law. But Christianity survived their defection. We shall never fail, if each one of us were willing to stand utterly and entirely alone in the wide world, without a single companion to support us, or a single friend to hold up our hands, or even a single mind to sympathize with our thought, and there, in that solitary strife, defend our faith with the firm conviction that it is the absolute truth of God. What matters it to you or to me, whether this man or that man believes or disbelieves in our truth? Our duty is to seek loyally and sincerely, and, having found what we sought, to stand to it

even until death. "Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, TO STAND." Failure! There is no such thing as failure to men and women who are thoroughly in earnest!

If failure ever comes, it will come not from our theological opinions, but from our unfaithfulness to principle, — not from infidelity of belief, but from infidelity of life. Our theological position is impregnable, and if we stand to it firmly, the world will come round to it. Our failure will come from the prevalence of the halting, hesitating, timid spirit of compromise, from the fear of our own consciences and our own thoughts, from the unwillingness to stand alone with ourselves and God. When we forget and deny our own principles of tolerant charity, our declarations of intellectual freedom, and our consciousness of God present, immanent, and abiding in man; when we forget that we stand for justice between man and man, for human freedom, and for human welfare in all its parts; when we forget that we are to stand against injustice, oppression, and slavery of all kinds, whether in the Church or in the State, — against all denial of God's law, and the individual conscience, and the truth of Christ, even though it be made in the highest walks of our American life, by principalities and powers, — then we shall deserve to fail. I for one, in such contingency, would hope and pray that we should fail. But it is our duty to see that such contingency shall not arise. Or, if this be averted, and by some accident, or treachery, or cowardice, this goodly ship, bearing such precious freight for the world, as I believe it does, should go down, let us not skulk away in some stolen boat, but be ready to share her doom, — that the same waters which engulf the bark that has carried us so well hitherto may roll their waves above our heads.

But such will not be our fate. There are far better things for us. This whole empire lies waiting for our conquest. Let us go into the land and take it. Everything good is helping our progress. The widening intelligence of our times, the triumphs of science, the increased hopes of human liberty everywhere, the better appreciation of a liberal faith, are all aiding our progress. Let us go forward encouraged and hopeful. With a clear faith

in the great principles of our religion, let us go forward to victory. The triumph of Liberal Christianity is the triumph of Protestantism, the triumph of Republicanism, the triumph of Civilization, the triumph of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. As surely as God's providence guides the human race in its long journey, that triumph will come!

The next speaker was the REV. MR. LIVERMORE of New York, who was to speak upon "The Power of the Laity in the Church." He said:—

There is an old English proverb that "An ounce of mother-wit is worth a pound of clergy." And after a night-ride on the railroad from New York to Boston, I am inclined to think it is true, — at least, that the pound of clergy is not worth much, with eyes full of cinders, lungs full of dust, and bones full of jar.

But if we may judge by the programme of the officers and services of this Association, we have but little belief in this piece of ancient wisdom. For we choose a clergyman as our President, another as Vice-President, clergymen as Executive Committee principally, a clergyman as Secretary, appoint four clergymen to do the anniversary speaking, and leave to the biggest estate of the realm, the laity, only the office of Treasurer.

But is not this really a significant hint of the general management of our religious affairs in the Church at large? We undertake to work the equation of Christianity without the factor of the people, and can the answer come right? The laity are passive recipients of the blessings of the Gospel, rather than active instruments of its diffusion. We still linger in the shades of the monarchical and aristocratic age. We have not republicanized our Church, as we have our State. We still miss the presence and action of that power behind the throne and the pulpit, which is mightier than the throne or the pulpit. But God has made the people, and their voice is his voice, and he would save the people, and therefore they must become, not only hearers, but doers, of the word.

The next great reform, therefore, the next step upward on the ascending staircase of Progress, seems to be the fuller recognition

and adoption of the lay element in the administration of Christianity. It is to laicize the Church. I do not say to unclericalize it, for I love and honor my calling as a clergyman, and esteem "the pulpit a joy and a throne." For it is rooted and grounded in the necessities of man and the appointment of God. And I should rejoice to see many fine-souled youths early taking up this ministry as their life-work, and consecrating themselves to Christ and the Church, rather than to make a pilgrimage of Mammon to California or Pike's Peak to dig for gold. But for the very reason that I glory in the ministry as one of the great instruments of evangelizing society and the world, I would raise the laity into a co-ordinate and provocative rivalry of love and good works. For in depending so exclusively on the ministry, we walk with a crutch, instead of using the limbs with which our Maker has provided us. We do in some degree paralyze ninety-nine hundredths of the community, and propose to go to heaven on the frail strength of the remaining one hundredth. For ministers do all; they preach, they pray, they do the religious talking, they do the anniversary speaking, — *ecce signum*, — they do the baptizing, and the burying, and the marrying, — though I do not know that there is any special objection to that, if the fee covers expenses; — ministers do the missionarying at home and abroad. Of course there are noble exceptions, but I am speaking of the general rule. I do not forget the noble laymen of Boston, and we have some of the same sort in New York, and all over the country. One builds a church and sustains a minister out of his own pocket. Another toils nobly in Sunday Schools, another in Boys' Meetings, &c., &c. Then there is the press, with writers like Drs. Holland and Holmes, powerfully aiding in the Christian enterprise. But the dark, discouraging fact still stands, that the great body of the laity in every sect is thus far an unused power in the instrumentation of the Gospel. Under God, the ministers are expected to save the world, and the laity — to pay the bills! And the heavy world likes to be saved on these conditions, — to be journeyed gently to heaven on the bishop's lawn or the parson's skirts. But would it not be well to give directions to the Church tailors to cut off all these appendages, so that they may not risk

so great an ascension on so slender a support? For all vicarious merits and vicarious righteousness are a delusion, and we must make the soul self-operating. The minister is not a mere labor-saving machine. We cannot talk or preach the world right from pulpits and platforms, though it is a great thing to erect a true standard to proclaim the highest ideal; but we need, most of all, action and application of the truth.

The introduction of the lay element more fully into our churches is in the direct line of our Unitarian faith, which recognizes the dignity of human nature, of the universal soul of man, which God has illumined with the light of his own intelligence, and warmed with his own love. Is there not safety in a multitude of counsellors? Was not the promise of old, that God would make all men kings and priests to himself? Are not a hundred hearts wiser than one heart, and a thousand wills stronger than one will? We believe in a government of the people as better than the government of one or of few; why should we not esteem a religion of the people as better than a religion of Pope or Assembly? We intrust our life, liberty, and property to a jury of twelve uneducated men, rather than to the decision of one judge, an educated lawyer, because we repose confidence in a certain average wisdom of the people. Our country, by her spirit and institutions, teaches us to look for great benefits by bringing the power, interest, and wealth of numbers into the field. The age in which we live teaches us this truth, for it tends in all branches of thought and action to universality;—universal human rights, without distinction of nation, color, or class; universal education and science; universal diffusion of knowledge; universal commerce, and human intercourse and travel; universal religion in this life, and final universal restoration and salvation in the world to come. The gifts of power, genius, election, formerly shut up to a few, are now diffused like the impartial beams of the sun among all. Happy day, when we learn that the very best for one man is not too good for all men, from God's bounties of air, food, and light, up to the crowning mercies of eternal life!

For this we claim as the eminent spirit of Jesus. Whom did



he rebuke? Scribes and Pharisees, who loaded the people with burdens heavier than they could bear, and touched them not with one of their fingers. To whom did he first reveal his Messiahship? To a woman. Whom did he place in the midst of his contending disciples, as the head and type of his kingdom? A little child. He said, as his great farewell commission, Go and preach the Gospel to *every* creature. He set on high as the brightest evidence of his Gospel, that it was preached to the poor, i. e. to the majority of mankind, for the majority are always poor. He made the *ecclesia*, the convocation, or assembly, his institution and church. He aimed to shut down his kingdom, not on a class, or sect, or calling, or even state of character, but on humanity. For he said he came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance.

But this glorious ideal of a religious body, as wide in extent as humanity, soon became narrowed down to sect and close church corporations, fenced by creeds, guarded by the sword of persecution, and enforced by the penalties of eternal punishment. Instead of a free, rapidly-diffusing sentiment, and an institution flexible to the wants of each successive age, we witness a spiritual despotism. The religion of the race, like their politics, has been cut and dried for them,—cut after a very small pattern and dried very dry. Thus, by degrees, the woman power, the child power, the people power, all great powers according to the words and practice of Christ, have been sunk in the one power of the Church and the ecclesiastics.

But noble words have been spoken, great deeds done, and cruel sufferings borne, to emancipate and universalize the Gospel of Christ. Pelagius—brave old monk!—honored human nature by reinserting a spiritual attribute in it, and claimed it for God, and not the Devil. Robert Raikes first raised the child power by the Sunday school to one of the Christian principalities. John Pound went one step farther, and said, if not by words, yet by the more brilliant and weighty eloquence of deeds, that all which God thinks it worth his while to create and preserve, man should think it worth his while to bless and save. Hannah More, Miss Edgeworth, and her illustrious successors, have touched the hid-

den springs of the woman power. Luther has uttered his mighty word; Channing has taught the dignity of human nature, and Ballou of universal salvation; overleaping age and time, and springing with one bound to the final consummation in the eternal purpose of God. Every reform and philanthropy has widened our honor for humanity, and taught us the jewels that lie all around us, in our common every-day humanity. Shall not He who brings on the beautiful spring-time, that crowns every hill-top with a chaplet of green, and spots the meadows with rich gleams of flowering beauty and fragrance, also provide for man? Can heroes, martyrs, and saints fail for the race, when cotton, wheat, and potatoes have angels to fructify them?

One of the great benefits of this reform would be the new and deeper interest which would soon be felt in Christianity itself. Now, the people, the world, are virtually outsiders, and do their religious duties by proxy. Make them insiders. We have tried the other method a long time, let us now try this for a while. But you may say, the people can enter the Church now, and have as much power in it as they choose. Let them enter, then, the legitimate way. Do not take down the bars. Yes, let them enter the legitimate way; but what way is that? Is it not free, generous, plain? At present the Church is a clique, or a congeries of cliques. Increase the lay power, and you deepen every person's influence in your church. Give them work to do. Make the Church popular and democratic, and you have already added a hundred per cent to your religious stock in trade, and quickened the pulse of spiritual life.

Again, you make a sounder theology. At present, the subject of theology is in the hands of men who lack the earnest and realistic experiences of life; and it is not a *blood theology*, as it has been called,—we wish it were full-blooded,—full of good, red, globular blood; but it is pale, sickly, milk-and-waterish. Ministers and preachers are, in some respects, in an unnatural position, and their theology gets a twist by it. They are “sicklied o’er with the pale cast of thought.” When men think theology is no longer a forbidden and awful subject, tied up to Sundays and churches, and they come to think, write, talk, and feel about it as

they do about other great and heart-moving interests, we shall begin to see a new zeal for theological study, and for religious usefulness, infused into the public mind. Finally, it is the lay element specially that is to take hold of the moral and spiritual enterprises of Christianity, and put them through. Look at the churches in this city Anniversary week. The addresses are generally by clergymen, already hoarse and bronchial with preaching line upon line. The church is called Dr. Holyman's church,—and it is Dr. Holyman's church, not the Church of the Lord Jesus Christ, terrible as an army with banners, bristling with faith, energy, enterprise, taking up grand causes, and bending to the work with might and main, with a life and death earnestness.

If the world is not saved and man redeemed, let us understand that it is not that God has not infused salvatory power enough into the revelation of his Son, our Saviour. But it is because we have not yet learned how to engineer the forces aright by our leadership and organization. We have rested on cliquism, ecclesiasticism, instead of involving, by every appeal and provocation, all humanity in the cause. We must rest on the race under God. We must invoke the three estates of the realm,—womankind, childkind, mankind,—as well as the third estate, pronounced, on rather slanderous report, to be neither mankind nor womankind, viz. minister-kind. But the ministry even never can see its best days, till the mighty latent element in the laity, the slumbering electricity that would thrill and vivify the world, can be brought into the field. The children of this world can, in this respect, teach the children of light. In the war now raging in Europe, whom do the great powers send to battle,—experts, merely, in the science of human destruction,—generals, colonels, and captains? Or do they not rather send the masses and multitudes of men, led and officered by the experts, and rely upon the combined strength of vast numbers for the final victory? Let us not rely upon the solitary man in the pulpit to win our moral battles, but embark in the cause the whole community,—man, woman, and child. And when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part will be done away.

REV. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE spoke to the subject of "The Aims and the Claims of the American Unitarian Association." He said he would speak of that subject before he had done, but before doing so, he thought it best to inquire whether it was worth while to have any Unitarian denomination. Said he:—

Before I can make up my mind that I wish to do anything for the Unitarian Association, I must first answer that question. Do we want any Unitarian Denomination? If we want a Unitarian Denomination, I think it likely that, without much argument, we may be convinced that we need a Unitarian Association.

Now this question, "Do we want a Unitarian Denomination?" happens, fortunately for the interest of my present speech, to be by no means a purely theoretical one. There are two sides to it. There are several classes of persons, among Liberal Christians, who seriously doubt or deny that any Unitarian denomination is wanted. I can make out four distinct classes.

1. First, those who accept Unitarian opinions and Unitarian society and fellowship frankly and plainly, stand up for our views, do not undertake to deny for a moment that they are Unitarian in opinion, and have all their society and associations Unitarian, yet who do not believe any Unitarian denomination necessary, because they think it better for every man to stand by himself. Allow me to mention, as perhaps one of the most prominent examples of this class, a man whom we all love and respect,—(we can't tell whether we love him most, or respect him most,—that's the only difficulty about *him*,)—the junior minister of the West Church in this city. He says, distinctly and honestly, that he is a Unitarian in opinion,—never undertakes to conceal it for a moment,—and he loves and respects all Unitarian men and women, has his friends among them; but does not believe in any Unitarian denomination, because he thinks more can be done for truth, if every individual stands alone.

2. Then there is a second class, who accept Unitarian fellowship, who have their friends and associates among Unitarians, but

who reject Unitarian opinions, and say they do not hold them. As an illustration of these, we name our friends, the Editors of the Monthly Magazine. They, in a written statement, say they are not Unitarian, do not belong to a Unitarian denomination, nor receive Unitarian opinions as such, though in many respects they agree with us in fact. They do not like to have their opinions classified as Unitarian opinions.

3. Then comes another class, who not only reject the Unitarian denomination and Unitarian opinions, and do not wish to be classed among believers of Unitarian doctrines, but withdraw a little from Unitarian fellowship, or at least wish to have equal fellowship among all denominations. As an example, I would mention a man, manly, courteous, noble, earnest, — a man who is doing as much good as any man in this whole community for Liberal Christianity, — my esteemed friend, the Preacher to the University at Cambridge, Professor Huntington.

4. Then there is a fourth class, who reject Unitarianism, and withdraw wholly from Unitarian fellowship. For example, our friend, who was lately pastor of the Harrison Avenue Society; and another, who has lately published a book very much praised and admired — by the publishers, — and which book its publishers have christened by the term, "Theology Simmering." I do not know exactly what that is; but I suppose it is a theology which is somewhere between cold water and boiling water, — which is a lukewarm theology, — a theology which does not quite boil up furiously into Orthodoxy, but which yet seems about to do so. In my anxiety to know what "Simmering Theology" is, I have consulted Webster. He defines "To simmer," "to boil with a gentle hissing"; and "Simmering," he says, is "incipient ebullition." And so far as I have looked into the book, this seems to be a pretty just description of its character. It hisses gently at the Unitarians, and it is an incipient ebullition in the direction of Orthodoxy. I notice also that these gentlemen who go out from us take pleasure sometimes in giving us a little kick in going out; and if it facilitates their admission into other denominations, as I have no doubt it does, I am willing very cheerfully to take my share of this parting valediction.

We have therefore these four classes, who are all Liberal Christians, but who do not believe in any Unitarian denomination. They are Liberal Christians; they mean to be Liberal Christians. They do not mean to be locked up in any old Orthodox trunk, and have the key turned upon them. They mean to go ahead, to have their own ideas, and they will not swallow any creed which anybody proposes to give them.

Besides these, there are many far outside of our denomination who are Liberal Christians, who are manly, earnest, progressive thinkers, who stand on their own feet, and have their own way, just as much as any of us do. The fact is, the differences among those who belong to different denominations are not what they were thirty years ago. When I was a boy, and studied geography, we used to be taught that the temperature of a place depended on the latitude; that when you went to a higher latitude, you of course went to a lower temperature, and *vice versa*. But now we have learned that temperature does not depend on latitude; but we have isothermal lines, by which we can see how the warm temperature sometimes passes away up into the higher latitudes, and the cold takes a sweep and comes down toward the tropics. So, it seems to me, we ought to make our ecclesiastical maps. We cannot divide by denominations at all, but must have isothermal lines. Here is a place which we thought very cold, but it is almost boiling over with zeal and enthusiasm; they have their prayer-meetings day by day, they have most earnest, energetic ideas respecting their religious nature; they are gathering up everything which can warm anybody's heart. And yet they are away off there, close to Spitzbergen. Then here is a region which we thought too hot, and we find it just such a temperature as we have always lived in.

Last summer, going down to Gloucester, I met a gentleman in the cars who said: "It seems to me you ministers are in a curious condition. When I am in town I go to a Unitarian church, but in the country I go to hear an Orthodox preacher, and the Orthodox man is more of a Unitarian than the other."

This being our condition, the question is, Do we want any Unitarian denomination? My own opinion about it is, that we

had better stand up for the Unitarian denomination a little while longer. I think we *do* want a Unitarian denomination, for two or three reasons.

1. First, we want a Unitarian denomination as a perpetual testimony against Orthodoxy. There is a sort of thing in the world called Orthodoxy, which is a good thing. But there is a thing which I call Orthodoxism, and which is not a good thing. It says, "You must accept this particular statement which has been adopted by the Church about the Trinity and the Expiatory Sacrifice; unless you do, we will give you the cold shoulder in this world, and you will go down to a place in the other world where you had better not go. If you will only *say* you are a Trinitarian, you may hold any kind of doctrine you please. If, before you die, you will make up your mouth and say, I hope to be saved by the blood of Christ, we will all agree to say you are Orthodox." I call that Orthodoxism. It has its roots everywhere, and I should like to know if there is anything much worse than that; I should like to know whether it should not be opposed somewhere. But I never hear anything said against it in the Orthodox denominations, except by one or two men who have such a supreme genius that they are able to say and do as they please anywhere.

But Orthodoxism rules in the Orthodox churches. If you will accept the words of the creed, they don't care what you believe. Now, so long as I must accept such and such opinions in order to be received among any body of Christians, *so long I will not accept them.*

I have read all their different statements in their books. It is perfectly easy to be a Trinitarian and a Unitarian too, if you wish. How easy for any of us, without changing a single opinion, to be admitted *ad eundem* in any Orthodox church! We have our belief in a sort of Trinity, a kind of Atonement, — something which would easily pass muster as Orthodoxy, if we chose to offer it as such. And what sort of a Trinity do these friends of ours believe in? This friend who has written the book of which I spoke, does not believe in the Trinitarianism of the majority of the Orthodox Church, for he speaks of "the tritheism of the majority of the laity and clergy of the Christian Church." He

believes that those who are in the Church in which he is, are tritheists. He believes in the Trinity of Schleiermacher and Neander. But the Trinity of the first was one which did not exist until Christ came, for it is a Trinity of manifestation. So Schleiermacher taught plainly; and Stuart, in translating his essay on Sabellianism, could only say, "But there must have been previously some threefold *distinction* in the Deity as the basis of this manifestation."

We believe in this Economic or Manifested Trinity, and call ourselves Unitarians. They believe it, and call themselves Trinitarians. They join those who exclude and vilify men who believe just what they themselves believe, because they will not take a name, and utter a shibboleth.

Our friend, Professor Huntington, published a volume of Sermons, a year or two since. I had been told repeatedly how Orthodox he had become; so I opened the book with curiosity to find out the extent of his Orthodoxy. I turned to the Sermon on the Divinity of Christ, as the place where his Orthodoxy would be most likely to appear; and I searched it through to find the most Orthodox statement it might contain, and at last I came to this, which did indeed at first sound very Orthodox: "Everything in Christ, which is not man, is God." It sounds very Orthodox; but, if you reflect upon it, you will see that it is not necessarily so. Why, another friend of mine, whom I honor as much as I do Professor Huntington, — I mean Théodore Parker, — could accept that statement. He believes that God is in *every* man; and that in Jesus, as in every other man, "everything which is not man, is God." This statement therefore is opposed to no doctrine, that I am aware of, except to Arianism.

Then here are our friends, the Senior and Junior Editors of the Monthly Magazine, who have made a statement. They are not Unitarians, though they sympathize with Unitarians. But what is their position? The Senior Editor adopts some of the views of Swedenborg concerning God and Christ; but he, like our excellent friend whose theology is simmering, believes that the doctrine of three Persons is the same as the doctrine of three Gods. He says that he believes "in the Ante-Nicene doctrine respecting



Christ." But the Ante-Nicene is the Anti-Trinitarian. I like the position of these brethren. I have no fault to find with it; but to me it seems really a Unitarian position, though they reject that name.

2. Again, we want a Unitarian denomination to stand up for the Unity of God against all these Trinitarian perversions. If it be true, as Mr. Gage believes, that the majority of the clergy and laity in the Orthodox churches believe in three Gods, shall there not be one denomination to stand up and say, "We believe in ONE God, and not in three"? Dr. Bushnell says that "a very large portion of Christian teachers, together with the general mass of disciples, undoubtedly hold three living persons in the interior nature of God." If so, ought not one denomination to stand for the simple Unity of God?

3. I think, also, that the Unitarian denomination is wanted for the sake of Free Thought. It is hard to be perfectly free seekers after truth, so long as one has an Orthodox reputation to look after. It takes so much pains and thought to keep one's self out of heresy, that one has hardly any time left to use in looking for the truth.

I was once crossing the Alps by the St. Gotthard route, in the month of May. The snow still lay deep on the mountain, and we were obliged to leave the diligence, and ride on a sled. The winter avalanches — which are no joke — were still occasionally falling on the road. As we rode along, our guide and driver sat on the sleigh, with one eye watching his horse, and the other watching the mountain overhead; and he sat so as to be ready to spring in a moment, if he caught sight of a coming avalanche. This state of things did not contribute to our peace of mind. But when we crossed to the other side of the ravine, and had that between us and the mountain, we very much enjoyed seeing an avalanche fall on the road we had left behind. Thousands of tons of snow poured down in one broad sheet, like that of Niagara, with an awful roar, and concussion of air; but to us, safe on the other side, it was a sublime and beautiful sight. Now the Orthodox, like our driver, have to be always watching the avalanche. They live in constant terror of being called heretics. No matter

how Orthodox they are, there is always some more Orthodox Orthodoxy behind ready to precipitate itself upon them. Andover is not Orthodox to New Haven, nor New Haven to Windsor, nor Windsor to Princeton. Professor Park is a heretic, and is obliged to watch his Orthodoxy very carefully. Professor Stuart and Dr. Lyman Beecher had scarcely finished their controversy with Unitarian heresies, before they had to defend themselves against the same charges made against themselves. These hounds of Orthodoxy, like the dogs of Actæon, are always ready to turn against their own masters, who cry in vain,

“Actæon ego sum ! dominum cognoscite vestrum.”

And, like Actæon, they suffer for having dared to look at the unveiled beauty of the Goddess of Truth, disrobed of the formulas of opinion in which she has been attired. So soon as they behold her unveiled, they are changed from the hunters to the hunted, and fly through the tangled controversial forests where they have so often themselves pursued the game.

This state of things may somewhat mitigate our grief at being shut out from the triumphs and joys of Orthodoxy. You know they said that Henry Ward Beecher was a Unitarian in disguise. “A Unitarian in disguise ?” said he, — “why should I be in disguise ? If I am not Orthodox, why should I wish to stay among the Orthodox ? It is not for the company, I think, — the company’s not much.”

4. Then there are a great many men and women and children who cannot be Orthodox. They were not made to be so ; their minds will not work in that way ; it is either a puzzle or a horror. What is their condition in a community where they have no other instruction ? Unitarianism is wanted then for them. But it is said Unitarianism is a failure ; we are not zealous enough ; we do not have prayer-meetings enough ; we are not earnest enough ; we do not get on very fast. Grant it all. But, nevertheless, if the Good Master were to come here again, and feel as he felt when here before, we would have about as good a chance as any to see him among us, because he tells us that the lord of the feast sends out to call in the lame and the blind and the sick ; not to seek those

who are on the right way, but those who are lost. I think it would be a comfort to have him as our teacher, and so long as we are honest and simple, and are willing to receive the truth and keep our minds open to it, I think we are as well off as if we took the name Orthodox. I think we have as much of the sympathy of our Lord as if we were following the multitude.

But our friend whose theology is simmering says, once more, that the work of the Unitarians is done. Not so long as Dr. Nehemiah Adams is in Boston; not while a man can print and send out such ideas as are contained in that little tract on Future Punishment,—ideas which make the sovereignty of God to consist in this: not that he can overcome evil with good, not that he can control the hearts of his children, but that he can keep them down, and can keep them from breaking out into open insurrection, but finally, getting tired, takes his own people, Dr. Adams with the rest, and walks off into some other part of the universe, and leaves the rest with the Devil. While Dr. Adams is a leading teacher in the Orthodox Church, there is need of Unitarianism. Why is he a leading teacher? Because all the Orthodox believe such stuff? \* Not at all. There are hundreds who would be glad to hear said what I just suggested. Why don't they say it? Because of their fear of Orthodoxy. They cannot do it. Do you think the men who edit the Independent accept any such view of God as that? If you do, I do not. But why do they not say so? why do they not criticise such tracts? It will not do; for the tendency of Orthodoxy is always to slip backward. When Professor Park and his school, and Dr. Bushnell and his school, with infinite struggle and pain succeed in carrying it forward, it only wants one man to rise with the

---

\* The word "stuff" was deliberately applied to Dr. Adams's views of Eternal Punishment; not to indicate disrespect for that gentleman, but to indicate extreme disrespect for his opinions. A man may be *wiser* than his opinions, as he is very often much better; so one who promulgates such insane stuff as this concerning the government of God, may probably be a very intelligent gentleman—when he lets alone Theology, and South-Side descriptions of Slavery.

Assembly's Catechism and a few reins of logic to rein in the whole team and bring them all up again.

For these reasons, I think a denomination wanted, avowedly heretical, not claiming to be Orthodox, with an unpopular name, to be a constant and visible protest against the errors and the evils of the Orthodox churches. "Let us go therefore to him, without the camp, bearing his reproach."

Let who will forsake our solitary and commanding position. Let who will, tired of being alone, and being the target of all arrows, descend to mingle with the crowd. I find no fault with them. I have no word of censure to cast at them. Though they make us fewer, they may not perhaps make us weaker, for our work is not done by numbers. But let me remain with the three hundred in the pass of Thermopylæ, where we can serve to keep back, by a living wall, that overwhelming wave of tyrannic opinion which threatens to sweep away freedom of soul. We are *dying out*, they tell us. Be it so. Leonidas and his Spartans died too; but they spent a day in dying, and so saved Greece and all European culture. If the Unitarian denomination spend a day in dying, it may thereby do its work.

I have not said anything yet of my subject, and it is now too late to begin on that. But the amount of it is this. If we want a Unitarian denomination, here are the tools to work with, in this Association. Don't say that "Truth is mighty, and will prevail." Suppose that an Illinois farmer should take you out to look at his wheat-field, and show you only the unploughed prairie; and when you ask him for the wheat, should reply, "O, that will come of itself. Wheat is mighty, and will prevail. Don't you see how in a few years it has covered half the State?" "Yes," you answer; "but by the combined labor of men, by ten thousand workmen turning up the turf with the glittering ploughshare, by the sowers going forth to sow, and by the majestic reaping-machines sailing like great vessels through the billowy grain." Yes; and so Truth is mighty, — but only as it makes men mighty. It is only mighty when it takes possession of a man's brain and heart, and compels him to toil, night and day, to cause what he sees and knows to be also seen and known by others.

The subject of Rev. Dr. GANNETT's remarks was "The Fruits of the Unitarian Theology in the Memorials of a Past Generation of Believers." He said : —

As one of the oldest of those who have had connection with this body, and are still able to appear as its servants, you wish me to speak in regard to the fruits of Unitarian theology, as seen in the memorials of the past generation. If to speak or act in behalf of this Association be a privilege, to speak on such a topic is a duty, if one feels himself in any measure competent to discharge that duty. My reluctance to speak arose from a sense of an inability to do even partial justice to it. For what have you given me to do? To speak of the character, the lives, of a generation of men who are worthy of all honor, and whom their descendants should hold up to the admiration of the world.

You ask me to speak of a *past generation*; and I thank you that by that precision you limit me to the men who, within my own personal knowledge, have acted on this little stage of ecclesiastical life. A generation is said, by those who compile statistics, to cover about one third of a century. For just about that period of time, it has been my happy lot — I fear not so happy for those with whom I have been connected — to be a minister in this city, and therefore you ask me to go back thirty-five years, and consider who were then the prominent friends of what we esteem Christian truth. And, sir, what a picture do you teach me to call up before the eye of my memory! What forms do I see! — indistinct, for in so many years they have in a measure faded away. And yet, as I go back to that day when I first enjoyed the privilege of associating with them, it seems to me that I am as one walking by moonlight, or by the light of the stars, in a garden, amid flowers the beauty of whose form, perhaps, my eye cannot perceive, but the air around me is loaded with their perfume.

And who were these men? To enumerate them might not be a task to me, but it would occupy the time of this audience too long. And yet, as one and another come to my thought, I cannot omit to give a glance at each. There was one, Sir, — you

remember him;— who presided with equal dignity and grace over our neighboring University, who was then just beginning to feel the touch of those infirmities which dimmed, though never tarnished, his brilliant and genial mind. There was his associate, the elder Ware, calm, judicious, firm, the best of instructors, the truest of Christians. And there, Sir, a little distance from us, in the country, was the venerable Ripley, and the not less venerable, though rather younger Bancroft, our first President, the champion of the Unitarian faith in his early days, its honor at the close of his life;— and another, whose presidency over this institution we rejoice in remembering, whose ability was equalled only by his modesty, and whose Christian insight made his conversation as profitable as it was delightful. And there was the graceful and courteous Thayer, and Abbot, and many another of similar age; and in the neighboring State was that model of a pastor, Parker, whom his people and his people's children cannot now speak of with dry eyes.

Coming down to those who were a little less advanced, and yet were ripe in wisdom and in learning, first of all we must name him whose earthly name need not be repeated here. He has written it in the world's record of that which it holds worthiest and best,— it is Channing. And there was Norton; how different from Channing, and yet how faithfully and admirably did he discharge the work which was given to him — the critical, careful, thorough scholar — to do! And what a power he had over his pupils, you and I know as only they who felt it and grew under it can know.

Then, sir, there were those still younger, and yet how mature in their adaptation to circumstances, how rich in faith and good works! He who now holds that high station over our University, and under whose sway it has shown a prosperity that surpasses all its former history; and another, who went to heaven years ago, and whose name is still a heavenly charm to draw us thither,— Henry Ware; and with him was associated a friend, who, to our great regret, has left the pulpit, and yet is winning estimation through the civilized earth as the historian of New England. And others still, — I might go on till your ears were weary with

the mere names of those who, at that time, stood foremost in the Unitarian cause.

I have spoken of ministers. There were laymen, such men as Story and Parker and Haven; and younger ones too,—even that one, in pronouncing whose eulogy on such a platform as this, Henry Ware broke forth into tears that he could not control; and he was but a type of many of that day. And there were “honorable women, not a few,”—honorable because they were honored by the Father of spirits, whom they served and loved. Such were the men and women who thirty-five years ago were active in the Unitarian cause. They were not ashamed of the faith; they were not ashamed nor afraid of the name. They did not all covet, they did not all adopt it. But there was not a man of them who shrank from it; and when it was considered disreputable and heretical to bear that name, there was not a man among them who did not put on his armor and come out to fight for the Lord.

They were men, sir, who in three respects entitled themselves to remembrance. They were the apostles of free inquiry; they showed to this New England of ours, they showed to this continent, and they have shown to Europe, what is meant by “free inquiry” in religious matters; that it does not mean recklessness, that it does not mean rash speculation nor insubordination, that it does not mean irreverence, but that it means independent and honest searching after truth by the various methods in which God has indicated that truth to the world.

And they were also believers; and I most heartily thank you for putting that word into the sentence which makes the topic of the address. You have asked me to speak of the past generation of believers. Those men and women were believers, with the whole heart and mind and conscience believing; not speculative or half believers. They believed in the Lord Jesus Christ, as “the way, the truth, and the life.” They believed in the Bible, the authentic record of revelation; they believed in salvation by Christ Jesus; they believed in the essential doctrines of the Gospel; and believing and living in that faith, they died in it and went to their reward. Once more, I admire them as I recall

their images, because they were good men. They were men of piety, men of good morals, neither of scandalous nor of equivocal life, men whose daily walk and conversation might be watched and imitated.

Sir, they were not enthusiasts ; they abjured all religiosity ; but they were plain-spoken, frank, true men, — men to whom this community, more than it knows, is indebted for introducing a style of character beyond which the Christian world has never yet gone, and I doubt whether it ever will or can go beyond it ; a manly, pure, self-sustaining, heaven-inspired style of character, that walks through the circumstances of life as though they were meant to help it on to the skies, and rejoices in God's love while it anticipates his judgment. They have been called intellectual Unitarians, and it has been spoken of them somewhat contemptuously. I must confess that I do not look upon them with less respect because they adjusted themselves to the demands of their condition and time. It was a period in the history of religious thought in this country, when it was necessary that the intellectual element in religion should be developed ; it was needful that thought, rather than sentiment, should find expression, and thus discerning the signs of the times, understanding the want of the times, they met that want precisely and fully.

It has been said that the Unitarianism of a quarter of a century ago or more was negative ; and most miserable has been the attempt at wit concerning a book which could be answered in no other way than by attempting to travesty its title. They had a negative character to their theology, sir, for they denied some of the rankest errors that ever took root in the soil of Christendom ; but they had a positive faith, for they believed in the great central and all-embracing and all-quickening revelations of the New Testament.

Now, sir, such were the men of that time ; and you, sir, and one and another whom I have had the privilege of addressing, retain upon your minds the effect of an acquaintance with those men. And is not the best memorial of a good man the impression that he makes upon the minds and hearts of those that shall keep that impression, and cherish it, long after he has gone, and shall



look at it, and love to linger over it, even as a child takes from the drawer, which he locks, perhaps, from other eyes, the portrait of a dear mother, and gazes on it till his eye is swimming in tears?

But that is not the only way in which they have left us memorials. They wrote books; and it has often seemed to me that neither the Unitarian denomination nor the Christian world outside of it has done justice to our literature. I know that, when the Book Fund was created, much was said about a Unitarian literature; but it was said prospectively. It was said there must be a Unitarian literature, and it must be sown broadcast. But we had a Unitarian literature, such that, with your whole thirty thousand dollars, you cannot bring forward better books, and could not if you had a hundred million dollars. I think that, in proportion to our numbers, if any one should collect such numerical facts, he would find that the number of volumes of sermons published, sold, and therefore read in this denomination, bears a larger proportion to the number of individuals who belong to the denomination, than in any other Christian sect in the world. But that is saying very little. It is much more to say that they are good sermons. Nor is that all. There are more hymn-books which have come from Unitarian authors than from almost any other Christian denomination. It is a complaint with some, that we have so many hymn-books, they do not know which to choose. There is one which was in use a few years ago which is now out of use. Many of our younger brethren do not know that an esteemed friend, Mr. Dabney, compiled a hymn-book. These hymn-books contained the very essence of devotion. There never were better hymns written than those which have come from Unitarian pens. We have prayer-books, we have devotional books, we have books of practical religion, and we have critical works that do honor to the scholars from whom they proceeded. Pardon me, Mr. President, if I refer again to our honored and loved teacher in the Divinity School. The younger friends who will judge of Professor Norton by his Translation of the Gospels, and the Notes appended, will do great injustice to his scholarship, and to his character as an expounder of the New Testament. They can have scarcely any

idea of the value of services which began with the labors of Buckminster, and, I am sorry to say, ended with the labors of Norton. Therefore, through its literature, this denomination, as represented by the men of the past generation, has done its part for Christendom and for humanity.

But that is not all that these men have left. It has occurred to me once and again, when reading a text from the last book of the Bible, that we could not be too careful to note that many texts of Scripture give us, and are meant to give us, but one side of the truth. It is said, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. Yea, saith the Spirit, and their works do follow them." Thanks be to God, their works do not wholly follow them! Their works go up to heaven to bear testimony to their faith and toil on earth, and then their works come back to remain and bless those who shall enjoy their influence. These men created institutions; they called into life and form social action; they made Boston what it was twenty-five years ago; and though my brethren from that little quiet place called New York do not like to admit just now that Boston is the queen of the world, perhaps they will assent to the sentiment, that twenty-five years ago Boston presented a type of character as near to the type of Christian perfection, though still a great way off, as has been seen since the Gospel entered into the world. There was a standard of character, when I came hither, — an indescribable influence felt here; there was a sense of thankfulness in every individual for being allowed to live here; all of which showed that some persons had acted most favorably upon the culture and life of the people. Those men were the Unitarian clergy and laity thirty-five years ago.

But more than that; these men of a past generation exerted an influence, not only beyond the limits of our denomination, but beyond this city and this Commonwealth and this dear old New England of ours, — an influence which is felt to this time. Our friend just now spoke of certain men and of certain publications. Let me ask him, through you, what it is that has given such freedom to the Hartford pulpit, and what it is that has given such power to the Brooklyn pulpit. If he cannot answer, because I happen to hold the floor, I will answer, that a part of the freedom

of the one and the power of the other, the independence of thought and expression which belong to both, came from the Unitarian writings which these men made themselves familiar with, till the very spirit of Unitarianism penetrated through the shell of Orthodoxy in which they were enclosed, and through them has inspired the continent. These works may continue to have their influence long after we have slept in the dust, and perhaps after the Unitarian name shall have been disavowed by every man on earth, perhaps after the Christian Church shall have gone back to Trinitarian errors and Old School superstitions. Yet even then will these preserve their existence, in their influence over many a secret thinker, over many a generous heart, over many a pure and progressive life. And therefore, Mr. President, I say all honor be to the men of a past generation, who espoused Unitarian theology, and were true to their wedded vows lifelong!

All honor and gratitude to the men who were believers in the Unitarian faith, and who held that belief unbroken, unshaken, and undiminished, till death sealed their lips. Thanks be to God that we especially may honor such forefathers. God be thanked, that amid all the anxieties and doubts of the present moment, while we know not what is in the future for our Association, even for the truth which we hold dear as Christ himself, we can look back and rejoice in that past, which is our inheritance, and take from it a pattern for our own labors and hopes.

Mr. President, it is not after our fashion, after our ecclesiastical way, to canonize saints of former times. We have no saints in our calendar; thank God for that! Because we wish no calendar, we wish that all should be saints unto the Lord. It is not our way, as in some churches of Christendom, to erect tablets or busts that shall speak to the spectator of those who served at our altars in former days. But, Sir, in our hearts we may enshrine their images, in our speech we may embalm their names. That past generation which illustrated the theology to which it clung, and that generation which believed in the faith which it has transmitted to us, we will glory in, even unto death.

## BUSINESS MEETING OF THE ASSOCIATION.

This was held on Wednesday afternoon, at the Freeman Place Chapel, Rev. Dr. Hall, the President, in the chair. The records of the last meeting were read by the Secretary, and the Treasurer presented his Annual Report, which was accepted. It is as follows :—

## RECEIPTS.

To Cash balance on hand, June 1, 1858,		\$ 1,457.30
" " Quarterly Journal, . . . .	\$ 3,160.60	
" " Sales of Books, . . . .	3,432.56	
" " Auxiliaries, Donations, and In- come of Invested Funds, . . .	5,554.62	
" " P. Gangooly, . . . .	288.00	
" " Antioch College, . . . .	10.00	
" " India Mission, . . . .	236.00	
" " Book Fund, . . . .	378.00	
" " Kansas Mission, . . . .	4.00	
" " Rev. D. Foster, . . . .	75.00	
" " Antioch College for money loaned,	2,000.00	
	<hr/>	15,138.78
		<hr/>
		\$ 16,596.08

## EXPENDITURES.

By Cash paid Secretary, June 1, 1858, .	\$ 2,400.00	
" " Publishing Books, . . . .	6,574.62	
" " Expenses, . . . .	1,986.44	
" " P. Gangooly, . . . .	235.23	
" " Kansas Mission, . . . .	600.00	
" " Meadville School, . . . .	157.08	
" " Calcutta Mission, . . . .	925.00	
" " Rev. D. Foster, . . . .	75.00	
" " Feeble Societies, . . . .	150.00	
" " Borrowed Money, . . . .	2,000.00	
	<hr/>	\$ 15,103.37
" " Balance to New Account,		1,492.71
		<hr/>
		\$ 16,596.08

Er. Ex.

CALVIN W. CLARK, *Treasurer.**Boston, May 24, 1859.*

Some discussion arising in regard to the Permanent Fund of the Association, Rev. Dr. Gannett moved that a committee be appointed to make an investigation in regard to the same, and, if they find that this fund was created for a specific purpose, that the Executive Committee be instructed to keep such fund wholly and solely for this purpose, and that the Treasurer present in his books a separate and distinct account thereof. Rev. Dr. Barrett, Rev. Dr. Thompson, and Rev. Mr. Winckley were appointed to constitute this committee.

The Secretary then stated that the next business would be the consideration of a plan for the reorganization of the Association, to be submitted for discussion by the Executive Committee. The plan involved essential modifications of the existing arrangements, and he therefore respectfully, but decidedly, resigned the office, which he had held for six years, of Secretary of the Association.

The President then laid before the meeting the plan to which reference had been made. The essential feature was this, — that the duties hitherto discharged by the Secretary be divided among the standing committees of the Board of Executive Committee, and that they be rendered gratuitously, the Secretary receiving a nominal salary only as a recording clerk.

The discussion was prolonged and earnest. The following gentlemen took part in it: — Samuel Greele, Esq., Rev. Dr. Stebbins, Hon. Henry B. Rogers, Rev. T. R. Sullivan, Rev. E. E. Hale, Rev. Dr. Morison, Rev. Dr. Bellows, Rev. Dr. Robbins, Rev. W. P. Tilden, Rev. James F. Clarke, Rev. H. Alger, Rev. Dr. Osgood, Rev. F. W. Holland, Rev. A. A. Livermore, Rev. Dr. Gannett, Rev. Mr. Saltmarsh, Rev. Mr. Reynolds, John Prentice, Esq., Rev. Dr. Hedge, Rev. Dr. Barrett, and Rev. Dr. Farley. It devel-

oped two opposite theories in regard to what the present situation of the Association, and condition of society at large, demanded of the office in question, — some believing that the above plan might be well tried as an experiment, others maintaining that there was now needed a missionary of the Association who should devote the chief of his time to travelling widely through all parts of the country, and should receive a competent and liberal support.

The following gentlemen were appointed a committee to nominate the officers for the coming year: Rev. Messrs. Hale, Briggs, Barrett, Adams, and King.

The following resolution, offered by Rev. Dr. Gannett, was adopted: —

*“Resolved, That the duties of the General Secretary consist of the usual office-work of a Recording and Corresponding Secretary, and of as wide missionary labor, and as frequent and large intercourse with our congregations, as shall be practicable, together with such other service as the Executive Committee shall direct.”*

It was then voted that the salary of the Secretary be not less than two thousand dollars, nor more than three thousand dollars, yearly, as the Executive Committee shall appoint, his necessary travelling expenses to be also paid.

It was voted that the other suggestions submitted for consideration by the last Executive Board, be left in the hands of the Board to be now chosen.

The report of the nominating committee was now received. It stated that, beside the resignation of the Secretary, that of the following gentlemen had also been received: Hon. Henry B. Rogers, E. P. Whipple, Esq., Rev. Calvin Lincoln. It nominated Rev. Edward B. Hall, D.D. for President.

Dr. Hall remarked that he too must decline, and not

yielding to much entreaty that he would stand still longer in the office he has filled for only one year, the committee retired, and soon came in to report the following list of officers, who were unanimously elected, viz. :—

#### EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

REV. FREDERICK H. HEDGE, D.D., *President.*

“ RUFUS P. STEBBINS, D.D.,  
HON. BENJAMIN F. THOMAS, LL.D., } *Vice-Presidents.*

REV. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, *Secretary.*

CALVIN W. CLARK, ESQ., *Treasurer.*

REV. HENRY A. MILES, D.D.

“ WILLIAM R. ALGER.

“ CHARLES H. BRIGHAM.

GEORGE B. EMERSON, ESQ.

REV. THOMAS HILL.

“ HENRY W. BELLOWS, D.D.

“ GEORGE W. HOSMER, D.D.

“ WILLIAM G. ELIOT, D.D.

“ CAZNEAU PALFREY, D.D.

On motion of the Secretary, the following vote was passed :—

“That the thanks of this Association be given to the Standing Committee of the Hollis Street Society, for the use of their church on the 24th instant, and for the very cordial and graceful manner in which the Association was there welcomed.”

It was also voted as follows :—

“That we look with interest to the missionary work of Rev. Mr. Dall in India, and that the Executive Committee be requested to assure him of the sympathy and support of the Association.”

The usual votes of thanks to the retiring officers were then passed, and the meeting was dissolved.

## DR. HOLMES AT THE FESTIVAL.

[The Festival for 1859, at the Boston Music Hall, in honor of the clergy of the Unitarian denomination, was a marked success, chiefly in consequence of the appointment of so popular a President for that occasion as Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the renowned "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table." We doubt if the attendance has ever been larger, or the satisfaction greater.

Dr. Holmes, in his introductory address, replied to the charges which various Evangelical papers have brought against a recent article of his in the Atlantic Monthly, *that it is poisoning public opinion*. The reply is so felicitous, and the whole speech so admirable, that we have thought it worthy of a permanent preservation in these pages.]

As the organ of your committee, by which I have been called upon to make my first appearance at one of your anniversaries, as the presiding officer of the occasion, I welcome you, brothers, sisters, and spiritual fathers, to this our place of meeting. Consecrated to the music that is addressed to the outward ear, its every echo will be in harmony with the voices that make melody in our hearts, as we come together from various regions, but with one feeling, to speak to each other the words of friendship and encouragement.

It is customary to allow all presiding officers, and all public speakers, a certain space of time to confess their unfitness for the place they hold, and to deplore their manifold incapacities to discharge its duties. I claim the time-honored privilege of this allotted space, but not for its common purpose. I claim it to defend your committee and yourselves, in case it and you should be attacked through the person of your chairman, who, as his friends inform him, has been recently accused of the crime for which Socrates suffered, — that of being a poisoner of public opinion.



To this charge your chairman — always for your sake and not for his own — enters the following plea: Guilty, but with extenuating circumstances.

This trick of poisoning was taught him by his instructors in the art, commonly called, of healing. The doctors of this place have long been famous for its practice. They began poisoning men's bodies in 1721. Zabdiel Boylston was the first criminal. He poisoned many victims, amidst the howls of the populace and the denunciations of professional rivals and anonymous accusers. And under the name of *inoculation* this practice of poisoning spread from Boston all over the continent.

At the latter part of the same century, another poisoner, one Edward Jenner, introduced an infection into the human system from a brute. The descendants of those same Boston doctors were the first to adopt the practice, and, under the name of *vaccination*, this too, starting from Boston, spread over the whole continent.

In the year 1846, a new generation of those same Boston Doctors contrived a fresh poison of their own. By means of it they reduced people to such a wretched state of insensibility, that they cut their legs off without their knowing anything about it. They called this *etherization*, and this practice, again, starting from yonder hospital, made the circuit of the whole planet.

Other great cities were slow, strangely slow, in adopting these new modes of poisoning. These bold, bad fathers and brothers of ours seemed to be always ready for anything. The British government pardoned convicts that they might be inoculated. Zabdiel Boylston took his own son for the first experiment. When vaccination was first brought forward, it was said that it would turn the children into calves and heifers; our fathers tried it on us, and we are thought

still to retain the features of humanity. When etherization was proposed to soothe the great bodily grief of the race, it was said to be unscriptural and impious; our physicians gave it to those nearest and dearest to them, and told the commentators to mind their own business.

But the Boston poisoners have not stopped at the body. The quill that carries the vaccine virus is not the only quill that has been loaded with contagious principles.

They poisoned the veins of Loyalty with the virus of Liberty, in that hospital of humanity sometimes known as the cradle of the latter personage. So dreadfully did the venom work, that Governor Hutchinson thought the infected people must be put on a low diet of "English liberties," and even a dish of tea would not stay on their stomachs.

They poisoned the thick black blood of a stagnant theology with the virus of a large and liberal faith. The children of the "Sons of Liberty" looked after the doctrines of the black-coats, as their fathers had looked after the firelocks of the red-coats. Whether this generation has managed to grow up out of that epoch of spiritual inoculation, let this wholesome and happy assembly bear witness.

Now let us all remember the lessons of the past, for they belong to all of us who deal in any form of thought and knowledge not familiar to the common mind or soul. You cannot introduce the poison of truth under the cuticle of the body, social, political, or religious, without its producing local heat and irritation, sometimes general fever, headache, giddiness, and even delirium, in which the subjects use very bad language, and behave as if they had just broken out of strait jackets. If the poison is in any sense new, there will be more or less of public outcry among the vulgar.

When we find these symptoms, we know that the quill was a good one, and that its virus has *taken*. If we look

and do not find them, we have to try again; for if we do not vaccinate with viritating truth from time to time, we shall by and by have a confluent eruption of unbelief and demoralization, that will leave the fair souls of our children covered with scars and seams, such as we see on the features of Old World emigrants who have been brought up in the good old fear of "poison."

All of us, I suppose, are accustomed to clamors such as I have referred to. We do not mean that the recollection of them shall in the slightest degree interrupt the cheerfulness, or even the hilarity, of this occasion. We have met to exchange our views, our experiences, our hopes, and especially our good feelings. I say *we*. And there are few words in the language harder to define. For *we* does not mean a body that is necessarily one in all its modes of belief, and its special sympathies; and yet I trust and believe we are one in certain most important respects. What is it, then, that gives us a right to use this little mighty monosyllable?—one of the mightiest of all words, for it is the symbol of that union in which lies the strength of humanity and the hope of the future. May I venture to mention some few principles in which it is probable that some of us would agree?

We are, in the first place, the Protestants of Protestantism. We protest against a theory of human nature which lowers man to a worm in every capacity but that of a sinner, and for that endows him with the powers and the responsibilities of an archangel.

We protest against a theory of the Divine government so monstrous, that to reconcile it with the principles of honor and right, and to justify the ways of God to man, it drives its advocates to the supposition that men are resuscitated demons, and so falls back upon the legends of heathens and barbarians.

I trust, also, that there is a general agreement among us on the following points:—

We believe in *vital* religion, or the religion of *life*, as contrasted with that of trust in hierarchies, establishments, and traditional formulæ, settled by the votes of wavering majorities in old councils and convocations.

We believe in *evangelical* religion, or the religion of *glad tidings*, in distinction from the schemes that make our planet the ante-chamber of the mansions of eternal woe to the vast majority of all the men, women, and children that have lived and suffered upon its surface.

We believe that every age must judge the Scriptures by its own light; and we mean, by God's grace, to exercise that privilege, without asking permission of pope or bishop, or any other human tribunal.

We believe that Sin is the much-abused step-daughter of Ignorance, and this is not only from our own observation, but on the authority of Him whose last prayer on earth, as recorded by the Good Physician, was, that the perpetrators of the greatest crime on record might be forgiven, *for they knew not what they were doing*.

We believe, beyond all other beliefs, in the fatherly relation of the Deity to all his creatures; and wherever there is a conflict of Scriptural or theological doctrines, we hold this to be the article of faith that stands supreme above all others.

And, lastly, we *know*, that, whether we agree precisely in these or any other articles of belief, we can meet in Christian charity and fellowship, in that we all agree in the love of our race, and the worship of a common Father, as taught us by the Master whom we profess to follow.

Let me add a very few remarks on the special position of the Liberal Christians of this country. "Unitarianism,"

which is a popular name under which they are included, has been very lately advertised by a bookseller as a failure; this meaning, that he had a volume of sermons to sell during the anniversary holidays. *Unitarianism* is only a form in which religious faith has crystallized, and progress consists in the perpetual alternation of solution with crystalline deposition. What were the spires of the middle-age cathedrals, — of Strasburg and Antwerp and Salisbury, — but the acicular, the needle-shaped crystals of a faith over-saturated with its symbols? They must disappear in the remorseless solvent of religious progress, but only to re-form in the diamond facets of a many-sided, humanizing Christian culture. So must the special forms of every faith be acted upon by the perpetual washing of a flowing civilization against it; but if its angles are rounded, it is only because that civilization holds them in solution.

There are too many lessons that remain to be taught by "Unitarianism" for it to change its form, largely as it has lent to the religious current of the time. It must teach its lesson of charity to all creeds, so far as they meet the wants of the individual soul, and war against all that would throw their lasso at the neck of human freedom, were it but as a spider's thread to the might of Samson yet unshorn.

It is in democracy, let me rather say unimpeded humanity, aided, as it always is when let alone, by the blessing of Heaven, that the future of religion rests. Every government the world has seen before our own has had the *vis inertiae* in its pay; we alone have dismissed that blind and palsied slave from the sacred office he has held so long.

Chained as we are by our human reason, we do not yet know the length of our chain. If we move boldly on to the right, it will unwind in an ever-growing spiral; if we creep

round to the left, our path will wind up in ever-narrowing coils, until we find ourselves at a charred and blackened pillar, with our feet on the cold ashes of the martyrs.

We, who believe in a nobler future than the world has yet seen, can afford to possess our souls in patience. This fatal instinct of the American people, to be perpetually coming back to first principles, is death to the permanent reign of every usurpation over the consciences, as over the civil liberties, of men. Whenever you shall see ecclesiastical bodies forgetting their old quarrels and fighting side by side, you may *hope* that it is Christian love, but you must suspect that it is only the closing up of ranks that have been ploughed by shot and shell until their gaps betray their weakness and the bitter necessity of union.

There is so much good in all good men, whatever creed they teach, that we must never forget to love them while we are constrained to differ from them. If any of them are violent against us, let us be as patient as the meek and simple-minded animals which they drive into the stream to exhaust the batteries of the torpedo, or the *cramp-fish*, as he has been well called. When they have done this they may be taken safely from the water. So with these uncomfortable theological cramp-fish whom we must sometimes deal with, let them once discharge their epithets, and you may handle them, ugly as they look, ever after with impunity. Be gentle with all that has been venerable in past beliefs, but which is now outworn and in decay. We need not be too forward with the axe where we hear the *teredo* boring day and night, and see the toadstools growing.

Once more, I welcome you to these walls, friends, fellow-citizens, and strangers, no longer strange, — to the shadow of our roofs and to the sunshine of our hearts! Let your mingled voices fill these resounding spaces with sweet concord!

Let every heart join in the chorus of gratitude for all the past has given and the future promises! And the great master who stands in bronze before us shall seem to listen and bow his noble head as he hears a diviner music than his own,— the symphony of a thousand voices united for Christian love and progress!

---

### CREEDS.

[A supplement of the Boston Evening Transcript, recently published, contained the following article furnished by a correspondent. Twenty-five years ago such an article could not get insertion anywhere except in the columns of a denominational paper. The view here taken was then unpopular. Now it has so much grown into public favor, that a widely circulated secular journal gives it to its readers. Let us take courage, and doubt not the world is making progress.]

WHEN we remember how little it is that we know of the metaphysics of heaven, the history of religious creeds affords one of the most sad and humiliating lessons in the record of our race. Since the date of the Apostles' Creed (falsely so called), the shortest and best of all the creeds that have come down to us, the world has suffered more from religious platforms of belief, than from all the horrors of pestilence and famine, ten times over. But however much of arrogance, presumption, and pride we find in the ancient creeds, they are as nothing in comparison with those that are modern. For unparalleled rashness and presumption there is nothing that can compare with an old-fashioned New England Orthodox creed.

What a modern prayer is to the Lord's Prayer, or a modern sermon is to the Sermon on the Mount, a modern creed is to the Apostles' Creed, or any other ancient creed. Those latter are all very brief, and to a few cardinal points, — the existence of God, the birth, death, and resurrection of Christ, the resurrection of the body, the forgiveness of sins, and life everlasting ; when in a modern creed would be embraced a whole body of divinity, so minute and exact, covering the whole plan of the universe, from the date of the creation to the end of all things.

The ancient fathers, it would seem, had a little modesty, and rather tacitly admitted that there were some things not entirely understood by them, and so made their creeds as brief, and to as few points, as possible. But not so with the authors of modern creeds, particularly those made by our Pilgrim Fathers and their descendants. The authors of our New England creeds seem to claim to be perfectly familiar with all the mysteries of heaven and earth. There is apparently nothing hidden from them. While all the wisest and best of mankind are compelled to admit that they cannot account for even the least of the operations of nature, — why earth, sun, and water should cause a blade of grass to grow ; why the body obeys the will ; why living things spring from inert matter, — the manufacturers of the ten thousand of different New England creeds, with the most surprising recklessness, without the least expression of doubt or misgiving, pronounced authoritatively on all the doctrines of the Bible and on all the mysteries of the universe. And then, too, in ancient times the adoption of a creed was an event of solemn moment, the work of kings and princes, and prelates and the whole Church assembled again and again in council, and after diligent and careful study. But here, and with us, a creed is the work of a



single sitting of a parish church, and adopted in gross by a hand-vote.

The whole truth about religious creeds lies in a nut-shell. A half-dozen of village dignitaries have just the same right to frame a creed and hold it over a village, that a pope and council have to frame one and hold it over a state or a kingdom. The difference is only in degree, not in principle. The history of one New England village is the history of them all. A cluster of houses, then a half-dozen mortal men, mechanics, tradesmen, and farmers, with their pastor at the head, assembled of an evening to frame a creed and organize a church. It is done. The creed covers one whole quire of foolscap, decides all the questions of theology raised since the days of Polycarp, and is intended to be final and conclusive in all matters of theology for that village for ever.

Time wears on. The village increases in population, in wealth, and in knowledge. The villagers find more time for mental culture, and enjoy better means. Here and there arises dissent from some of the stanch old articles of the creed. Disputes and dissensions arise; the creed is impregnable, unamendable, and unendurable; and a secession ensues. The authors of the old creed are no more despotic than his Holiness, the Pope, for they simply serve the seceders from their church as his Holiness did Luther and his followers,—excommunicate them, and denounce them as heretics. That is all. And as for those who do not subscribe to the creed at all, they are looked upon as heretics any way. The seceders, with their followers and friends, found a new church; but, unluckily, still believing in the absolute necessity of creeds, they construct one longer, and, if anything, more dogmatic than the first. And so they go on; each new idea, each step in knowledge,

brings division and a new creed, until the village is filled with antagonistic creeds and sects.

Population increases, and so do vice and crime. Where there ought to be brotherly love, there is nothing but strife. Where there ought to be a band of Christians worshipping one God in peace and unity, the stranger and traveller shall look down on a village torn with religious dissensions, with one school-house, no library, no reading-room, no hospital, no home for the destitute, no museum, no village green, no rural games or sports, no May-day festivities, no Christmas, no harvest-home, no academy of music, no gymnasium, no conservatory, no public garden, no public walks or promenades, no riding-school, no gallery of art, no holidays, no social gatherings, no amusements. But in place of all these, he shall find six hotels, twenty-four grog-shops, twelve weak and discordant religious societies, and eight light gossamer-looking meeting-houses, with not one solitary word or thing, within or without, suggestive of heaven or heavenly things. If the world had been created without tree, shrub, plant, or flower, with the heavens one unvarying canopy of white plaster, without star, cloud, or sunset effulgence, and earth clothed in a pure garb of white; if the Temple to the Most High built by Solomon in obedience to the Divine command had been built of white-pine boards, and adorned after the similitude of a well-furnished barn, — there could be nothing more entirely natural and Scriptural than a New England meeting-house.

The most damaging things in all New England have been those interminable, irreverent, and presumptuous religious creeds, deciding questions that no mortal man is competent to decide absolutely, and attempting to decide questions for others that no prudent and wise man would attempt to decide for any other human being than himself.

If creeds were necessary, or even useful in any degree, there would be some apology for them. But they are not. They have been a curse upon the earth from the days of Arius to the present time. And for the very good reason that mankind have attempted to decide and settle questions by means of creeds that God never intended should be settled this side the grave. The world comes to a unanimous understanding very readily on all questions that admit of absolute solution. While nineteen centuries have been spent in acrimonious disputations over this and that article in the creed, about which no man has any certain knowledge, and about which no amount of knowledge could be of any service to him whatever,—while creed manufacturers have been growing more numerous and more diverse in sentiment,—the world has been going on agreeing absolutely on everything placed positively within man's knowledge. There is no controversy between Rome and the first parish in Creedom but what the sea rises and falls, but what the earth turns on its axis, but that there is such a thing as heat and cold, wet and dry, light and darkness; but let Rome and the first parish aforesaid attempt to tell how and why those phenomena exist, the same as they attempt to tell the how and the why in the heavenly mysteries, and there would be variance at once and for ever.

A creed to assist in loving God and your neighbor as yourself, is just as necessary, and just as useful, as a creed is to assist a family of children to love their parents and one another. If the inhabitants of a village cannot assemble around the same altar, and worship God acceptably, without first understanding and adopting a creed as to all the mysteries of the Godhead, and all the purposes and plans of the Divine government, how then can a family of children love and serve their parents acceptably, without first adopt-

ing a platform of principles as to who and what their parents are, and all the ethics of parental and filial piety. The last would be no more absurd than is the first. Where is the sane man now living who would not have just as much respect for the opinion of the babe in its mother's arms on moral philosophy, as that of the Pope and all his Nuncios on the Immaculate Conception or any other Divine mystery?

Of all things here below, the most sublime is the immortal mind. It is the only one thing that is clearly above and beyond all earthly things. While all our other capacities have their limit, the human mind may go on improving as long as life lasts. The most cultivated mind can only be said to be filled with knowledge, as we say of the heavens that they are filled with stars. And it is the work, and only work, of the religious creed, to stop the growth of such a mind. It is to the mind what an iron shoe is to the foot, or a casement of mail would be to the child's head. The sectarian — the idolater — of a certain creed seizes upon his victim when young, or inexperienced, claps on him his creed while warm with religious fervor, and the poor prisoner is straightway yoked and enclosed for ever. New England is dotted all over with people so yoked and penned, like geese in flocks. There is not probably one in ten of them that assent in mind and heart to one half the articles of belief statedly read to them. Without the courage to break away from bonds that oppress them, they struggle on, trying to persuade themselves that they believe what they do not and cannot, quite willing that their children should file off in any direction, rather than come under such thralldom. And the second generation now seldom do continue in the same fold with the first.

We have before us many notable instances of the revol-

sion of the human mind to those old iron creeds. We have it in the fact, that, of all the churches founded in Massachusetts by our Pilgrim fathers within the first century, not one in ten remained in the hands of the sect that originally founded them at the end of the second century. The old creed was impregnable, but not so its authors and adherents. Its followers dropped into the grave, and but few of the second and third generation were willing to put on the yoke. The old church dwindled to a handful, were outvoted, and forced to give up the old edifice and find lodgment in a smaller one near by. The history of those old churches, and the total religious insolvency at the end of the second century from their foundation, is enough of itself to settle once and for ever the character and worth of such creeds. It settles the point that the Church must be left free to grow, in knowledge as well as grace, or else meet the fate that clearly awaits everything else that fails to keep step with the progress of the world, to wit, impoverishment and insolvency.

The time has clearly come when this whole matter of universal and indiscriminate creed-manufacture and general creed-idolatry should be brought up, discussed, and disposed of, for discussion is to dispose of it for ever. The whole thing is unnatural, unchristian, unscriptural, an outrage on individual rights, and every way unworthy of our age and people.

## A DEFINITE THEOLOGY.

BY HENRY W. BELLOWES, D.D.

IN pleading the worth and the necessity of theological distinctness, of uprightness of heart and clearness of knowledge, in the utterance of theological opinions, it will be at once inquired whether the old polemics are to be revived, and the starved souls of men to be fed on the husks of controversial divinity; whether or no it seems desirable to bring men, women, and children together, in need of humility, chastening, consolation, moral elevation, and spiritual quickening, to listen to discussions on the Trinity and the Atonement, Election and Predestination, or whether infants or adults are the proper subjects for baptism. This is a question not for us, but for those who believe these doctrines; and a very serious question it is for them. If these are really the doctrines of Christianity, and if the Gospel is to be taught at all, then these *are* the proper subjects of Christian preaching; and if they are not profitable, Christianity is not profitable. For the doctrines of any system, art, science, or policy — that is, the fundamental truths on which it rests — are, and ever must be, the most essential and the most profitable things to think about and to talk about, if the system be a true and important system. The statesman cannot think, the patriot cannot speak, of the doctrines of a republican and democratic government too often or too urgently. The artist cannot study nor discuss too seriously the doctrines of color, form, and perspective, which underlie his noble vocation. The astronomer cannot investigate, nor display and popularize the doctrines of his science too carefully, if he would bring it forward.

And is it only Christianity whose doctrines are to be regarded as non-essential, barren, and intrusive? Is it only religion about which men need to know nothing fundamentally, clearly, systematically? Or has science, art, government, commerce, society, costume, — everything, in short, — its original principles, its essential doctrines, while Christianity has none, or none worth speaking of? If doctrinal preaching has degenerated into mere controversial preaching; if the popular creeds are no longer welcomed or deemed instructive in the popular churches, it is indeed high time to inquire whether they really do fitly represent and embody the fundamental principles of Christianity; in short, whether they *are* the doctrines of the Gospel! That they are not so, and that the heart of the *world* feels this before its intellect is prepared to acknowledge and establish the fact, I am fully convinced. But I hold the inference which is drawn from the unpopularity and non-essential character of the church dogmas, that *no* dogmas of Christianity are true or important, or that Christianity has *no* doctrines, a very illogical and mischievous inference. Christianity need not be revealed *as* a system, in order to be a system; it need not have its doctrine about God, or about Christ, or about man, or about morals, or about piety, specifically stated on the pages of the New Testament as doctrine, in order to make it possible, and binding on men, to deduce from its general drift, and a studious examination and comparison of its scattered teachings, what its fundamental and essential principles are.

We have created from the observation and study of the universe a system of Natural Theology; we have proved the Being of a God, his attributes and character, from the comparison of nature and man, and nobody doubts the importance of a systematic acquaintance with Natural

Theology, or the reality of the thing itself, because it is not printed in starry letters on the sky, nor chaptered and versed in the flowers of the field. Why then should we imagine that the Christian Theology, the doctrines of the New Testament, are not important, or not intended to be fathomed and known and used as the great instruments of faith, because confessedly they do not exist in the pages of the Bible, in the form in which they stand in the Westminster Catechism? If the Westminster, or any other Catechism, were a successful compilation, abstract, or codification of the New Testament, it would be invaluable, and worth all the study and belief we could bring to it.

It is only because that doctrinal statement is unsatisfactory, is a prejudiced, partial, and even false account of the Gospel system, that we repudiate it, and that the Christian world is nearly ready to do so. But that another statement must be made, earnestly taught, and patiently learned, — in short, that an intellectual account of the contents, the fundamentals, the drift and method of Christianity, must be prepared and commended to men, if we hope to produce in them the fruits of faith, or to give them the supports and consolations of belief and knowledge, I hold to be very certain.

I am not saying now *what* the doctrines of the Gospel are. I simply insist that it has doctrines. Do you assert, on the contrary, that it is a spirit, — that it commends a certain temper and frame of mind? Very well. Then let us have a doctrine of this spirit. What is this spirit? how is it to be invited? from whence does it come? how is it to be secured? how known and tested? how communicated? Let us know definitely all that can be discovered and said of the laws of this spirit, and call that the Doctrinal system of the Gospel. But I confess that I consider this very



language that Christianity is a spirit merely, an indication and proof of the vague and indefinite way of thinking prevailing among those who have broken from the popular creeds. Christianity is, or pretends to be, a revealed religion. It has a history, true or fictitious, real or mythical. That its history has been as real as any history for seventeen hundred years, or thereabouts, is admitted everywhere; that its early history, that is for the first hundred years, is obscure and inferential in part, is not denied here. But that the solidest and most careful minds the world has produced since have been compelled to concede, and been rejoiced to acknowledge, the credibility of its chief records and its own account of itself, is equally undeniable. Are then the study and acceptance of the four Gospels, — first to be satisfied of their claims to belief, and next to see what a magnificent and sublime fact they assert, i. e. that God has revealed himself in a revelation supplementary to nature and soul, to man's understanding and affections, — are these definite things which are to be done and known in regard to the Gospel, vague, misty generalities, or are they sober, positive facts? I can understand and respect an honest man's denial, after examination, of the fact of a revelation by Christ; but I cannot understand or respect, or have any feelings but those of astonishment and indignation, at any man's indifference to the fact, or to the solemn pretensions to the fact, made in so august a manner by the New Testament. Nor can I feel anything but scorn for the intellectual weakness, that does not perceive that the simple, single fact that God has spoken by his Son, independently of what he has said, is itself a stupendous fact, capable of revolutionizing the world.

I call that fact the first and fundamental doctrine of Christianity, — namely, that God has broken the silence of

nature and the ages, and spoken in a miracle to men by his Son. I do not wonder that sober and earnest infidels have directed their keenest scrutiny to this claim, and heaped up their most formidable arguments against it. They have rightly felt that, if Christianity is to be refuted, this is the first fact to refute; if its influence is to be abated, this is the great influence to abate. And are Christians to allow this fundamental to become a rolling stone, or a stone of stumbling; to permit, without the greatest and most earnest argumentation, the very origin of Christianity, confessedly obscure, to be pronounced also mythical and incredible? Or is it to be waived gracefully, as a question of secondary importance? Or is it even to be frankly conceded that the worth and importance of our religion are really not affected by its origin, or want of origin? I believe I appreciate the worth of those spiritual affections which cling to the moral elements of Christianity, even after its historical truth is denied. But I cannot understand the indifference which is felt by many to the settlement of a question which seems to me, in logical consequences, the most momentous in all history. The blind impetuosity which has allowed the liberal body in this country to declare this point one of secondary importance, has come near defeating its whole mission; and unless we learn in time that the very essence of Christianity, as a system, lies in the truth of its special character as a divine revelation, and that this fact alone is more pertinent than all the doctrines of Orthodoxy put together, to the actual wants of humanity, God will take away our sceptre over the future, and give it to another and later-born body of reformers, who shall not have been seduced from the fundamental fact of revelation by the sophistries of a shallow materialistic science, the vanities

of modern transcendental philosophy, or the crotchets of a self-conceited textual criticism.

This point settled, that God has spoken by his Son, the next fundamental inquiry is, Who is his Son? And the Church has distinctly and emphatically, with a fitting sense of the necessity of some positive and definite reply upon this point, answered, Christ is very God! A courageous answer, indeed! and, considering the majestic offices, the solemn facts, the stupendous works connected with Him, — considering the comparative infancy of speculation, and allowing for the looming of time, — considering the wants of the world in the earlier epochs, — not so strange an answer, and in spirit not so injurious and false an answer, as it might be now deemed. Such an answer now, if the question were for the first time raised, would be simply impossible. The whole habits of our modern mind, our knowledge of history, of science, of the human soul, of God's natural attributes, would utterly forbid it. But, made when it was made, — made at first in a metaphysical sense, and in accordance with the laws of the Platonic philosophy, — guarded, as it was, in scholastic phrases, from bald literalism, and carefully veiled in metaphysical drapery, — only gradually hardened into prosaic fact, — it is not strange that it prevailed; nor — considering the office Jesus held, which was to stand for God, and teach men God's character by the exhibition of his own — so injurious as errors and falsities are when not carrying some grains of truth in their husks. But the time has come when the alleged Deity of Christ is the great embarrassment and stumbling-block of rational faith; for it has complicated itself with a whole system of ingenious error, which, by degrees, has come to pass throughout Christendom for the positive, revealed system of the Gospel; so that absolutely just what

the Gospel means, in the estimation of ninety-nine out of a hundred persons, is the alleged plan of salvation, made necessary by the ruin of the race in Adam, the curse of God, the mediatorial death of an infinite sacrifice, and the appropriation of the merits of Christ, by his believing and trusting disciples. This is the very system which I have before shown is now falling into disuse among Orthodox teachers, — denied here in part, neglected in part there, — explained away, modified, kept out of sight, or brought partially into view, as men can bear it, but practically abandoned by the most successful and most welcome teachers of the popular faith.

Now if this system be the Gospel, if it be Christianity, it is a most stupendous and most awfully important system of faith, — one which he who believes it not only has no right, but could not possibly wish, to conceal or withhold, or for an instant to substitute anything in its place. I cannot wonder that those who deny it should be called, nay denounced, by those who receive it, as infidels. I cannot wonder that it should assert for itself the exclusive title of Evangelical. My only wonder is that any man believing it should not make it what the hermits of Mount Lebanon, the early Crusaders, the Inquisitors of Philip II., the Calvinists of Geneva, and the Puritan Fathers made it, — the sole, solemn, and all-absorbing business of life, to proclaim it in every ear, to arrest every eye to it, and to stop, as far as might be, all the other business, much more all the pleasures of life, to secure the monopoly of the human mind for its sole real interest! But how not only this is not done, but a system practically so negligent and oblivious to it is taught in the places where this creed yet claims to be believed, and is still read from time to time at communion-tables, and on other solemn occasions, is to me a

matter of the most serious astonishment, and of the most curious speculation as to the manner in which the intellectual and moral honesty of the parties is preserved, who lend themselves to this seeming theological duplicity.

Can the moral integrity, can the spiritual honor, can the Christian faith of the world, stand this equivocation and inconsistency much longer? I have too much respect for the conscience of man to believe it. I fear one of two things, — as the necessary result of this suspended animation of the old theory, — this indifference to Christian doctrine: either the galvanic revival of the system, under a returning sense of the necessity of uniting the morality and conduct of Christendom with its alleged theology, or a sudden rush into rationalism, with a total abandonment of Christian faith and church institutions. Both tendencies are already apparent to the nice observer; on the one hand, a tendency to reassert without qualification the most offensive articles of Orthodoxy, — as appears in the grave and able tracts put forth by the author of the *South-Side View of Slavery*, — an honest and brave man, and respectable, in this age of trimmers, for his loyalty to his own delusive creed, — a tendency which is felt and indicated by a certain inclination towards Trinitarianism in the weaker and more sentimental portions of our own body, who feel the solitude of our high position, — a tendency apparent in such statements as have recently appeared from the pen of the noble and wayward preacher of Brooklyn, touching the adoration of Jesus, as the only approachable God, — and in the revival of Catholicism; and, on the other hand, a tendency to overleap the Church pale, to abandon Christian history, to put the Bible among the Vedas and Shasters, and sacred poems of all nations, Christ with Mahomet, Confucius, Menu, and the rest, and fall back upon Natural Religion,

— a tendency which is perhaps even stronger than the other. I know no reason why both these tendencies may not operate, and all the more precipitately for feeling each other; but I see the real Church of Christ, and the real faith of the Gospel, torn asunder by their mutual antipathies, — and our Lord again crucified between two murderers. I declare I do not know which to dread most, absolute infidelity, or a return to mediæval creeds. My reason goes more with one, my affections with the other; my intellect here, my imagination there; my whole manhood with neither.

What is to withstand both these alarming and destructive tendencies? Is it not a definite and demonstrable theology? Is it not an account of Christianity, which shall show that its actual teachings, its real doctrines, are entirely consistent with reason, while they continue based upon revelation? Is it not the presentation of a definite and positive theology, which is Scriptural, rational, intelligible, — in which doctrine leads to practice, and purifies and nourishes, instead of weakening and embarrassing faith? Shall we not show the world that Christ is not God in any honest sense of that word, that he himself never claimed to be God, and was never declared to be very God by his disciples, and that scientifically, spiritually, and morally, it is impossible that he should be God, — but that he *is*, nevertheless, *God manifest in the flesh*, that is, God's truth, character, and will, made known in the life, teachings, and temper of one specially set forth to be the Saviour of the world? Shall we not unfold a positive, definite, and demonstrated theology, touching the original imperfection of man, his gradual education by Providence under the old dispensation, his ripening for the second, the coming of Christ to supply his new wants in the fulness of time, the establishment of the Christian Church as his shelter from the perils of the

world, his personal dependence on its help and teachings for his moral and spiritual safety, with all that intelligible, coherent, and simple system of opinion developed and matured by our Unitarian fathers, but so often ignored, neglected, and forgotten by their degenerate sons?

My brethren, a more definite and positive acquaintance with our own precious faith, a clearer hold on its fundamental articles, a more steady use of it in our own religious growth, and in the education of our children, a more conscientious reverence for distinct opinions, a more guarded resistance to vagueness and rashness of speculation, a deeper sense of responsibility in reference to the theories of faith that surround us, a more solemn conviction of the singularity and grandeur of our own mission, a new and bolder proclamation of our own Unitarian faith, a more methodical and persistent plan for its spread, — these are the lessons to which our reflections are designed to lead.

---

## LESSONS FOR MANKIND FROM THE LIFE AND DEATH OF HUMBOLDT.

BY W. R. ALGER.

“He hath set the world in their heart.”

A GREAT and good man, truly one of the best and foremost men of our time, for more than half a century made illustrious throughout the civilized world alike by the pre-eminent achievements of his toil and genius, and by the unqualified homage his character commanded, has just died. The echo of his dirge, the shadow of his funeral, have

floated to us across the Atlantic. Humboldt, whose happy lot it was to be more widely venerated and beloved by his contemporaries than any other name in the calendar of science, now belongs wholly to eternal fame. He has joined his peers, the select company of laurelled heads, who, grouped in historic immortality above the dust and stir of earth and time, serenely smile on forgetfulness, and defy decay. Mankind owe him vast debts; for the wonderful vision God gave him to obtain for his private soul he has imparted to all enlightened humanity. The world God set in his gifted heart, he has set in the heart of the commonalty.

By his personal observations, experiments, and generalizations, he has made great contributions to the sum of human knowledge in many departments. Still more numerous and invaluable have been the results of the glowing prolific impulses he has imparted to others by his example and encouragement,—enthusiastic young men anxious to win his praise, emulous co-laborers unwilling to be left out of sight in his rapid march. But above the other benefits of his scientific life, the grand service, including the subordinate services he has rendered, is to be recognized in the intelligible order and living charm with which his comprehensive researches and feeling exposition have invested the boundless realm of nature for all future contemplators. By the synthetic power of his mind, co-ordinating separate provinces with affiliated lines of law, he has lifted material phenomena with their mutual connections into the region of intellectual contemplation, and depicted the universe as composing, with all its countless diversities, an harmonious unity. Then, through the rare sensibility of his heart, by the artistic vigor and beauty of his writings, he has popularized sublime views of truth and nature, lending them a clearness and an attraction they had not before,



winning attention to them, and making them the common property of civilized mankind. His last great work, his picture of the creation, is science embraced in philosophy and transfused with poetry, representing the sum of knowledge no longer as a dead encyclopedic mass of dry fragments, but as a living organism of relations. To all educated men henceforth, the spectacle of the universe will be more magnificently stupendous and diversified, more harmoniously lovely, joy-giving, and peace-breathing, in consequence of the genius, the devotion, and the toil of this man! He hath set the ordered and interpreted world in their heart.

After ninety years of multifarious and ascending activity, after sixty years of cosmopolitan influence and reputation, the great traveller and scholar sleeps at the conquered goal of his journey. The pen has dropped from his grasp, and the book of his life is finished. The proclamation falls on the ranks of the millions of his admirers, from St. Petersburg to Quito, in notes of solemnity, but not of dismay. It is not a sentence full of portents commanding them to weep and shudder, but a summons to pause for grateful retrospect and pious meditation. When some giant patriarch of the woods crashes to the ground, a supernatural silence seems instantly after to hold the startled forest in breathless listening, as if the Spirit of Nature were about to speak. Now that the aged and lofty form, towards which so many eyes from every part of the globe turned their revering gaze, has sunk to the tomb, in the impressive stillness of thought that for a moment hushes the bereaved forest of humanity, it is meet that we should seriously linger awhile to gather up the lessons taught by his life and death. For every great celebrity who succeeds in filling the horizon for a season, fixing the common attention on himself, must needs be an effective teacher of those who admire or loathe him. Whether a

scourge or a benefactor, from his position he sheds abroad a powerful influence, and his life is full of concrete instruction for those who come after. And very few persons, in all history, have fastened the attention of the world so much and so long as Humboldt; also, very few examples are so rich in noble and blessed lessons for mankind. It is, therefore, especially becoming in us to study him carefully.

I. The aspect of his life which stands out in strongest relief at the first glance is its quantity, its remarkable length and fulness. It stretched nigh towards a century in duration, and was filled with all kinds of spiritual activity and ever-cumulative acquisitions. The unfaltering cheer and strength of his faculties, both of body and mind, preserved through so many richly-laden years, presents an emphatic contrast to the puny powers, depressed spirits, unstable wills, sickly, drooping forms, brief careers, and untimely deaths of the average masses of the people, and teaches a lesson of incomparable moment to mankind. For how was it that he managed to live so long in such a happy bodily and mental estate? Not simply by inheriting a good constitution, for in this respect he seems to have been less favored than the average. And hosts of men, born to Herculean frames, a surprising stock of strength, with harmonious distribution of organs, tendencies, and temperaments, every year rush into premature graves. No, it was by a conscientious observance of the laws of health. At an early period he made a profound study of this whole subject, and one of his earliest publications was on it. The knowledge thus acquired did not remain barren information, but was transmuted into wisdom, and stood him in stead as guidance and guardianship. He was always remarkable for his temperance and his regularity, the prudent uniformity of his

habits, his scrupulous obedience to every condition of health. And what a glorious reward he reaped in the placid stability of his energies, in that fortunate, merited longevity, which enabled him to complete such gigantic enterprises, and to enjoy the hearty applause of the world while two generations came and went, and a third began to occupy the stage! In this respect, as in some others, the lives of Goethe, Wordsworth, Humboldt, contrasted with those of Schiller, Byron, Burns, are full of instruction which the heedless world too long neglects.

Who can think of the fearful ravages of disease, the prevalent sickness, debility, and suffering, that burden the air with sighs, and sow the earth with untimely graves, — resulting from ignorance and violation of the laws of health, — who can look on this ghastly picture, and not wonder at the infatuated recklessness of mankind, paying more attention to everything else than to the one thing needful? Thousands are patiently instructed in arithmetic, geography, astronomy, grammar, and are thoroughly trained in some handicraft or business, where one is acquainted with the practical principles of physiology and animal chemistry, the live mechanism of his body and the constitutional claims of his soul, the incomparable need, as conditions of all health, of wholesomeness and pureness of food and air and house and habit. Sanitary knowledges and salubrious customs are as widely and sorely wanted in the world to-day as religious faith and moral fidelity are. They are the firm foundation for these to rest upon. Life is broadly overlooked and flung away in seeking the means of living. Breathing impure air, following unwholesome occupations, using a pernicious diet, overtasking the brain, carelessly plunging into vice and dissipation, in a hundred ways ignorantly trampling on the essential conditions of health, immense num-

bers of the human race drag their inefficient and groaning lives to a speedy termination. Multitudes of little children are swept into the grave annually, as showers of blighted blossoms are blown from the trees. The example of Humboldt, his wise knowledge of the laws of health and faithful conformity to them through ninety years of energetic service and exuberant joy, teaches a lesson which, if accepted as it ought to be, would put a stop to the horrid devastations of disease, and cause men to live out all their days. In addition to the incomparable good this would be in itself, it would also take away from death the unwelcome-ness and cruelty which now drape every village and city of earth with mourning and terror. For death is not repulsive and awful, but fair and sweet, when, no longer approaching at an unnatural time and in unnatural ways, it comes only in extreme age, when our worldly work is finished and our mortal powers are tired. Without a murmur, without a pang, without the least reluctance, rather like a weary child luxuriously falling asleep between his father's arms and his mother's lap, Humboldt surrendered his soul to God, his dust to earth, delightedly exclaiming with his last breath, as the rays of the sun played on his couch: "How beautiful is this light! it seems as a kind message from heaven."

II. The second lesson yielded by the long and renowned life now closed, whose quality was as excellent as its quantity was imposing, is the glory of the true ends of human existence in this world. The spiritual contents of a career are of more consequence plainly than its mere length. All persons will agree that that life which best secures the great end of life is really the most wise and successful one, whether it be conspicuous or obscure, long or short. But when we

ask, What is the great end of life? a confusion of voices make a Babel of replies. Happiness, beneficence, self-development, the glory of God, the salvation of the soul, are among the various answers. It seems to me, however, that the most satisfactory reply to the question, when we weigh it widely and well, is this:—The chief end of human life on earth is to fill the measure of the soul with the largest amount of the noblest experience. The chief end of life to every living creature is the fruition of the functions of his being in the fit gradations of their rank and importance. Let us apply this principle to the case before us. Humboldt lived to enjoy the high prerogatives of humanity, to see, to know, to love, to accumulate spiritual wealth, to generalize the results of thought, to aspire towards all that is loftiest and grandest. Whatever the universe holds or shows of alluring mystery, occult order, beautiful and strange phenomena, divine law,—that he lived to gaze upon, to search out, to possess in experience, and to clothe in language. The entrancing glories and instructive secrets of the creation he strove to unveil for himself, and to describe for others. And he succeeded in a degree which perhaps, on the whole, no other has attained. For nearly everything previously discovered or achieved, whether in science or literature, from geology to æsthetics, he mastered and added much to it. And he portrayed the wondrous spectacle of natural beauty and law with an animated sensibility and a graphic skill which have made millions grateful partakers of his knowledge and his delight.

Compare this high, deep, and illustrious life, in its breadth and length, with certain other lives, and see how its superiority will shine confessed. There are lives of destroyers, who leave behind them paths of blackness, ashes, and blood; great generals and kings, who fascinate the gaze and

appropriate the applause of their contemporaries, their careers being whirlwinds of smoke and slaughter. Fiends appear they rather than men, deserving curses rather than pæans, retributive shrouds instead of votive laurels. But *his* life was ever peaceful and creative, benevolent and sublime, aiming to subdue the dreadful forces of the world to the service of man, to give the mariner a more accurate guidance, to facilitate the intercourse and commerce of nations, to help the farmer raise better crops, to open lovelier stores of imagery to the poet, to furnish enriching hints for philosophic inquirers, to give every man a worthier vision of Nature and a dearer communion with her charms. Some men live almost exclusively in the animal part of their being, — live to eat, drink, sleep; or live in their vanity, — live to flaunt at fashionable parties, to have fine houses and gaudy furniture; indolent creatures, wallowing in sloth and gluttony, or frivolous flutterers in the gairish courts of display and folly. How degraded and contemptible appears the experience of these sensualists and butterflies, when set against the earnest study, the heroic devotedness, the great plans of beneficence, the disinterested fruitfulness, the royally elevated joys, that filled the routine of *his* days with novelty, dignity, and perennial rewards! He did not live principally in the cellar of the senses, but in the towers of the mind and the palaces of the heart. There are misers who spend their lives in the greedy acquisition of wealth, grudging every moment not given to enlarging the amount of their property. He, too, spent his life in eager accumulation. But it was not the gold and silver that corrupt and perish, he sought. The treasures he coveted, and so copiously gained, were self-multiplying, inherently blessing their possessor, for ever indestructible and unsquanderable. He could fling open his spirit coffers, tell over the

sumless hoards, distribute them to all men, and have none the less left. There are lives of ascetics and devotees who shut themselves out from the common fellowship of nature and humanity, deny the normal gratifications of their faculties, tread a monotonous round within convent walls, counting their beads, burning incense before candles and pictures, muttering prayers and chants. In opposition to this morbid seclusion, superstitious abnegation, mechanical worship of an idol of theological fancy, how wholesome and breezy and grand is the life of Humboldt! What enchanting freshness, contagious vigor and joy, pervade it! We are in the open air, on a lofty summit, under the freedom of the blue sky, where pure gales blow bracingly on us, and flowers bloom at our feet, and birds sing overhead, and the sun is shining bright, and the prospect is inexhaustibly sublime. Countless numbers of men suffer, despair, die before their time, because they pursue false aims that undermine and destroy them. Still more are sick and sad, disgusted with existence, because they have no just and generous aims to enlist their energies and furnish them noble satisfactions. But the illustrious sage whom the world is now lamenting, found in his pursuits—the conquest of nature, the acquisition of wisdom, the love of man, the performance of good deeds—the real El Dorado and Fountain of Youth. His life and character tower among those of ordinary men as Chimborazo towers among the average hills of the earth. Contemplating his high, happy, beneficent course, we instinctively feel, this is the true thing, this is the genuine style of life. O that mankind would learn the lesson, and not chase any more with such listless vapidity or fierce selfishness the deluding phantoms of sensual pleasure, fashionable frivolity, and martial ambition!

III. But besides the impressive instruction furnished in the great length, and in the elevated wisdom and happiness, of Humboldt's life, a most beautiful and forcible lesson is taught by the extreme purity and integrity of his character. Such grace of temper and such strength of will, such largeness of thought and such patience of detail, so much celebrity and power and so much humility and kindness, are seldom combined. His disposition, his bearing, his moral principles, in private and in public, in all the varied relations of his long and prominent career, may be tried by the severest standards, and still be regarded with unmingled satisfaction. If ever the milk of human kindness flowed full and bland in any veins, it did in his. There was no malice, no meanness, no falsehood in him. So with affecting heartiness the unanimous testimony of all who knew him avers. Thousands of scientific men now scattered over the world are indebted to his disinterested kindness for marked favors, many of them for distinguished services. Our great Agassiz, a poor youth in Paris training his genius under the immortal leaders of science, having exhausted his scanty funds, in extreme depression of mind, was about leaving for home, when a servant knocked at his door and gave him a note from Humboldt, enclosing two hundred and fifty dollars, and telling him he must not go. This was done, too, when he was himself so poor that he was unable to own the books which he was obliged to use. It was an act wholly characteristic of the man ; and as the world hears it related by the survivor in accents faltering with emotion, its heart heaves with gratitude, and its lips part with a benediction upon the grand, guileless, loving old man.

Incorruptibly just in his policy, irreproachably pure in his conduct, serenely benignant in spirit, the copious sympathies of his nature spontaneously prompted him to dis-



tribute smiles, blessings, and favors on all within his reach; and he was touchingly idolized in the city where he lived. His recognition and encouragement were never withheld from the needy. His praise was always ready for the deserving. Hundreds of lonely laborers, strenuous travellers, indefatigable observers and experimenters, were cheered and stimulated by his private letters and public words. Schomburgk, the discoverer of the Victoria Regia, says: "I confess that at a time when my strength had almost entirely deserted me, and when I was surrounded by extreme difficulties and dangers, the recognition which I hoped to win from Humboldt was the only inducement which inspired me still to press forwards to the goal which I at last reached." He was as eminently a sage and philanthropist as he was a naturalist. No petty jealousies disturbed his breast, no bickering rivalries annoyed his days. Such were his winsome simplicity, disarming suavity, unquestionable fairness, that he went through life without an enemy, though of course not without some enviers and detractors. His friendships were remarkably sweet and tenacious; especially his friendship with Arago. How charming, too, is the spectacle of the unbroken attachment between him and Bonpland! When the French nation awarded the cross of the Legion of Honor to Bonpland, late in his life, Humboldt shed tears of joy; and the pleased and proud population of all sympathizing Prussia wept with him. He never had, in a single instance, in all the ten thousand delicate, perplexed, and irritating questions that came up, an unkind debate in regard to priority of claim to a discovery, a suggestion, or a generalization. This compliment in so great a degree is not due to any other name. Des Cartes, Leibnitz, Newton, La Place, Cuvier, all the arch high-priests at the altars of Science,—not one of them

is there who had not bitter controversies in his day, and did not come off with hateful scars from the encounter. What an instructive and beneficent contrast does such an example afford to the malignant envy of the ignoble crowd, the devouring vanity, the haughty assumption, the selfish coldness of many renowned leaders!

Nor was he, as might falsely be inferred, over-flexible and yielding, obsequious. He had too much self-respect, too deep a nature, too much virtue and vigor, for that. His high-minded and resolute independence was shown on many occasions. Indeed, it breathed all through his life, in his well-known dissent from the established religious opinions of his country. Brought up among nobles, in the society of courts, favored with the friendship of kings, he was a Liberal in politics, a democratic sympathizer with the people. He took a prominent place in the funeral procession which followed to their graves the victims of the Revolution of 1848. He rode in his carriage and openly deposited his ballot in opposition to the party of the king. He always wrote his earnest belief in the unlimited progress of man and society in the future, and always spoke in behalf of the principles of republicanism. "An inspiring belief," he says, "and one in harmony with the high destiny of our race, is, that the conquests already achieved form but a very insignificant part of those which free humanity will make in future ages by the advances of intellectual activity and general culture." He particularly cherished the profoundest interest in the success and omens of our governmental experiment and struggle of freedom here in the United States. In fact, not three months before his death, at the celebration in Berlin of the birthday of Washington, he said, while our star-spangled flag floated to his brow, "*I am half an American.*" Courtliness went

hand in hand with honesty. Smiling conciliation overlaid inflexible righteousness. While every one recognized his unaffected kindness and humility, his majestic thought and august rectitude invested him in the eyes of the world with something approaching to a reverend sanctity of love and authority. In his peculiar combination of traits he was one of the most strikingly original characters revealed in the annals of biography. Intensely human in every pulse, he yet could say, "Whoever has saved himself from the stormy waves of life will gladly follow me into the lonely forest, over the boundless steppe, and on the high ridge of the Andes." It might with eminent justice be said of him, that, as he gazed over the lovely landscape of nature and the pathetic panorama of history, —

" Tears

Were in his eyes, and in his ears  
The murmur of a thousand years.  
Before him he saw Life unroll,  
A placid and continuous whole;  
That general Life, which does not cease,  
Whose secret is not joy, but peace :  
That Life he craved, if not in vain  
Fate gave, what Chance could not control,  
His sad lucidity of soul."

The rare perfectness of this modest, magnanimous, and affectionate character, at once so lofty and so genial, so comprehensive and so appreciable, sadly joyous in the yearning tenderness and meditative reverence of its natural piety, taken for all in all, has hardly been seen before. May the glorious lesson it exemplifies before mankind not pass unheeded, but be faithfully pondered. Who can guess the amount of good that would result, if every nation on earth had one living character like Humboldt enthroned amidst its people, as he was in Prussia, to make vulgar

littleness, jealousy, and sloth ashamed of themselves, and to kindle reverence, philanthropy, and lofty toil?

IV. Thus far we have set forth, from the example of Humboldt, three great morals: first, drawn from the prolonged strength and fulness of his life, the duty of obedience to the laws of health; secondly, from a contemplation of the noble and beneficent ends to which his days were so happily devoted, the glory of the true aims of human existence; thirdly, from the singular harmony and virtuousness of his lofty and attractive character, the commanding charms of wisdom and goodness. In the next place, the affecting sacredness and grandeur of the spectacle afforded by his old age teach a needful and ennobling lesson of the dignity of human nature.

When we study, nauseated, the habits of the Digger Indians, who eat roots and dirt; the Hottentots, who burrow in the ground, making the holes their houses, and feeding on vermin; the Ottomacs, who go seemingly unarmed into battle, their poisoned thumb-nails being their fatal weapons; tribes of cannibals, who rend and devour each other like wolves; the reeking masses of human creatures in the lowest strata of the great cities of the world, who so prolifically live and die in their festering contentment of crime and disease, affecting us like heaps of ants or swarms of fleas,—our hearts sink within us, and we feel sick and faint with an unutterable depression. Men then seem but a genus of gigantic and more richly endowed insects, or a kinglier species of brutes. They have come up out of the dust at the soliciting invitation of the sun, and they must sink into the dust again at nightfall. We can almost regard the tragic spectacle of vanishing generations with as much unconcern as we should the herds of buffaloes that annu-

ally storm across the prairies of the West, or the flocks of ravens that fly over the dismal steppes of the Don. But what a different front the problem puts on, how changed the moral aspect, how reversed the feelings awakened, when we turn with admiring appreciation to the life and character of a Humboldt! The noble disinterestedness of his aims, the indomitable energy of his perseverance, the sunny serenity of his temper, the high loyalty of his conscience, the reaches of his wisdom, the depth of his benevolence, the vastness of his imagination, the systematizing power of his reason, as he moved through his course attended by the reverential gaze of a world he had signally benefited by the fruits of his labors, throw lustre and sublimity on the family of being to which he belongs. The lore of foregone humanity gathered in his memory, the yearning prophecies of the achievements of future ages aglow in his mind, indefatigably earnest in his tasks, his comprehensive genius organized the sciences into their appropriate departments, mapping them out with their lines of latitude and longitude, showing their separate divisions and their mutual relationships, and generalizing them all into a universal unity, an intellectual picture of the kosmos; while, scrupulously faithful to the moral law, and ever genial among his fellows, his blameless character and walk furnish an example worthy the grateful homage and imitation of mankind. Such an one represents the immortal gods to us. Regarding him, we feel ourselves members of a divine race, disentangled from the net of matter and decay, lifted by many a discrete degree above the rank of animals,—deathless spirits, pure brood of eternal truth and force, heirs of an illimitable career in the ascending realms of the parent Divinity.

Humboldt must always stand high among the chosen few

whose gifted natures and bountiful lives confer on the world a service of inexpressible value, linking their kind to the highest realities, and nourishing our grandest hopes. His life is in many respects an excellent model, to be held up before aspiring young men as stimulus and guidance. It is true the common multitudes must be toilers and servants, mechanics, farmers, sailors, traders. But the better endowed and stronger ones will always have their ideals whom they strive to approach and reproduce: the clerk some rich merchant, the ambitious student some famous advocate or popular orator, and so on. The life of Humboldt is a noble one to be used for this purpose. For he was a millionaire of mind and heart, a most eloquent advocate of universal truth and humanity, as much happier and more useful than the average of men as he was greater and richer. That cultivation of the sciences especially represented by him is the basis of the beneficent power and system of means by which the lowest and remotest races are finally to be reached and redeemed. As traveller, naturalist, scientist, philosopher, painter, scholar, poet, philanthropist, he seems to have gathered in his knowledge, absorbed in his sentiment, organized in his experience, nearly everything that combined nature, history, and genius have yet yielded to man; and in many provinces he pushed the previous boundaries further out. He had pleasures, too, as well as nobleness and praise, surpassing far all that vulgar epicureans, of whatever stamp, can ever know. All science, past events, and æsthetic literature lay at command in his memory. The asterisms of both the celestial hemispheres shone and moved in his thought. The isothermal lines and vegetable zones belted his brain as they lie around the globe itself. The magnetic, meteorological, and astro-nomic observatories established throughout the world sent

in their reports to him as if they were the nervous outposts of his personal intelligence. At will he could gaze on all the climes and products of the earth, from the eternal wastes of snow that girdle the volcanic cone of Teneriffe, down its vine-clad slopes, to the gardens of orange and groves of banana clustered at its base; from northernmost Asia, where Siberia spreads out the everlasting desolation of her frozen steppes, to tropical America, where the spiral domes of the Cordilleras, crowned with snowy splendor, break through the heavens; from the red-snow algæ to the spice-plants, over the successive tracts of rhododendrons and larches, firs and pines, oaks and beeches, figs and palms, which follow each other in broad stripes around the world, from the ice-mountains and flame-sheets of the pole to the gorgeously dazzling and sombre-green flora of the equator.

He affords as fine an example, perhaps, as has yet been given, of that high, genuine, not unreligious worldliness, which, so far from meaning a selfish absorption in sensual goods, denotes a resolved purpose to draw from this planet all its human uses, — as far as possible to exhaust the present of the best experience it can yield. Placed in the world by a divine necessity, he saw that the surest wisdom must consist in getting the most good from it while tarrying in it. Life, accordingly, filled with the legitimate fruition of his faculties, yielded him always a noble satisfaction and peace, giving small occasion for remorse, and leaving no room for *ennui*. And even the end, long delayed as it was, happily

“Found him with many an earnest plan,  
With much unknown and much untried,  
Wonder not dead, and thirst not dried,  
Still gazing on the ever full,  
Eternal, mundane spectacle,”

which he had done so much to make mankind contemplate

in all coming time with deeper reverence, stronger trust, and warmer affection.

Great, and good, and useful, and happy, his age thus grew into its mellow ripeness amidst the love and honor, not merely of his fellow-citizens and his countrymen, but of the nations. His renown echoing from every degree of the earth's circle, his kind attentions lavished on the humblest suppliants who approached him, he busily abided his time. For not even all his acquisitions, virtues, and services could avert the final hour. They could only make the final hour sweet and welcome and glorious when it came. How long did the majestic sun of his life, full-dilated, hang in the horizon, slow-lingering there, greatest at its setting, the world gazing in affectionate homage! And when it went down, — to rise in other and broader horizons invisible to us, — how it set the whole sky in a blaze, and sent its parting radiance far up the mighty firmament of mankind's contemplation! Surely, this vast, heroic, and lovely soul has not ended nor evaporated. Coming upon earth a chaos, but going away a kosmos, — exhibiting, meanwhile, a spectacle of such beauty and grandeur, the transfiguration of human nature, — he administers a rebuke to every low estimate of our endowments and our destiny, and teaches truths which ought to impress the world profoundly, and be heeded both well and long.

V. The enthusiastic honors, manifestations of universal affection and respect so copiously paid to him after his death, are likewise full of precious significance, charged with instruction of the very noblest uses for mankind. Let us, then, note these facts also, and seize the moral. All ranks, from the royal family to the masses of the citizens, whatever could represent in the empire the dignity, learning, genius,



and virtue of the world, united in spontaneous and soul-felt tribute at his funeral. The body, enshrined in a single shell of oak, decorated with a crown of laurel, branches of palm, and blossoms of the white azalea, was placed in his study amidst his books, — an illustrious conqueror resting peacefully in the field of his victories. A picture of him as he was in the full prime and glory of his beauty hung on the wall, surrounded by palm-leaves and blooming exotics, emblems which, mutely suggesting to the spectators the great man's arduous travels in tropical lands for the benefit of science and humanity, brought tears into their eyes. The University students, almost a thousand in number, every one with a palm in his hand, marched before the beloved and peerless master, who was thenceforth to be apotheosized in the remembering heaven of the student-world's imagination. The boys of the different schools which the procession passed, as it drew near, stood forth in a group and sang. The endless crowds in mournful stillness bowed their uncovered heads, as the honored form, now for ever silent, glided by. The sound of slow-tolling bells broke heavily on the air, and the swelling lament of a choral hymn triumphantly rose and plaintively faded beneath the lindens. In the imposing church, before the subdued throng, psalm and prayer and eulogy followed. Then, with final farewell, the venerated body was borne out to the little village of his childhood, and laid to sleep in the family vault, beside his fondly cherished brother William, who, a quarter of a century before, had preceded him there; and whose genius, virtue, and fame, only unequal to his, rank him among the choicest personages in history. This elder brother had said before dying, "To-day is a glorious day for me; for love is the greatest good. I shall soon be with my mother, and shall have an insight into higher things." Alexander's

grief was so intense that he said, as he wept, "I did not think my old days had so many tears left to them." What a good woman, what a rare, rich spirit, their mother must have been! Well, after so many years, the parted three are together again; their dust in the humble tomb at Tegel, their souls in the immortal heaven.

I am glad that all these signal demonstrations of love and honor were made, — that the press of the civilized world has teemed with tributary notices gratefully enrolling this benign and renowned benefactor of men, with one accord, in the front lists of earthly greatness and desert. For who can behold such a generous outbreak of reverence and thanks, and not experience thrills of sublime satisfaction, — not feel himself made better and stronger by it? It is most right and good to love and praise the worthy exemplars of our race, dead and living. We are ennobled in doing it, and it is a benign inspiration for the world. To withhold from true merit its due acknowledgment, and to freeze down the ingenuous sensibilities which spontaneously glow and press for utterance in its presence, is a wrongful and pernicious thing. To revere and eulogize the worthiest, according to their intrinsic deserts, is always a just and a twice-blessed act. There is altogether too little of it in our selfish and headlong days. Some are disposed to sneer at what there is of it. Verily, he has a mean spirit who finds no delight in doing honor to the merits of others, offering moral allegiance and fit homage to those above himself. Great and good men are rounds of the ladder by which our hearts climb to God. Without their aid our faltering love could hardly pass the chasm to infinite Perfection. Few things, it must be confessed, are more disgusting than heartless honors and eulogies given to the undeserving, in violation of the truth. All the more when a genuine object and a noble

occasion are afforded, should the world make haste to improve the opportunity, as it has done in the present instance. Around the bier of Humboldt mankind may enjoy the luxury of revering and praising without distrust, give vent to their hearts without stint, and be both justified and rewarded in the deed. Let us, therefore, try to appreciate all his deserts, and pay him his full meeds. So shall we, in some degree, ourselves be uplifted in his elevation, cleansed in his purity, consecrated in his sanctity, blessed and dignified in his unsullied love and fame, and stimulated to everything great and good by an affectionate admiration of the prizes he so bravely plucked and so graciously wore.

VI. And now, lastly, in his death and the obscure beyond, he powerfully teaches mankind the cardinal lesson of religious liberality. Is Humboldt in hell? Is this genial sage of society, this imperial statesman of science, this illustrious lawgiver in the domain of thought, this guileless benefactor of men, this sublime saint of nature, a victim of eternal damnation in hell? According to the current creeds of Christendom, he infallibly is. For he was no orthodoxist in belief, no church pietist in practice. He was, undoubtedly, a materialist. He did not attribute personality and teleological aims to the Sovereign Power of the Universe. He thought of the mind as an incarnation of organic force which must re-attain immunity from individual control, and wander abroad again, a particle of the dynamic Whole. The sceptical experimental methods, the analytic and generalizing habits of the scientific man, are unfavorable to theological beliefs. When the feet of the mind are constantly employed in traversing the kingdom of nature, its unused wings fail to bear it into the kingdom of heaven. The perceptive faculties cannot discern spiritual things. Telescope,

blowpipe, and logic are no substitute for a super-sensual, grasping faith. Perhaps here lay the single great want in Humboldt's mind. At all events, those who, in studying his writings, are able "to read between the lines," cannot fail to perceive that he nowhere affirms the theist's God, nowhere expects conscious immortality. But he was ever true, and just, and meek, and good. With profoundest devotion and sincerity of awe and love, of grateful wonder and submissive will, he worshipped the Infinite Order, Beauty, Beneficence,—giving it no name, unless it was Kosmos. Without the intellectual creed of theology or the church attitude of confession, he still had the Christian character and disposition in a striking degree. It may justly be said of him, that he was more religious in his unbelief than most men are in their belief. The *spirit* of piety filled every crevice of his soul, and breathes pervasively in his writings. He loved his neighbor as himself, and never did an unjust, an unclean, or an ungenerous act. Walking all his days in holiness and humility; industriously filling all his opportunities with good works; adoringly surrendering himself in glad obedience and uncomplaining trust to the Infinite Mystery and Power of the Universe,—the Christian world, with the exception of a few narrow sectarians, cannot be brought to declare that he is in hell, a subject of hopeless torment. And yet, in order *not* to declare that, it must fundamentally revise the commonly received condition of salvation, namely, that an orthodox belief or church conformity is indispensable for acceptance with God. A distinguished divine in one of the Calvinistic denominations blamed me kindly for attributing to his branch of the Church the belief that so good a man as the revered Prussian sage was lost. Summoning him away from his affections to his formularies, I asked, "Can a man, according to your theology, be saved

without any faith in the Atonement?" — and he was dumb. The fact is, that, while the creeds of our Orthodox brethren devote such a man as he to the pit, their hearts rebelliously allot him the sky. The heart wins, however badly logic suffers. So unsound was Humboldt known to be in the faith, and so defective in the ritual, that some of the more zealous preachers repeatedly attacked him with extreme acrimony, calling him an "atheist" and a "soul-murderer." But he calmly forgave their indecent assaults and epithets, and made no reply. If orthodoxy of dogmatic belief and sacramental observance be the condition of salvation, the good Humboldt is in hell. And he is there in pretty good company, with an immense majority of the greatest philosophers and scientists of all ages, such as Socrates, Aristotle, Archimedes, Cicero, Bruno, Newton, Locke, Priestley, Lavoisier, Franklin, Goethe. For none of these — and very few in the starry throng of their peers — were orthodoxists. The common sense and the moral sense of mankind irresistibly hold that the real condition of salvation is not dogma or rite, but a character and life conformed to the will of God and the spirit of Christ. And in this view we have no misgivings as to the fate of the great and good of our race, whatever grave deficiencies may have existed in their intellectual belief.

The earnest, realistic religion of Humboldt, piously loyal as he was to every recognized human duty and Divine law, and unpretentiously reticent as to what may lie beyond, I think was as much healthier and higher than the often formal and canting profession of the ecclesiastics, as the sun which suddenly broke through the windows and lighted up the vaulted arches of the church at his funeral was more true and cheering than the candelabra of wax tapers burning before the crape-hung altar and his enhearsed remains.

O presumptuous bigots ! disdainful on your narrow platform, trusting in a cruel technicality of fancy, or a cold piece of metaphysics, will you dare conceitedly to locate yourselves in heaven, and complacently dismiss a Humboldt to hell ? Think you, as he lay dying, the Saviour lifted the sign of redemption away from him with a frown ? Rather do I believe that the Divine Form, in consideration of his having served well and loved much, overlooked the errors and short-comings of his faith, and leaned approvingly towards him with pardon and acceptance ; his fainting sight caught the constellation of faith, and he felt with rapture,

“ Midnight is past, the cross begins to bend,”

as his ransomed soul went up to be clasped in eternal blessedness.

The Infinite Father is not annihilated by the failure of his children to see him above his works. He still sees *them*, and lives on in his unperturbed perfections. Nor is his love a fickle and arbitrary gift to them in return for personal flattery, a capricious dependent on their homage and his vanity. It is an harmonious relation of his attributes to them, unalterable so long as they are conformed to his spirit and will, whether they consciously know and name him or not. With impartial kindness he looks on the noble but baffled thinkers who grope in the material labyrinth of physical laws, unable to recognize him or to grasp the essential eternity of a responsible intelligence, yet loyal to truth so far as they discern it. He utters his redeeming mandate for them. Death touches them. The blind masks of sense fall, and the great veil rolls up. Surprised, they awake in beatitude, *experiencing* the immortality they had not expected, *beholding* the God whose existence they had doubted.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

In the months of March, April, and May the following sums were received:—

March	3.	From Rev. Nathaniel Hall, for books, . . .	\$ 9.54
"	"	" Subscribers to Quarterly Journal in Bridgewater . . .	23.00
"	"	From Subscribers to Quarterly Journal in Walpole, N. H. . . .	6.00
"	4.	From Mr. Rufus Jacobs, for books sold in Vinton, Ohio, . . .	3.00
"	7.	From Rev. Dr. Newell's Society, in Cam- bridge, . . .	94.00
"	"	From several friends, through Mrs. Wm. Whitney, . . .	35.00
"	8.	From Society in Groton, in addition, . . .	1.00
"	9.	" Rev. D. W. Stevens, for books, . . .	1.50
"	"	" " C. Y. De Normandie, for books sold in Fairhaven, . . .	14.00
"	10.	From Society in Wayland, . . .	11.00
"	11.	" Geo. Wm. Logan, Esq., for books, . . .	5.00
"	"	" Society in Augusta, Me., . . .	34.10
"	"	" Rev. John R. Beard, D. D., Manches- ter, Eng., on account, for books, . . .	388.00
"	"	From J. R. Blossom, Esq., Wilmington, N. C., for India Mission, . . .	30.00
"	"	From a friend, to be distributed in books, in Kansas and India, . . .	20.00
"	14.	From Society in Concord, in addition, . . .	1.00
"	15.	From Subscribers to Quarterly Journal in Ashby, . . .	3.00
"	16.	From Mrs. Geo. F. Allen, for books sold in Salem, . . .	13.47
"	"	From Mr. Wm. H. Fish, for books, . . .	6.90
"	"	" Mr. Ed. P. Bond, for books sold in Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, . . .	27.00
"	"	From Mr. Ed. P. Bond, as his Annual Sub- scription, . . .	2.00
"	17.	From Society in Bath, Me., in addition, . . .	4.00
"	19.	" Eben Conant, Esq., Geneva, Ill., as a donation, . . .	10.00
"	22.	From Society in Northboro', for Philip Gan- gooly, . . .	14.00

March	31.	From a friend in Templeton, . . . . .	\$ 5.00
"	"	" Subscribers to Quarterly Journal, . . . . .	10.00
"	"	" sale of books at Rooms, in March, . . . . .	56.10
April	5.	" Rev. O. J. Fernald, for books sold in Thomaston, Me., . . . . .	20.00
"	6.	From Society in Uxbridge, in addition, . . . . .	1.00
"	8.	" " " Pepperell, for Quarterly Journals, . . . . .	5.00
"	"	From Rev. F. A. Farley, D. D., interest on Graham Fund, . . . . .	112.00
"	12.	From a friend, as a donation, . . . . .	100.00
"	16.	" Miss Eliza and Miss Sarah Whitwell, to make themselves Life-Members, . . . . .	60.00
"	18.	From New North Society, Boston, . . . . .	21.63
"	20.	" Rev. John H. Heywood, for books, . . . . .	23.98
"	"	" a friend, for India Mission, . . . . .	100.00
"	21.	" Society in Buffalo, N. Y., . . . . .	50.00
"	22.	" a lady of Providence, R. I., through Rev. E. B. Hall, D. D., . . . . .	40.00
"	"	From a friend in Portsmouth, N. H., for India Mission, . . . . .	10.00
"	23.	From Society in Fitchburg, . . . . .	85.66
"	26.	" " " Brookline, . . . . .	119.53
"	"	" New South Society, Boston, — Rev. Dr. Dewey's, . . . . .	179.20
"	27.	From Subscribers to Quarterly Journal in New Brunswick, N. J., . . . . .	8.00
"	"	From Auxiliary Society in New Brunswick, N. J., . . . . .	17.00
"	"	From Miss A. B. Boylston, as her third pay- ment towards Life-Membership, . . . . .	6.00
"	30.	From sale of books at Rooms in April, . . . . .	29.98
"	"	" Subscribers to Quarterly Journal, . . . . .	156.25
May	4.	Towards a Life-Membership for Rev. —, . . . . .	5.00
"	8.	From Society in Taunton, . . . . .	103.00
"	11.	" Federal Street Society, for use of Rooms, . . . . .	35.00
"	"	From Rev. S. W. Bush, for books sold in Medfield, . . . . .	7.00
"	13.	From Rev. A. P. Putnam's Society, Roxbury, . . . . .	100.00
"	14.	" Am. New Church Associat'n, for books, . . . . .	19.44
"	"	" Subscribers to Quarterly Journal in Mansfield, . . . . .	8.00
"	"	From Mr. Wm. Clarke, for books sold in Union Springs, N. Y. . . . .	7.09
"	"	From Mrs. S. Eaton, for books, . . . . .	5.17



March 16.	From Mrs. Scripture, as a payment towards Life-Membership, . . . . .	\$ 6.00
" "	From Mr. Levi Holt, for books, . . . . .	1.25
" 17.	" Mr. H. G. O. Washburn, for books sold in Belfast, Me., . . . . .	9.75
" "	From Mr. A. D. Guild, for books sold in Chicago, Ill., . . . . .	5.67
" "	From Rev. Thos. Weston, for books sold in Farmington, Me., . . . . .	11.69
" 18.	From Rev. Dr. Hill's Society, Worcester . . . . .	100.00
" "	" Rev. Chas. T. Brooks, for books, . . . . .	2.00
" 20.	From subscribers to Quarterly Journal in Salem, . . . . .	120.50
" "	From Rev. F. A. Farley, D.D., Interest on Graham Fund, . . . . .	539.74
" 23.	From Rev. Dr. Osgood, for books, . . . . .	7.50
" "	" Society in Newport, R. I., . . . . .	64.00
" "	" Mr. Milton Clark, for books, . . . . .	2.00
" 24.	" Rev. Dr. Gannett's Society, Boston, . . . . .	739.00
" "	" Society in Concord, Mass., . . . . .	201.25
" "	" Rev. Dr. Hall's Society, Providence, R. I., . . . . .	150.00
" "	From Rev. Geo. S. Ball, for books, . . . . .	11.70
" "	" Ladies in Dorchester, for India Mission, . . . . .	3.00
" "	" Rev. R. D. Burr, for books, . . . . .	1.44
" 25.	" " R. R. Shippen, for books, . . . . .	4.18
" "	" " Seth Chandler, for books, . . . . .	3.33
" "	" Mr. John R. Howard, for books, . . . . .	9.00
" "	" Rev. F. A. Farley, D.D., for books, . . . . .	9.00
" "	" " T. B. Doggett, " " . . . . .	4.05
" 26.	" " Dr. Gannett's Society, Boston, in addition, . . . . .	10.00
" "	From Rev. D. A. Russell, for books, . . . . .	10.00
" "	" " Alonzo Hill, D.D., for books, . . . . .	9.00
" "	" Mr. Nathaniel Davis, " " . . . . .	3.10
" "	" Mrs. Persis K. Parkhurst, Templeton, towards Life-Membership, . . . . .	15.00
" 28.	From Mr. Levi Holt, for books, . . . . .	1.93
" 30.	" S. A. Ranlett, Esq., for books, . . . . .	7.00
" 31.	" sale of books at Rooms in May, . . . . .	10.62
" "	" subscribers to Quarterly Journal, . . . . .	77.00

# Descriptive Catalogue of Books

PUBLISHED BY

**WALKER, WISE, & CO.,**

FOR THE

**AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION,**

**21 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.**

~~~~~

THE Books of the Association are stereotyped, and published in a neat and attractive style, and offered at prices considerably less than the usual cost of volumes of corresponding size and quality.

The publishers depend for remuneration upon the co-operation of the friends of Liberal Christianity, in effecting *large sales*.

Additions will be made, from time to time, to the *Theological* and *Devotional Libraries*, as also to the miscellaneous list.

## OF THE THEOLOGICAL LIBRARY,

The following volumes are published :—

**VOL. I.—SELECTIONS FROM THE WORKS OF WILLIAM E. CHANNING, D. D.** A handsome 12mo volume of 480 pages, containing “all the clearest and fullest statements he gave of his views concerning theology and religion.” Price, 60 cents.

“Some of the most original and brilliant thoughts that have been contributed by the literature of the age are scattered through these pages.”

“No better service can be rendered to a young man who may be sceptical as to the truth of Christianity, than to place this volume in his hands.”

**VOL. II.—UNITARIAN PRINCIPLES CONFIRMED BY TRINITARIAN TESTIMONIES;** being Selections from the Works of eminent Theologians belonging to Orthodox Churches. By JOHN WILSON. This volume has more than 500 pages; and, as it has quotations from over four hundred of the most approved theological writers in all ages, it comprises a whole library in one volume. Its object is to show what concessions have been made by Trinitarian writers to the essential truth of Unitarian views. Second edition. Price, \$1.

“By a vast deal of study, and under the guidance of a most conscientious accuracy and candor in selecting and verifying his quotations, the author has gathered from Christian writers who are not Unitarians, admissions, avowals, and emphatic declarations, which fully authenticate the Christian character and the Christian sentiment and principles of those who profess Unitarianism.”—*Rev. George E. Ellis, in Christian Examiner.*

**VOL. III.—STATEMENT OF REASONS FOR NOT BELIEVING THE DOCTRINES OF TRINITARIANS CONCERNING THE NATURE OF GOD AND THE PERSON OF CHRIST.** By ANDREWS NORTON. Second Edition. With a Memoir of the Author, by Rev. Dr. NEWELL of Cambridge. This is the fullest, the ablest, and most conclusive argument that has ever been published on this subject. Price, \$1.

“Mr. Norton writes for intelligent men, for those who do not shrink from

examination and patient thought, who are not disgusted at being required to exercise a manly independence, who seek for truth for truth's sake, and are willing to pay the price of its attainment. Such will find, in the work before us, ample materials for study and reflection."— *Christian Examiner*.

**VOL. IV. — A COLLECTION OF THEOLOGICAL ESSAYS FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS.** With an Introduction by GEORGE R. NOYES, D. D. Price, \$1.00.

"A collection of thoughtful and carefully prepared papers on some of the leading topics of theological difference, from such men as Stanley and Jowett, Tholuck and Powell, Guizot, Newcome, Roland Williams, Edward Harwood, and Thomas Brown, could not fail to possess both an immediate interest and a permanent value. Such is the character of the volume before us."— *Professor Huntington's Religious Magazine*.

"So valuable a collection, so interesting, so advanced in thought, so liberal in tone, has never been made before."— *Boston Evening Transcript*.

**VOL. V. — STUDIES OF CHRISTIANITY; or, Timely Thoughts for Religious Thinkers.** A Series of Papers by JAMES MARTINEAU. Edited by WILLIAM R. ALGER. Price, \$1.00.

Those who are acquainted with Mr. Martineau's genius, with the extraordinary value of whatever he writes, will need no exhortation to provide themselves with this fresh and crowded volume, containing, as it does, the larger number of his latest and most important papers. But to others it may be said, that in all the noblest endowments of a theological and religious teacher, — gifts of intellect and imagination, loftiness of character, range of experience, consummate learning and culture, — Mr. Martineau is first among the very foremost living men. And nowhere are his acuteness and comprehensiveness of thought, his vast acquisitions, his matchless splendor of diction, and his commanding catholicity of spirit, more lavishly shown than in these "Studies of Christianity," which ought to be studied by every clergyman and every cultivated layman in our land.

"Take this volume for all in all, it is the product of a bold, independent, and original mind; from the beginning to the end it throbs with life; is suggestive in almost every sentence; opens wide visions of thought on questions that concern the sublimest interests of the soul, and deals with them in a manner worthy of their sublimity; breathes everywhere the humanity of a strong yet gentle nature; arouses the heart of the brave, the generous, the honorable, the heroic; repels with righteous scorn the mean, the maudlin, the effeminate, everything in idea or conduct that is spurious or unmanly; is written in a style of musical variety, as well as soaring and expansive grandeur, and which only errs, when it does err, in an excess of beauty; contains more passages of striking, profound, and inspiring eloquence than we have often before met with in the same number of pages."— *Boston Courier*.

### THE DEVOTIONAL LIBRARY.

**VOL. I. — THE ALTAR AT HOME.** A Collection of Prayers for Private and Social Use, written by Unitarian Ministers in and near Boston. Nine editions of this well-known work have been published. Price, 60 cents.

"It has been prepared in a devout and earnest spirit, in excellent taste, and freedom from sectarian and polemical bias. We commend this work to the favorable attention of the public."— *Boston Atlas*.

"From a careful perusal we have no hesitation in saying that it is a book of uncommon excellence, well adapted to multiply the blessings of private and domestic worship, and ought to find a place in every family."— *Christian Inquirer*.

"They are all written with simplicity and beauty, and some of them are marked by a high degree of solemnity and fervor."— *Puritan Recorder*.

**VOL. II.—THE CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE OF PRAYER.** By JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE. It discusses the whole subject of the foundation of prayer, objections to it, reasons and preparations for it, its results and bearings upon the spiritual life, in the bold and clear style of its author. Price, 60 cents.

"We can hardly praise this book too highly. It fully meets the questions which it attempts to discuss. We know of no writer who addresses the religious world from precisely such a stand-point as Mr. Clarke. He is eminently free from all sectarian limitations, and therefore speaks to a much larger audience than most writers upon religious or theological questions. He powerfully appeals to the reason, while he continually addresses the spiritual nature."—*Salem Gazette*.

**VOL. III.—THE ROD AND THE STAFF.** By Rev. THOMAS T. STONE. Second Edition. Price, 60 cents.

"This work is not to be placed in the same rank with the small, meagre, sentimental manuals, which religious societies are perpetually issuing as devotional literature, and which pious people dutifully purchase for the torment of their children. It is large, genial, written for all souls, good for everybody. It deserves to rank with Jeremy Taylor. Few can read thoughtfully the chapters of this volume without feeling that an addition has been made to their mental resources."—*Christian Inquirer*.

"It is written in a sweet and earnest spirit, which must commend it to all who seek to nourish the life of Christian piety in their hearts."—*Christian Examiner*.

"The work is written in an excellent spirit, and embraces many valuable ideas."—*Boston Journal*.

"This work is not of a sectarian, nor yet of a doctrinal, but chiefly of a devotional character. It bears the impress of a highly gifted mind, that has no partiality for a beaten track."—*Boston Puritan Recorder*.

**VOL. IV.—THE HARP AND THE CROSS.** By Rev. S. G. BULFINCH. The work contains between one and two hundred gems of sacred poetry, culled from all the best writers in the English language, by one who has himself added some of the choicest contributions to this department of letters. Price, 60 cents.

**VOL. V.—ATHANASIA; or, FOREGLEAMS OF IMMORTALITY.** By Rev. E. H. SEARS. Third Edition. In this work, the subjects of death and a future life are fully considered; and cheering views are presented, which "turn the shadow of death into the morning." Price, 60 cents.

"'Athanasia' will stand as a lovely classic in sacred literature, and a beautiful inspiration of pure devotional feeling. . . . The best test of merit of a book is when we feel that we have been made better by reading it; and while 'Athanasia' widens the field of intellectual vision, and makes solid and substantial the bridge from time to eternity, it quickens the conscience in its sense of duty, and softens the heart with a tenderer and more celestial love."—*New York Christian Inquirer*.

"The American Unitarian Association have never published a work which will reach the core of more souls than this. The other productions of Mr. Sears have been marked by the loftiest moral beauty in the purest and most elegant diction; but this is his *chef d'œuvre* in many respects. . . . On the whole, we know no religious work of the age adapted to make a deeper, more practical, and more gladdening impression on thoughtful and lofty minds."—*Boston Christian Register*.

**VOL. VI.—STORMY SUNDAYS.** Dedicated to those who are kept from church by stormy weather. This is a series of religious services to be read in the quiet of one's home. There are seven sermons, never before printed, written by distinguished divines. Price, 60 cents.

The *London Inquirer* thus concludes a long notice: "The book is full of beauties of the highest order, and does great credit to the taste of the compiler."

☞ In addition to the foregoing "LIBRARIES," we publish the following valuable works:—

**REGENERATION.** By E. H. SEARS. Sixth Edition. It describes the necessity and process of the great transformation which the Gospel is designed to make in the individual life, and is written in a style of exceeding freshness and beauty. Price, 44 cents.

**THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL LITURGY.** This book is free from sectarianism or dogmatism. It was prepared by a pastor, who for years has consecrated scholarly and devout gifts to this interesting department of religious instruction. His manuscripts were examined by several gentlemen, who were requested to add, suppress, or recast portions, or entire parts, according to their judgment and taste. They gave time and care to this revision. Price, 37 cents.

**THE DISCIPLINE OF SORROW.** By Rev. WILLIAM G. ELLIOT, D. D., of St. Louis. Second Edition. Hundreds of bereaved families have expressed their grateful sense of the value of these soothing and hopeful words. Price, 80 cents.

**GRAINS OF GOLD.** Selections from the Writings of Rev. C. A. BARROL. A beautiful little gift, containing gems of thought from one of the most gifted writers. Price, 25 cents.

**CHANNING'S THOUGHTS.** This is another little gift-book, got up in an attractive style. It contains those short, epigrammatic sentences into which Dr. Channing so often condensed his grandest thoughts. Miss Dix, the well-known philanthropist, remarked that she had distributed hundreds of copies, and found few books so well calculated to lead to a larger acquaintance with the writings of this divine. Price, 25 cents.

~~~~~  
☞ We propose to keep a *full stock* of **UNITARIAN BOOKS**, whether published in this country or abroad. No pains will be spared to make the assortment complete, so that any work in this department of literature may be had of us, if in print. *Mail orders* will receive prompt attention; and any work advertised by us will be forwarded by mail **FREE OF EXPENSE**, on the receipt of the advertised price, in postage-stamps or bankable money.

A **FULL CATALOGUE** is in preparation, which will be issued as soon as possible, and may be had on application.

**WALKER, WISE, & CO.,**

21 Bromfield Street, Boston.

THE SUBSCRIBERS having assumed the *Book Publishing Business* of the AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION, and issued new editions of

SEARS ON REGENERATION,  
CLARKE'S SCRIPTURE DOCTRINE OF PRAYER,  
SEVEN STORMY SUNDAYS,  
NORTON'S STATEMENT OF REASONS,  
CHANNING'S THOUGHTS,  
SUNDAY-SCHOOL LITURGY,  
THE ALTAR AT HOME,

are now prepared to supply *all* the Association Publications, in any quantity. A list with prices will be found in the circular appended to this Journal.

¶ The *low prices* at which these books have been issued renders it imperative that *large sales* should be made, in order to render their publication remunerative.

We therefore solicit the co-operation of the friends of Liberal Christianity in procuring for these works the circulation they merit, and which the interests of our people demand.

Embracing, as they do, the fundamental truths of Christianity, as well as the distinctive features of our faith, and conveying the results of the earnest thought and profound study of some of the ablest men and most accomplished scholars in the land, they cannot fail to be acceptable and profitable wherever they can be introduced.

We hope that clergy and laymen will interest themselves among their neighbors and friends, till such books as *The Altar at Home*, *Christian Doctrine of Prayer*, *The Hope and Cross*, the Works of *Sears*, *Channing*, and *Martineau*, and many others, shall be, as they deserve to be, in every household.

WALKER, WISE, & CO.,

21 Bromfield Street, Boston.

## NEW BOOKS.

### AN IMPORTANT WORK.

THE BIBLE DICTIONARY has been for some time out of the market, and we are pleased to be able to announce a fresh supply.

THE PEOPLE'S DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE. London Edition, 2 vols. \$4.00. With Maps, and over One Thousand Engravings.

It is called, by competent judges, the best book in the English language. Read the following:—

"Having examined with much interest 'The People's Bible Dictionary,' by Rev. Dr. J. R. Beard, of England, and believing it to be a highly valuable addition to our Biblical literature, we are gratified in learning that the American Unitarian Association has registered a number of copies, at a greatly reduced price, for the use of parish libraries and Sunday-school teachers.

FRANKLIN H. BROWN,  
DEA S. GASKETT."

An assortment of the other valuable works of Dr. Beard are also for sale by us.

ADDRESSES TO THE YOUNG ON THEIR ORIGIN, DUTY, AND DESTINY. 60 cents.

HISTORICAL AND ARTISTIC ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE TRINITY. Showing the Rise, Progress, and Decline of the Doctrine. With many illustrative Engravings. 1 vol. 8vo. \$1.00.

LETTERS ON THE GROUNDS AND OBJECTS OF RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE. Addressed to a Young Man in a State of Indecision. 2 vols. \$2.00.

A REVISED ENGLISH BIBLE THE WANT OF THE CHURCH AND THE DEMAND OF THE AGE. Comprising a Critical History of the Authorized Version, and Corrections of numerous Mistakes. 1 vol. 12mo. \$1.00.

SABBATH LEISURE, OR, RELIGIOUS RECREATIONS IN PROSE AND VERSE. Suitable for Reading in the Intervals of Public Worship. 80 cents.

We confidently expect to be able to publish this Fall at least a portion of the

### New Commentary,

BY DRS. MONISON AND TEBBOTS.

We have also in preparation a series of

### ELEGANT JUVENILES,

adapted to children of different ages; designed to meet the wants of families and Sunday schools. Their publication will be duly announced.

We purpose to give special attention to the supplying of

### BOOKS FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND PARISH LIBRARIES,

and to keep a general assortment of

Standard and Popular Books in all Departments of Literature, and respectfully solicit a share of patronage.

WALKER, WISE, & CO.,

31 Broadfield St., Boston.

